MEMORIES DISCREET & INDISCREET

By

A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE

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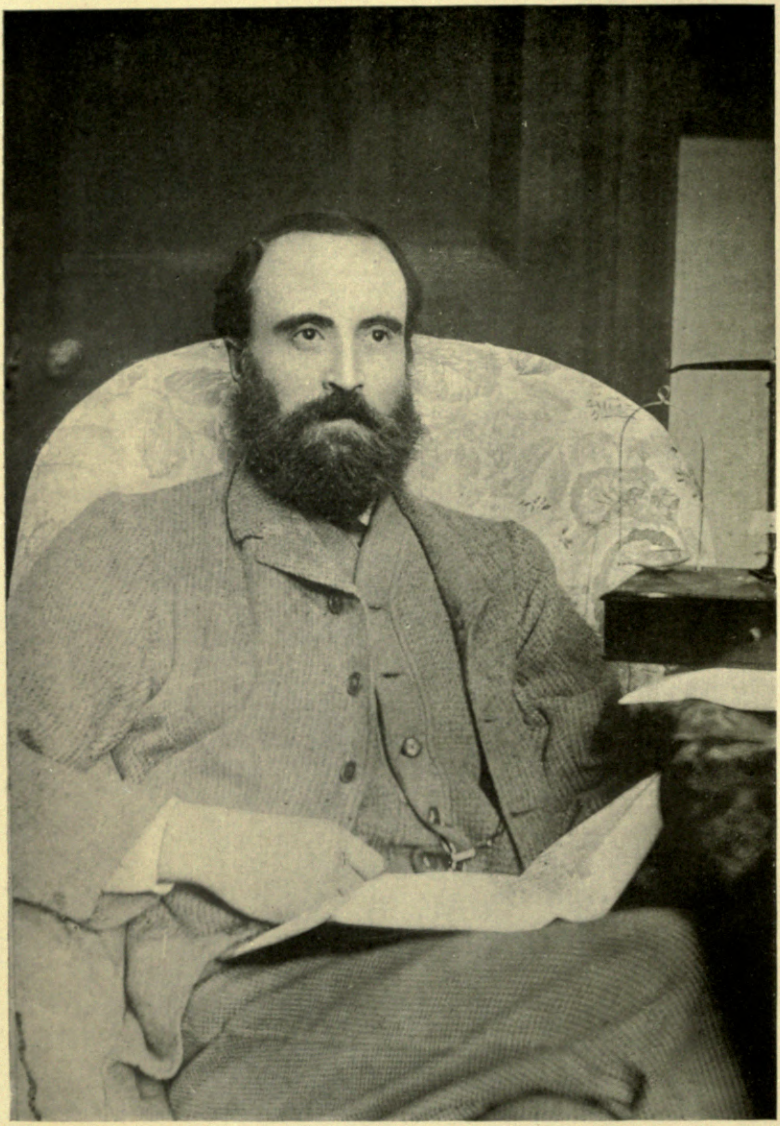

MR. CHARLES PARNELL.
The last photograph taken of him

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A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE

ILLUSTRATED

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TO THE MEMORY
OF THOSE WHO HAVE GONE
I WITH AFFECTION
DEDICATE MY BOOK

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FOREWORD

I HAVE many times been asked to write some of my recollections and experiences. I fear there is little of importance to recount of myself beyond the fact that I have met many interesting people, and am proud to have known some of the greatest empire and history makers of the century.

Taking a bird's-eye view of my life as far as it has gone, what stands out pre-eminently is the number and kindness of my friends. In this world of hurry, where we are all either hastening into or out of it, sometimes it is pleasant to recall, and metaphorically sit down and converse with our friends of the past.

A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE.

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MEMORIES DISCREET AND INDISCREET

CHAPTER I

EARLY MEMORIES

Early Childhood—Scene in Church—The Rev. and Hon. Francis Clements—His Daughters and I Invent a Sermon—I Preach it—The Rev. William Gooch, Canon of York—His Coach and Four—Mad Hatter Era—An Economical Friend Shares his Hat with a Scarecrow—The Muffin-girl Fined—Who Paid the Fine?—Another Eccentric Who Spent His Time in Bed—Lord Kenyon as Chorister—The Snuff-taking Marquess of Londonderry—A Ride on His Back—The Duchess of Teck and "My Little Girl"—I Appear as a Brilliant Scholar—Mr. Christopher Sykes and His Valet at Sandringham—The Valet's Advice to the Prince of Wales—To a *nouveau-riche*—Helps a Favourite—The Hambros of Steephill Castle—Their Son's Mysterious Death—The Monson Trial—The *Captain*—Lord Suffield Goes to Market—Captain Cowper-Coles—His Gallantry—The Fate of His Invention.

I FEEL I should like to begin this book with "once upon a time," as I used to start the stories I began but never finished in my early childhood.

Some of my farthest-reaching recollections are in connection with my spiritual welfare, which appeared to be of absorbing interest to quite a number of people. Part of the Sunday discipline consisted of my being taken when a very small person to church in a much-starched and exceedingly stiff frock, tight in the arm-holes, and in every way uncomfortable. In this garb I was expected to sit still during the long, tedious service. One Sunday this got upon my nerves, and while the clergyman in a black robe preached a long sermon from a three-decker pulpit, giving his

congregation to understand they were all doomed to everlasting torture, the deliverer of this unsporting harangue turned round, pointing his finger at the part of the church where I happened to be. Thinking this a personal matter and somebody dropping a book at the exact moment I gave a loud scream, then, frightened at the result of my breakdown, I burst into tears. My father peered at me over the top of his spectacles with interrogating eyes, the congregation stared, and my mother's face grew long, foreboding trouble in the near future.

On another occasion when staying with some friends a few miles from home, I was asked by my host, a clergyman, if I could tell him what his sermon had been about that morning in church. I had not the faintest idea, but remembered the name of Jehovah being mentioned several times, so suggested that was the subject of his sermon, only to be told he feared I could not have been attending. I was put down from his knee and told to try to remember. His two daughters were then called and asked the same question. They too were unable to tell their parent anything about it, so we were all bundled off to the schoolroom to remember and return when we had recalled it.

The Rev. and Hon. Francis Clements was the preacher on this last occasion, at that time Rector of Norton, near Stockton-on-Tees. His two youngest daughters were somewhere about the same age as my sister and I, and were among our most intimate play-fellows. At that time Mr. Clements' elder brother, the third Earl of Leitrim, was alive but had no heir ; it will be remembered he was murdered, and our friend's son Robert became the fourth Earl, and his sisters were granted the rank and precedence of earl's daughters, so our playmates became Lady Selina and Lady May.

In the schoolroom we found the governess, who told us the text, and we three girls between us invented what we thought a choice and telling sermon. We all

agreed to preach the same, feeling Mr. Clements could hardly stick to his version with three of us against him, so quite gaily we set off to find him. The ruse was a failure as our host had his own ideas on the value of evidence.

I always enjoyed my visits to the Clements. My two young friends of those days are now Lady Selina Lyndon and Lady May Mostyn.

I have heard people speak of their childhood as the happiest time of their lives. Mine certainly was not ; I was always in trouble with my mother and governesses, being much too fond of the open air, horses and dogs, for which I confess I was apt to neglect my lessons, also at times upset the household by being unpunctual, thereby causing ructions.

My people lived in Yorkshire, and there it was most of my childhood was spent. My father was a good shot and keen fisherman, spending most of his time on his own property, attending magistrates' meetings and useful country-side things of that kind, having by profession been called to the Bar.

My mother was the daughter of one of the old school of dignified, sporting parsons. I remember the awe he inspired in us children ; he was very handsome, tall, well-built and pompous to a degree. He lived in great state, driving about the country, to York to stay at Bishopthorpe, to Wynyard to stay with the Londonderrys, in fact wherever he went it was in his coach and four. He was rather a pretty whip, I remember. We were almost as much in awe of his valet, without whom he never moved, as of him. The valet also was a very pompous and imposing person who gave everybody to understand he had always lived amongst the " hupper circles."

There were four of us children. My grandfather on my father's side, who was a very rich old man, had informed his son that if there were more than four children he would be unable to leave them fortunes ; so four there were and no more. I am one of them and named after an old maiden great-aunt, who it was

believed would leave me her money, which, by the way, nearly miscarried, for she one day heard someone speak of me by a pet name instead of by hers, so she said under the circumstances she would leave her money to her maid : but a kind friend of the family put matters straight by talking incessantly of me by the name she knew and approved and by advising my people to take me over at intervals and to be sure and call me by my formal name before the old lady. This was done, and I remember being given pieces of sugar to eat, taken from between the bars of the canary bird's-cage ; and when in an extra fit of economy and saving, which was one of her characteristics, she, during her maid's absence, tried to put out her bedroom fire, which she considered extravagantly large, and in so doing set fire to herself and was burnt to death, she left some of her money to me !

Eccentricity was fashionable in those days. It was in fact the last quarter of the Mad Hatter Era. Just as ladies fainted at the slightest provocation, so men allowed themselves to develop oddities of character with the utmost complacency, and my relations were no exception to the prevailing fashion. In our part of Yorkshire, all had a leaning towards the weirdest forms of economy, while occasionally bursting forth into unnecessary extravagance. My father would be seriously worried if we came home from the station by the best road, and the shortest by a mile, because there was a turnpike and sixpence per horse to pay, but would think nothing of spending a hundred pounds on a bracelet that my mother did not want.

It was very funny the way my father used to adjudicate on the bench. Having been a barrister he knew more law than most of his fellow magistrates, and I have always heard he was extremely just, but when off the seat of justice his heart would relent towards some of the culprits he had punished. There was a little muffin-girl who used to tramp about the country from house to house ostensibly selling muffins, but often combining it with helping herself to what-

LORD KENYON

LADY LINA AND LADY MAY CLEMENTS.
(NOW LADY LINA LYNDON AND LADY MAY MOSTYN)

ever she could lay her hands on while the servants were busy. She was good-looking and had a winsome manner, but was perpetually being brought up for stealing. On one occasion she had been ordered to pay a fine of half a crown. The young woman, who thoroughly understood her business, wept and declared that was all she had made during the week after walking miles. The bench was relentless, but while driving home my father passed the girl tramping the high road without shoes or stockings, so he stopped the family omnibus in which he always attended magistrates' meetings, gave her a lift and presented her with half a crown !

A neighbour of ours living at Acklam Hall, a Mr. Hustler, was a prince of eccentrics. First of all he made a romantic match by running away with a girl from school and marrying her. He then settled down on his estate, where he would retire to bed for weeks and months at a time, his only amusement being keeping his accounts and seeing how he could cut down expenses, although he was a rich man. At long intervals he would surprise the country-side by blossoming forth pink and exotic-looking from his hot-house treatment, and go to church, or perhaps a magistrates' meeting. During his retirement all that was ever seen of him was an occasional vision of pink legs flying past the banisters on the landing while people were calling on his wife. He was very curious to know who the callers were, so as soon as the front-door bell rang, he would pop out of bed and take a fleeting glance at them from the top of the stairs.

Another eccentric was a man called Rudd, an old bachelor who ran away when anybody looked at him. Although well off and living on a snug little property of his own he never allowed tradesmen to call for orders nor would he allow his servants to make any purchases. Once a week he would sally forth about dark with a large market-basket on his arm and buy provisions. My father loved to tease the poor little man, who was really rather clever, and elected to live

undisturbed among his books. Father would say, "Jacky, it is not good for you burying yourself like this; I shall come and see you." Jacky, who stood about four foot nothing and had several angry-looking bristles growing from the end of his nose, would then become furious and splutter that he did not want to see anyone, that he would padlock his gate, and so on. My father would continue to tease him, saying he would climb the gate, Jacky taking it all quite seriously and foaming with rage. He was very short-sighted, wore huge goggles and a hat two sizes too large for him, which latter he actually shared with the scarecrow in the garden.

In those days families emigrated *en masse* in the summer to some near seaside place while the hay-making was in progress. We went regularly to Redcar, where there was excellent bathing: and a great gathering we used to be of friends and relations, amongst them a number of amusing Rivett-Carnacs, Agnes de Crespigny, sister of the present Sir Claude, the well-known sportsman; Lloyd Kenyon, then a delicate little boy, who sang in the choir and looked very good, now A.D.C. to King George and formerly Lord in Waiting to Queen Victoria; besides other friends too numerous to mention.

I remember seeing Lord Kenyon in his cassock looking like a cherub in the church choir at Coatham (which is a suburb of Redcar), little boys in front, big boys behind, then the clergy. Lloyd's mother was delightful and I was fond of her. She was very High Church and a really good woman, most anxious to bring up her son in the way he should go, and he was a very devout little boy; I remember his crying one evening because his mother told him to stay and play with us instead of going to evensong.

Being an only son his mother feared his being spoilt, so Agnes de Crespigny used to stay with her for months at a time as playmate for him, and all of them used to stay with us a great deal. Agnes, by the way, married the vicar of Coatham Church in later years, and

I saw a short time ago that she has to mourn the loss of her son in this ghastly war.

Those were the days of long journeys, and anxieties arising from the fear that the roads might be impassable, which in the winter was by no means uncommon. One winter, when the roads were covered with snow, we were hoping to go to stay at Wynyard for a children's ball. First we were told it would be impossible to drive the twenty-five miles: I think that was the distance. Later we heard that our father meant to try.

By dint of frost nails in the horses' shoes we reached Wynyard after an exciting drive over very slippery roads with a pair of spirited black Irish horses. My sister caught cold on the journey and had to go to bed instead of enjoying herself, which spoilt my pleasure to a great extent. This visit has always remained impressed on my memory for two reasons, the first being while we were playing hide-and-seek Lady Averina Vane-Tempest fainted, and never having seen anybody faint, I thought she was dead. This terrified me, but I could then understand her governess's anxiety all the time she was playing, for fear she should get too hot or over-exert herself.

The next thing that makes it memorable was that I experienced one of the proudest moments of my life one day at luncheon. It must be remembered these were the days when children were suppressed, to be seen and not heard. It happened this way: at luncheon we were all obliged to speak French as Lady Londonderry thought it good practice for everybody. She was telling us to be sure and feed the birds during the frosty weather, then wishing to say something about the sparrows and not being able to remember the French for that particular bird, addressed herself to the table generally and asked for help. Nobody knew. Lady Averina's governess got red in the face and said she knew quite well, but for the moment had forgotten. It so happened that one of the last exercises I had done before leaving home had included the word

sparrow, so frightened at my own daring I said, "'Moineau' is the French for 'sparrow,'" in consequence of which astounding knowledge I was considered a clever child, profound scholar and brilliant personage.

Another great occasion at Wynyard was when Princess Mary of Teck was staying there and a big ball was given in honour of the occasion. I, in company with the rest of the young people staying in the house, was allowed to watch all the big-wigs march in to dinner, after which we were carried off to be decked out in beautiful sashes, silk stockings, and all the rest of a full-dress evening toilet. Then we had to sit still until we were sent for to go down to dessert. The wait seemed interminable, but at last we were summoned and, walking like well-bred ducks in single file, followed the beautiful footman with powdered hair, he glancing at himself in all the long mirrors he passed to see if his silk stockings were braced up enough or if any of the powder had fallen on to his well-fitting livery.

In the dining-room we all made profound curtsies. We were then assisted on to high stools beside our host and hostess. My place was near Lord Londonderry, who heaped all sorts of good things on my plate until the Duchess of Teck laughingly said I should be ill if I ate them all. I could not help staring at the Duchess. She had such a sweet, good-tempered face, and when she asked me if it was not my bed-time and said her little girl (our present Queen Mary) went to bed much earlier, I wriggled off my stool, made another curtsy, and replied, "Yes, madam, I generally go to bed at half-past eight, but this is a great treat." I then tried to scramble on to my high stool again, and was dismayed to find every time I tried to do so, it endeavoured to fall on top of me, so I had to be lifted up by Lord Londonderry. No sooner was I seated than the ladies left the dining-room, and I had no time to eat my good things. I suppose I was looking ruefully at them when Lord Londonderry

lifted up my frock, popped into it a bunch of grapes and a dish of chocolates, telling me, with a pat on my shoulder, to put them under my pillow. The others had consumed their good things on the premises, I was the only lucky one with something for under my pillow.

I am speaking of the 5th Marquess of Londonderry, at one time Vice-Commodore of the Yacht Squadron. I think yachting and snuff were his two greatest pleasures in life. It was quite fashionable in those days to take snuff, and I remember once when he was carrying me downstairs on his back his taking some which made me sneeze violently. I was afraid to take my arm from round his neck so spluttered over his back hair, much to his amusement. He said it served him right. A most hospitable host, a very rich man and a great personage, yet simple and accessible to all. He employed a vast number of labourers in his mines and quarries. At that time I remember seeing his name on railway trucks, but do not remember in his life seeing it on the coal carts and lorries in London. That became the fashion in the late Lord Londonderry's time, the 6th Marquess.

Mr. Christopher Sykes, of Brantingham Thorpe, a well-known Yorkshire landowner, whose finances were not equal to the strain he put upon them while entertaining Royalty, had a valet who gives a funny story relating to the Londonderrys, at least his way of telling it was funny. The valet's name was Girton, and when Mr. Sykes came to the end of his tether he gave his servant a letter that would have carried him anywhere, a really kindly and first-rate recommendation. Girton had made some money if his master had not, and he eventually became the proprietor of a large private hotel, never mind which, but it was much on the lines of the great Brown's in Albemarle Street. Girton, being almost as well known in society as Mr. Sykes himself, was not long in collecting a clientele, who used to love drawing him and hearing some of his astounding accounts of proceedings in which he had

either taken part or been a witness during his life amongst the families in which he had served. One of the stories he was very fond of telling was when staying at Sandringham with Mr. Sykes, while a big shoot was going on. Either when walking up, or in covert, I forget which, Mr. Sykes, anxious that the Prince should hear some of Girton's humour, sent for him, at any rate this is Girton's story.

The Prince : " Oh, Girton, Londonderry has invited me and the Princess to see his place at Wynyard, and I have never been there."

Girton : " Then you should lose no chance, your Royal 'Ighness."

The Prince : " We intend going, Girton. How do you think we ought to get there, you know Yorkshire so well."

Girton : " Well, your Royal 'Ighness, there are two ways. Yes, there are two ways, one is to go all the way by train, but if you asks for popularity, I says get out at Middlesborough, you and the Princess. From there in an open carriage you and the Princess go right away to Wynyard, you could not do better. It's a 'ot bed of radicalism, but when they see you among 'em it will be a 'ot bed of conservatism."

Another story of Girton's that has never been given to the public before.

A certain *nouveau-riche* had been invited to dine with Mr. Sykes to meet the Prince of Wales, who had approved the name on the list submitted for his Royal pleasure.

The gentleman of great and lately acquired wealth was feeling full of importance though a trifle nervous, not knowing exactly the usual procedure on such occasions. At Doncaster the day before the dinner he chanced to see the great Girton putting a few sovereigns on a horse he had heard Mr. Jim Lowther say would be sure to win, so walking up to him said, " Good day, Girton. I am dining at your place to-morrow to meet the Prince of Wales; you are more accustomed to Royalties than I am, tell me what is the proper thing

to do ? Should I walk up to the Prince and say ' How do you do ' ? or wait for him to speak to me ? or ought I to go down on one knee ? "

Girton : " Well, Sir, I hought to know all about these things by now, but they requires great delicacy,—yes, great delicacy."

Nouveau-riche : " Yes ! of course I know all that, but tell me, do I shake hands or bow ? "

Girton : " That, Sir, depends on circumstances. You will be introduced to his Royal 'Ighness, he may hold out 'is 'and, in which case you takes it gentle like, if not, you bow like this," here Girton laid his arm across his middle and bowed low over it. " And you never sits down unless the Prince says you may."

Nouveau-riche : " What ! should I have to stand all the evening if not given leave to sit down ? "

Girton (*in superior manner*): " That is so, many people stand all day."

Nouveau-riche : " But look here, Girton, how could I eat my dinner standing up all the time ? and would not the others think it looked as if the Prince did not like me, if he told the others to sit down and not me ? "

Girton (*with a lofty smile*): " I should not worry myself, Sir, if I was you, it will come quite natural-like when the time comes; his 'Ighness will say very quietly, ' Pray be seated,' and everything will go on quite ordinary."

I have been told the Prince's manner and way of speaking was copied exactly.

It was amusing the way this valet took all under his wing who visited his master, provided they were liberal enough to him. Mr. Sykes said, " Girton makes great favourites." One of these favourites was a certain well-known sporting baronet living in the same county as his master, who, when tired of home life, would tell his wife he was going to buy horses, and then go and entertain some of his theatrical friends at a seaside place not very far away.

During one of these jaunts Girton and his master were staying in the same hotel, and while passing the

rooms occupied by the sportsman and his friends, none of whom were yet up though it was 12.30 midday, he saw at the end of the landing the baronet's wife asking the number of the room occupied by Sir ——, and the simple chambermaid gave the number—17.

Girton grasped the situation in a moment and asked Lady —— if he could help her to find the room she wanted. She told him she wanted her husband's room, No. 17.

They were standing almost opposite the door at the time. Without a blush Girton said, "I think it is 117 that Sir —— is occupying, on the other landing; allow me to show your ladyship the way." Having guided her to the door of 117 he fled back to 17 and informed the occupant his wife was looking for him. Meanwhile Lady —— had entered 117, and seeing a rolled-up figure in the bed evidently fast asleep, who took no notice of her wrathful expressions, she pulled the clothes down from the individual's head to find it was a man she knew quite well in the 3rd Dragoon Guards! sleeping off a late night. Thinking it was his soldier-servant trying to awaken him he used strong language!

Girton used after the fashion of servants always to speak of "me and the governor," meaning, of course, Mr. Sykes, his master. Some of his stories, which became well known from his constant repetition, were distinctly interesting, not to say frisky, but no good purpose would now be served by recalling them, dealing as they did with most of the country-side in Yorkshire and, indeed, elsewhere also.

But to return to my youth. My governess undoubtedly found me a tiresome child, and regarded me with despair. Once when my sister and I had been told to prepare a map of Europe for the following morning, and mine was presented for criticism, I was told I must do it again. My sister then presented hers. There was a silence for a moment, and I looked up to see what was the cause. Our governess was pointing her finger to some sketches down the side of the map,

and then asked, "And pray, what may this be?" It looked like a big bird eating something. "Oh," replied my sister, "that is Turkey gobbling up Greece." The Turkey was a fairly faithful likeness of the farmyard bird, the Greece I did not recognise until it was further explained it was meant to represent a candle.

Miss Chevallier, our governess at that time, unfortunately declined to stay with "such a little devil," the devil being poor me. She left in a cloud of dust one day after an encounter with me. It happened after this wise. I observed one evening at tea in the schoolroom that she was not eating anything, so out of the kindness of my heart, asked her if there was anything else she would like better than what had been provided. She said yes, she thought she would like an egg, so I got up from my seat preparing to ring the bell, but was seized by the arm and told to sit down again, it was not for little girls to ring bells, she was mistress in the schoolroom. This was a new rule to me, hitherto I had always rung the bell for anything I wanted, and I resented this new order, so escaped from her, making a dash for the bell. So did she. Between us, not only did we ring a peal that brought most of the household to see what had happened, but we pulled the bell bodily out of the wall, covering ourselves with plaster and torn paper, as well as the heavy bell-pull, which consisted of a wide piece of woolwork, over which I believe a great-grandmother had many times pricked her fingers. By this time my mother and several servants had come to see what was the matter. Miss Chevallier hastened to say it was all my fault and insubordination. This I did not consider fair, so without further parleying I dashed at her, pulled the glasses off her nose, threw them on the ground, broke a gold chain round her neck, and pulled off a black silk apron she always wore. Before I could cause her any disfigurement I was marched off protesting to my bedroom, and locked in, being told I should stay there until I was sorry. My contrition took some days before it shaped itself into a form possible of

expression. I really was sorry about the gold chain, because it had belonged to her dead mother, so I said I was grieved about that, but for the rest it served her right, and she was a sneak, unjust and untruthful, after which I saw her no more. My sister took an early opportunity to creep in and tell me the omnibus we used for station work, and for shooting, had been ordered to take her to the station.

After being a prisoner for some days, and while everybody was out, my father came to see me, and said it made him miserable my being in trouble, and he wished I would say I was sorry. That settled it. I said I was sorry I had caused so much trouble and sent word to that effect to my mother, after which I was allowed to mix with the household once more.

I was not a strong child and very highly strung, which nobody seemed to realise, the consequence was I was often in the doctor's hands. Our county doctor was a gentle and clever little man who knew what two and two make without being told. He usually ordered plenty of fresh air and exercise. This kind doctor used to amuse us when we were children with his quaint way of expressing himself and his nervous manner. He would say, for instance, while washing his hands in invisible soap and water, "Miss X—— should run a little, and drink some sherry wine." Another peculiarity was the way he always made almost unconsciously for a looking-glass the moment he entered a room, and while talking earnestly about his patient's diaphragm, or whatever might be out of order, would stand in front of the glass tweaking his hair into the most becoming lines, finally giving a little lilt to some locks near his ears, which gave him quite a frisky appearance. Like many clever people he had grown through his hair at the top.

A day came at last when running a little and drinking sherry wine no longer took effect, and I was ordered to Ventnor for the winter. During those months we saw a good deal of the Hambros and Verners of Steephill Castle. They were a big party

of young people, being two families really, as Mrs. Hambro of Steephill was a widow with a family of her own when she was wooed and won by Colonel Verner, who likewise had a family of his own, and during that winter most of them were at home. Steephill is a charming place standing in secluded grounds with a good sea view on one side of it. It was there while gathering primroses in the woods near the house I saw for the first and last time in my life a jet-black viper, very handsome but sinister-looking. I do not wish to see another, they are quite uncanny.

Dudley Hambro, the heir to Steephill Castle, was a very handsome young man, at that time unmarried, but later he married and settled down in the Isle of Wight. It was his eldest son who met his death under such mysterious circumstances while staying with the Alfred Monsons, who were renting Ardlamont in Argyllshire, resulting in the trial of Mr. Monson, the verdict being "non proven."

The story was a terrible one, involving certain moneys and a strange accident in a boat by which young Hambro nearly lost his life. The unfortunate boy escaped only to die by a gunshot wound while out shooting a day or two later, the question being whether it was an accident or not.

For years afterwards on the anniversary of his death, his mother used to insert a memoriam in the *Morning Post* followed by "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

Added to this awful sorrow Mr. Hambro's finances went wrong and the Castle passed, I believe, into other hands and I knew it no more.

There were quite a number of interesting people that winter at Ventnor, the late Lord Suffield, King Edward's great friend, and large family party. Lord Suffield used to ride about on a thick-set cob, looking exactly like a jolly old farmer and quite regardless of appearances, his clothes giving the impression they had come out of the rag-bag: his short coat-tails bulging out each side of him with parcels he had brought from the town where he had been to market.

Once I saw a lobster claw sticking out of one of his pockets. He used to discuss finance or the lack of it with my father, who was supposed to be lucky with his investments. I gathered from the scraps of conversation not meant for me to hear that Lord Suffield found a large family very expensive combined with heavy expenditure entailed by his position at Court. Notwithstanding this he appeared very cheery and pretended to drive me, holding my hair like reins and telling me to "Gee-up." Lady Suffield (his first wife) was always smart and much more stiff than her husband.

Then there were the Alfred Pagets with a bevy of daughters. When the whole family were at church they filled one pew to overflowing and part of another. Lady Alfred was not strong and unable to go out much; it was for her health that they were at Ventnor. The children all promised to be tall and had their father's dark hair and eyes.

One Sunday when I was growing stronger and sitting with my father basking in the sun on the esplanade, Lord Alfred came up to talk to my parent and sat down on the same seat, tipping his hat over his eyes and stretching his long legs out comfortably.

At first I thought their conversation dull, but after a while it improved. I did not understand all the jokes, but some of the stories were very funny—one about a pet abhorrence of Lord Alfred's (a lady who afterwards wrote a remarkable book about all the people of her day) was perplexing, and I suppose I must have been looking puzzled, for my father, who was evidently greatly entertained, suddenly told me to "run away and play," quite forgetting in his anxiety to get rid of me that I was still rather an invalid and unable to do so.

I have since then found the explanation of some of the stories that I did not understand at the time. I remember even then I was interested and asked to be allowed to stay. Lord Alfred laughed, and said to my father, "She is a promising young lady," but I had

to make myself scarce, so wandered off to another seat, where a pal of mine, Lord Lumley, who was also an invalid, was sunning himself. We used to confide in one another, and while he told me what hard lines it was having to work when feeling so ill, I used to count the freckles on his nose. The poor boy was dying of consumption, and alone with a tutor who I think did not realise how ill he was, and expected him to do more than he had strength for. He died a few months later, much to the surprise and grief of his parents.

Ventnor reminds me that we were there in 1870 when the Cowper-Coles were also staying there amongst other friends. Captain Cowper-Coles was the inventor of the six-gun turret ship *Captain*, which aroused great interest at the time, as it was to revolutionise naval construction and perform wonders. The foundering of the *Captain* while on a trial trip on September 7th, 1870, was regarded as a national calamity and threw a deep gloom over us all. My father and I crossed over to the Isle of Wight with Captain Cowper-Coles shortly before the accident, and I remember quite well watching the fragile-looking little man with his then fashionable side-whiskers, sitting huddled up in the lee of the funnel telling my father of his hopes and fears, of all the wonderful things his ship was to do for England. He was such a dear little man, and his enthusiasm was so good to see, that it gave the subsequent tragedy almost a personal note for us.

We were all so sorry for Mrs. Cowper-Coles, as it seemed so hard that in addition to losing a good and devoted husband, the cup of fame should have been dashed from their lips at the eleventh hour. She was a very brave and clever woman and did the best she could for her young family after the cruel blow.

The *Captain* was commanded by Captain Burgoyne, a son of Field-Marshal Burgoyne, and had a crew of five hundred men. At the time it happened she was out with the squadron, which was formed into three divisions: the *Lord Warden* (the flagship), the *Mino-*

taur, and *Agincourt* leading, the *Captain* came last of the line. Towards night the weather became very rough with wind and rain. About one o'clock the *Captain* was observed by Admiral Milner, on the *Lord Warden*, to be heeling over a good deal to starboard. She was being carefully watched, this being practically her trial trip. Looking again a little later the Admiral could see nothing of the *Captain*, but attributed it to the weather, the mist and rain probably preventing the lights being seen. The storm subsided a little towards morning and the squadron were scattered; now instead of eleven ships, only ten could be seen, the missing one being the *Captain*. Search was made everywhere, but there was not a sign of her. Later some wreckage was picked up and the body of a seaman from the *Captain*, leaving no longer any doubt of what had happened, namely, she had foundered in one of the heavy squalls in the early part of the morning. The new turret ship and its inventor had gone, never to be seen any more, and all on board perished except twenty of the crew who were rescued. Amongst the dead was a son of Mr. Childers and a number of visitors who had been interested in the new invention and invited on board.

As far as I can remember the account given by the survivors of this disaster gave very little information beyond the fact that it all happened so quickly there was hardly time to know what had occurred, why or how, except that first she heeled over, and then in a few minutes turned completely over and disappeared; the driving rain and the fierce wind mingling with the noise of the steam roaring from the boilers still forcing upwards and out-screaming the elements was not to be forgotten by the few left to tell the tale.

The career of this unfortunate inventor is interesting. He served as midshipman under Admiral Lord Lyon in the Mediterranean and distinguished himself at the sea attack on the defences of Sebastopol, earning praise from Sir Edward Lyon, who said, "Captain Coles' gallantry was the means of saving the *Sanspareil*."

This is what happened as nearly as I can remember from what I have been told by his people.

The *Agamemnon* and *Sanspareil* were alone, and being fired on continuously by the enemy from Fort Constantine, Mr. Coles—but I suppose I should call him Lieutenant Coles—seeing how harassed these ships were, volunteered to take an order to Lord George Paulet, which was effected at great personal risk, and under great difficulty.

The *Quarterly Review* of that time, I believe, referred to it as "an act of devotion and courage rarely exceeded." Many thought he was entitled to the V.C., which, however, he did not receive, but Admiral Lyon presented him with a Commander's Commission.

During the Kertch expedition he did great work, mounting thirty guns, destroying a quantity of the enemy's stores, and two days before the attack on Taganrog, finding the water was so shallow that the *Recruit*, the *Danube* and French steamer *Monette* were the only vessels which could get nearer than 1400 yards of the place, Captain Coles, on the spur of the moment, invented and built a raft drawing less than two feet of water, yet able to carry a long 32-pounder. By the following morning he and his men had the raft ready. He named it the *Lady Nancy*, mounted the gun with a hundred rounds of ammunition, and it was ready for work. Owing to the lightness of this raft, it was able to take up a most effective position within point-blank range, "contributing considerably to the success of the day." So spake the authorities, and the Admiralty even were forced to express their appreciation of his ingenuity, resourcefulness and ability, both in design and construction of the raft.

In the following November a board was appointed by the Commander-in-Chief to report upon Captain Cowper-Coles' method and plans for the construction of shot-proof rafts, guns and mortars. He was now considered too valuable to be kept at sea, and so highly were his drawings and models appreciated that he was ordered home, for the help and instruction of the

dockyard authorities, also the surveyor of the Navy, and it is due in a great measure to Sir William Armstrong and Captain Cowper-Coles that England has been able to anticipate all the most cunning inventions of rival naval powers.

How near the ill-fated *Captain* got to being an epoch-making invention is shown by the words of Vice-Admiral Symonds, who said: "She is a most formidable ship and could, I believe, by her superior armament, destroy all the broadside ships of the squadron in detail."

CHAPTER II

A SECRET ENGAGEMENT

Exciting Times in Yorkshire—An Incendiary and Attempted Murder—Sir Julius Benedict Annoyed—Engaged to Be Married at Twelve—A Peculiar Engagement Ring—I Faint at Buckingham Palace—A Row in the Sacred Precincts—An Adventurous Drive with Sir William Worsley—Sir Charles Dodsworth Borrows the Butler's Trousers—A Ball at Escrick Park—Why We Were Late—Sir Arthur Lawley at Lucknow.

WE used to have some thrills in Yorkshire when the men from the ship-yards and iron-works went out on strike, which, when I was a girl, they did frequently. As we lived not many miles away, we generally knew all about it, especially as there was a pet public-house of theirs at the corner of my father's property. This place became such a nuisance that he had its licence taken away. There was a good deal of bitter feeling about this, and we were not altogether surprised one night, to hear my father's haystacks were on fire. The police thought they would not have much difficulty in finding the culprits. In this, they were not far wrong. A small piece of partly burnt newspaper was found, evidently blown by the wind into a hedge, which agreed with and was part of a newspaper discovered in the cottage of one of the suspected people. This combined with other things, and the fact that the wind was blowing in the direction of the man's cottage that night, and the partly burnt paper was in the hedge going in that direction, sufficient evidence was forthcoming for the man to be arrested. My father did not of course sit on the bench during the hearing of the case, but I recollect seeing the man and feeling frightened at the way he scowled at us all. It was decided the case must

go up for trial, so the supposed culprit had to go to Leeds.

The morning he was being taken there, he was standing handcuffed on the platform of Stockton Station waiting for the train to come in, a policeman on each side of him. A number of people were on the platform. The train came into the station, and before anybody realised what had happened, the man darted away from his keepers, and threw himself in front of it and the engine and several carriages passed over him. The policemen got down on to the permanent-way to see what was left of the victim, and to their surprise found him lying under one of the carriages, none the worse, except for a few scratches and a bruise or two; he was unceremoniously pulled out and carried off to Leeds. It was a wonderful escape, due chiefly to the man's being handcuffed and unable to throw his arms about, thus he fell straight like a log between the lines. By the way, I believe a few hot cinders found their way down his neck just to leave a little remembrance of so great an occasion, but nothing more. The man was proved guilty, but I forget what his punishment was.

Another excitement we had, but it was when I was older. A maid-servant of ours who was very pretty and a great favourite in the household, was walking to the village about two miles away and along a very lonely road to get a pair of boots mended. As soon as she got outside the gate, which is some way from the house and far out of sight of any windows, a man suddenly jumped out of a hedge and demanded money. She replied she had none. He then seized hold of her, saying that unless she found some quickly it would be the worse for her and tried to find her pocket. She screamed for help, upon which the ruffian pulled out a pistol, shot her at close quarters and ran away. As luck would have it, my brother's groom drove round a bend of the road at this moment, and, seeing a man running away and a woman lying at the side of the road, he jumped down, threw the

reins over the post of a gate, and gave chase. It is not easy to run swiftly in top-boots, and the fugitive was getting further and further away when the groom saw a farmer in one of the fields, and shouted to him to "Stop thief." The farmer headed off the man, and between them they captured him and locked him up in the farm hard by. He had been seen to throw his pistol away, so the farmer felt brave, and he stood outside the building with his gun until the police arrived. The girl's life it turned out had been saved by the boots she was carrying, the bullet had gone through two fairly thick boots and then entered her side, her cloak being singed. She was lifted into the dog-cart and driven with all speed to the nearest hospital about four miles away.

The man got penal servitude for, I think, ten years. The last words he was heard to utter before being taken to work out his sentence were, that he would "murder the lot" of us, when he came out again. I feel this story is not complete unless I add that when the girl recovered she married the groom who captured her would-be murderer.

Feeling I should never learn much at home I asked my people to let me go to London and have some lessons; so to town I went, and Madame Bué taught me French, Signor Puchini Italian, Naftell and Goodall painting, Benedict for music, Leopold for singing. I got on fairly well with all but poor, dear old Benedict. I used to go to his house in Manchester Square for my music lessons accompanied by a governess, who did crochet work while I drove Sir Julius nearly mad. Being such a brilliant pianist himself he at times grew impatient with my, to him, no doubt, elephantine efforts to play Chopin. From my heart I pitied him; it must be so terrible to teach music, I told myself, and I really was doing my best and was very keen to improve.

One day after bungling one of those special twiddles so dear to the heart of Chopin, which for some reason best known to himself he placed after the notes he

intended them to be played before, out flew Sir Julius' arm and swept the music off the stand and half across the room. The governess jumped as if she had been shot. Sir Julius strode up and down the room holding his head, for once quite oblivious of the beautifully rolled sausage curl that ran round it. I had been on the point of apologising for my inartistic twiddle, but now my heart was hard, and I sat looking straight in front of me, without moving or speaking. My governess told me to pick up the music, but I suggested that the proper person to pick it up was the one who threw it down. Sir Julius did not seem inclined to do so, neither did I, therefore my governess picked it up herself, and replaced it on the music-stand. Sir Julius then in icy tones of extreme politeness requested me to vacate the music-stool while he tried once more to show me how Chopin should be played. This was quite unnecessary, as I knew exactly how he *should* be played.

I had another offensive habit. Every now and then when moved by the beauty of the music or the brilliancy of my own technique, I would indulge in little additions of my own, not prescribed by the composer. I was quickly pulled up by my instructor, who used to say in a weary voice, "No embellishments, if you please, Miss X——. It was quite funny.

At the end of my lessons we parted outwardly calm and friendly, but I fear with hate in our hearts ; though he was good and forgiving enough to send me tickets for his concerts, also others he thought would interest me. He was a most painstaking teacher, but I must have been a pain and grief to him who had music on the brain, in his soul, and at his finger-tips. I wonder his nervous system did not break down under the strain. My only consolation, and the thought rather modified my pity, was that there was no need for him to give music lessons at all, unless he wished to do so ; but money had attractions for him. He had worked hard at his profession and studied under Weber. It was a lucky day for him when he decided to leave

Germany, and try whether England would appreciate his talents more than did the inhabitants of Stuttgart, where after teaching for an hour he was presented with a thaler, which would answer to about three shillings of our English money.

In England he soon found his lessons brought him in guineas, and his performances hundreds of pounds. Nevertheless, after making a very nice little fortune, he still gave lessons, but certainly not because he loved teaching. He really was a master of precision and detail. At nineteen he conducted the Opera at Vienna, at twenty-three he had composed an opera himself. Germany thought him quite a nice musician, nothing more. In England he was fussed over, and told he was a great man, in fact one of the greatest men of his day in the musical world. This was flattering and soothing, so he decided to make England his home, especially as he had been made a knight, in honour of his oratorios and cantatas, which found much favour.

His appearance was not attractive and he walked with a curious sort of shuffle, his head well in advance of his body and nearly always with two love-locks flying out behind which seemed to escape the curling tongs, curl papers or whatever form of hair manipulation he affected.

Great movements that open up new worlds often come upon us suddenly, or we come upon them. One of these epoch-making movements came to me when still struggling with my education and it entirely changed my perspective.

One day, when out riding with some friends of my own age, I learnt that our grandfather, on my father's side, had left all of us children, small fortunes to accumulate until we came of age *or married.* I asked my companions how they knew this, and was told they had heard their parents talking about it. This seemed too good to be true and I decided to lose no time in finding out. I boldly asked my father as soon as I found him alone. Yes, it was true and he wished to know who had told me. Fearing I might get my friends into trouble

I said I had been told in confidence, so would rather not say. The point was not pressed, my father evidently realising if I did not hear it from one person, I should from another, before I was much older.

A new world was opened to me. My fortune was to be mine when I came of age or married. Clearly then the thing to do was to marry with all haste, and so come into my kingdom ; there would then be no more lessons, governesses and ructions. I should be able to hunt when I liked, buy all the horses I wanted, besides enjoying many other things too bewildering to contemplate. Here I was pulled up sharply by the first thorn attached to my rose, or the first rose attached to my thorn, whichever it might turn out to be, I was confronted with the awkward question of whom could I marry ?

I confided my difficulty to a great pal of mine then home for the holidays from one of the public schools. He was really a friend in need, for most gallantly he replied, " You can marry me if you like." There was no display of emotion, as there was none to display. We were like the gulls sitting dispassionately side by side engaged and undemonstrative. I thanked him very much for being so obliging, and he agreed to marry me the moment he left school. I remember as we parted that day, drawing him on one side to make the stipulation that he must take me round the world, let me have as many horses as I liked, and allow me to hunt on all possible occasions, to all of which he agreed. He seemed thoughtful, however, and a little worried at having to go round the world with me !

My feeling of importance at this time was overwhelming. I felt so grown-up, with that delicious secret shared between my fiancé and myself. It was annoying for an engaged young woman to have to wear short skirts and have her hair hanging down her back ; but I consoled myself with the thought of the time when I should be able to please myself in all such matters, and go into dinner instead of dessert in the evening.

One of the great features of this engagement was the

undemonstrativeness of us both. My young man, whom I had better call Z——, thought love-making "awful rot," and hoped I did ? With this I quite agreed, but explained I had some lofty ideals about loyalty, unselfishness, and so on. We discussed and argued them to our mutual satisfaction.

Before returning to school Z—— rather shyly presented me with an engagement ring, saying it was the proper thing to do. He had asked the old family coachman all about it, without, of course, saying why he wished to know. The ring was then produced and pushed on to my finger, but not before we had nearly quarrelled over the correct finger for engaged couples. Z—— was very apologetic about the ring, saying it was a curious-looking thing. He promised to get me a better one when he got his school tips. I had grave misgivings about accepting this offering, as it was broad, and remarkable in appearance, therefore certain to attract attention. I made up my mind that, as soon as he was gone, I would take it off and put it out of sight. Instinct told me he would be hurt if I declined to accept his humble offering. Removing the thing, however, I found was not an easy thing to do. Nothing would persuade it to come off, and I had to go to bed in the wretched thing. Fortunately no remarks had been made on it. Possibly it was regarded as childish vanity, or a freak of no importance. In the middle of the night I was forcibly reminded of my engagement ring by a swollen and painful finger.

In the morning I observed a green margin round my ring, and on examining it carefully, came to the conclusion, it had been made out of the ferrule of my lover's walking-stick or umbrella. One thing was certain, from my finger it would have to go at all costs. I went to my mother's maid, a human sort of body. She said, it would have to be sawn off my finger. I was taken into our nearest town, and had the ring sawn off by a jeweller. I brought it home in pieces; the man seemed a little amused at my anxiety to have the remains.

After the fashion of girls I grew up more quickly

than did Z——, and at times had misgivings as to the wisdom of my engagement.

It was when I was still engaged to be married to Z—— that I was allowed to go and see a Drawing-Room held by the late Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace. I confided in my lover that it troubled me having to go in short skirts and childish garments when so many relations and people I knew were in trains yards long. I thought it quite time I looked more grown-up. He was very sympathetic. So was a grown-up friend and connection who came to see my people in all their finery. He suggested my letting down a tuck or two, or letting out a gather! This so amused me, I forgot my troubles in laughter, the idea of the dignity of my appearance being enhanced by a few gathers hanging loose round my waist. When he saw my amusement he also laughed at his own brilliancy.

On arrival at the Palace, General Lynedock Gardener took me under his wing. I followed him into a sort of waiting-room with a round table in the middle of it, dingy cloth, carpet and curtains, several large glass-fronted cabinets and cupboards with dull-looking china in them, probably priceless specimens, but to my inexperienced eye very uninteresting.

Altogether I was disappointed. It was not my idea of a palace at all. I had hoped and expected to see everything bright and glittering inside, even if the outside looked dull and depressing. I was just beginning to feel chilly, and to wish I had not come, when General Gardener returned and took me to a place in a narrow, rather dark passage, where he told me I should see everybody pass into the Throne-room.

It all came true. I saw the beautiful Princess of Wales come through a grubby-looking little door at the end of the passage. She was chatting and laughing with those about her, but I had eyes for none but her. I forgot to look at the rest, and as she passed me I made a curtsy and she smiled and bowed her graceful head to me. I was in a seventh heaven, for I had always admired her enormously, and the way she

bowed even in those early days impressed me. Nobody ever bowed as she did. It was not a nod, or wag of the head ; but a gentle dignified movement from the waist, which everybody will remember, and none have ever been able successfully to copy.

After the Princess, now Queen Alexandra, had passed with her retinue and disappeared into another room, the ladies attending the Drawing-Room began to walk past me, and I was allowed to see their trains thrown down and spread out as they entered the Presence ; for a time I was interested, then it began to pall, especially as many of the women looked so cross. Fortunately after a time Audrey Harcourt, at that time Page-in-Waiting, came and asked me if I would like to go and see the people packing up to go away. Joyfully I accepted this invitation, but it was a surprise to me to see people, some of whom I knew, others I did not, pushing and shoving one another in a way I hardly expected to see amongst gentlefolk. One woman, scratched by the bracelet of another standing near, turned on her with a perfect torrent of swear words such as I had never heard before, clawed her hair, finally hitting her in the face.

The luckless lady thus assaulted burst into noisy and quite unrestrained tears, but I do not know how the scene ended, as I was so frightened and tired that my head began to go round and I had horrid mixed-up visions of the Red Queen in *Alice in Wonderland* or *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*, I forget which, coming for me with the hair-brush still tangled in her hair, as I had seen her last in my story book at home. The next thing I remembered was having drinks of cold water given me on some stairs and feeling cold and sick, but being told I was " all right now." Whenever I think of this extraordinary scene within the walls of Queen Victoria's most decorous court, Kipling's lines occur to me as being wonderfully appropriate :

> " For the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
> Are sisters under their skins."

Yorkshire in those days was a very gay and festive

county. People then lived more on their own property than they do now, and how hospitable they were.

My first ball was in the Assembly Room at York, given by the Yorkshire Hussars (Yeomanry). It was always a great gathering ; from there to Scarborough for more dances and then to stay at Wooll Knoll, near Hovingham, with Sir William and Lady Worsley for a dance at Gilling Castle. This particular dance is impressed on my memory by an exciting drive we had to it. The house-party, I think, consisted of Miss Lascelles of Harewood, Miss Gilpin-Brown of Sedbury Park, Sir Charles Dodsworth of Thornton, a Mr. Carmichael, the present baron, I believe, but so many tides have washed the shore since then, and we have scattered over the face of the earth, that I cannot be certain ; also one of the Beresford-Peirses, Matthew, I think his name was, but here again I cannot be certain. The chaperones consisted of Lady Worsley and my mother.

I remember the night of the dance was very dark, and the floods were out. Sir William Worsley took all the young people in a big omnibus, the chaperones followed in a carriage. Our coachman managed to miss his way and we found water flowing in under the door, and the horses plunging about in water above their knees. We all tucked our feet up on the seats opposite and thought it rather amusing. Not so dear old Sir William, who was as anxious about his load of chicks as any old hen. He felt responsible for our safety and well-being. It did not seem a wise thing to get out into the water, so after conversing with the servants on the box, who confessed they did not know where they were, he tried to crawl through the window and get on to the box himself. It was rather a struggle. We all helped from behind, and when he got his head and one shoulder firmly wedged into the window, down went one of the horses. Here was a pretty kettle of fish. Sir William half in and half out, one horse had lost his feet, and water in the bottom of the vehicle.

Sir Charles Dodsworth bravely said he would get

out and see what could be done. By the time he had got thoroughly wet, the horse had regained its feet, and we were scrambling on to drier and firmer ground. Seeing a light in the road behind us Sir Charles ran back and found it was the chaperones, and we had the satisfaction to know we were on the right road, although we had got off it, where the floods were rather heavy, and had been down on the ditch side almost off the road where the water was rather deep. While Sir Charles was finding all this out, we were trying to pull Sir William back from the window, and now he was easier in his mind about our safety he enjoyed the joke, as few men of his age would have done. At all times he was the most cheery of souls.

The next anxiety was whether any harness had been broken while the horses were plunging about in the water. We were told everything was all right, for the lights had been taken down, all carefully examined, and a few little adjustments made with string and some braid pulled off a seat cushion, and we slowly continued our way. Poor Sir Charles was so wet we had to clear a space and let him drip on it by himself, so we piled up on each other's knees, huddling up at one end of the omnibus as much as we could. Sir William was still anxious, as he was afraid we might have cracked the pole when the horse fell, and was prepared for a great disaster at any moment. He told us it would be the last time he would ever take young people to a dance ; it had aged him five years ! I am glad to say he did not keep to this vow, or I should have missed many happy times.

When we finally arrived at Gilling and clattered into the courtyard, with a sigh of relief, Sir William saw us all into the cloak-room, and went to see what could be done about dry clothes for Sir Charles Dodsworth. He appeared after a while looking not much amiss, and declaring he was wearing the butler's trousers. Whether this was true or not I cannot say, but I observed he did not dance with the usual wild vigour, so perhaps they were not quite as roomy and

comfortable as his own. Beyond a slight cold, he declared he was none the worse after it all.

Another exciting drive we had once, when going to a dance at Escrick in old Lord Wenlock's time (the second baron). The weather had been very rough and a tree had been blown across the road, barring our advance. We were not the only people held up by it, gradually carriage after carriage pulled up behind us, and we all held council on what was the best thing to be done. Eventually, with the combined efforts of the different servants and our menkind in their immaculate evening clothes, the top end of the tree was moved sufficiently to allow us to pass with careful driving. We were first to move on, and the noise made by driving over the minor branches, combined with the way they had of striking out, made the horses think they were frightened, so they proceeded to run away.

We were swished past hedges and trees, into ditches and out again. During our exit from one of the ditches the pole snapped and away we went afresh, but with redoubled fury, swaying from side to side, sometimes on four wheels and sometimes on two. We put down the windows to save being cut by broken glass. One girl with us kept shouting to the coachman to stop as she wished to get out ! A youth, though silent and helpful in putting down windows and balancing himself and us from side to side as occasion arose according to the number of wheels we happened to be using, selected that moment to be " sea-sick." Presently we became conscious of a distinct relaxation of speed. We had come to a hill, and the men on the box seized the opportunity to get a pull at the horses and turned them into the hedge, calling to us to get out quickly before they started off again.

Nothing would have pleased us better than to get out quickly ; unfortunately one door was blocked by the hedge and the other had become jammed during our mad career. We dared not bang or bump it much, for fear of upsetting the horses again. Meanwhile the groom had jumped down and was undoing the traces

and taking the horses out of the carriage as quickly as possible. We could hear the coachman conversing with the horses in what was intended to be reassuring accents, but sounded very breathless and wobbly. It was a relief to us all, when we saw the trembling and foam-flecked animals being led away. We then hammered the door open and gratefully stood on safe ground once more. Presently we saw lights approaching, and to our joy, discovered friends had come in search of us, after depositing the dancing people at Escrick, so we were carried off and although very late and rather tousled finished the night dancing, with the exception of the girl who screamed and had to lie down and have sal-volatile to pull her together. The funny part of the story was, that this girl whom we had fairly to sit upon, she was so frightened, went round the country telling everybody that we all fainted with the exception of herself.

The Lord Wenlock of whom I write was a great fine-looking man, I can see him now standing in front of the fire, feet well apart, and his head thrown back, a favourite attitude of his, can see his well-known figure in the Assembly Rooms at York—walking down Coney Street and on to the Club close to Lendal Bridge. He was always kind to young people and particularly to me. His son Arthur Lawley (now Sir Arthur) who was in the 10th Hussars, called by his familiar friends " Jo," was another kind friend. He was at Lucknow with his regiment, at the time when I had a nasty fall schooling a pony over some jumps, and got rather badly rolled on. He used to send me flowers and write kind notes to cheer me while a prisoner in my room. Since then he has filled all sorts of important posts, Administrator of Matabeleland, Governor of W. Australia, Lieut.-Governor of the Transvaal, and Governor of Madras. Sir Arthur has been doing valuable work during the great war in connection with the Red Cross and Ambulance Department. Long life and much happiness is what his friends wish him and I among the number.

CHAPTER III

THE SERBIAN TRAGEDY

Engaged to be Married Again—Wedding Day—A Luncheon Party at Ascot—Some Literary friends—Mrs. Twcedale Arrested as a Spy—Murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga of Serbia—Queen Draga's Loss of Self-control Betrays Her—Why She was Unpopular—Captain Fred Burnaby and Captain Stuart Menzies do Acrobatic Tricks—The Result—Colonel Burnaby's Death—A Meeting with Garibaldi.

WHEN Z—— left school and went to study foreign languages with a tutor, neither of us made any reference to our engagement. I hoped he had forgotten all about it, he probably hoped I had. Therefore I ventured upon a fresh engagement, this time to a subaltern in the —— Highlanders. I made enquiries to see how my former young man bore up under this blow, and was given to understand he showed no sign of being broken-hearted. This was mortifying, but saved inconvenience and explanation.

My second lover was more demonstrative than the first, and in a desperate hurry to be married as his leave was nearly up, and he had to return to the regiment in India. So one bright May day, that month supposed to be so unlucky for brides, I was married at our parish church, while still nothing but a child. My father being squire it was made a great occasion, and I thought everybody had much more fun than the bride. On the morning of my wedding, when I heard people laughing and talking, I wanted to go and join in the merriment, but was told I must not appear until my father came to take me to the church. This I thought distinctly hard and began to think that being married was not any fun at all, but a very over-

rated amusement, especially when suddenly a silence came over the whole house and I realised all had gone on to the church, whilst I, the poor bride, the chief actor, was left severely alone. I became horribly depressed.

Fortunately I had not long to wait. My father came into my room very smart, in lavender waistcoat, frock-coat, etc., and looking handsomer than ever. He kissed me and was rather tearful, which was upsetting, but there was no time for emotion. I was hurried downstairs, packed into a carriage drawn by four grey horses with postillions in grey and blue, and flourished off on the first stage of my great adventure. The school children strewed flowers for me to walk on, the bells rang merrily, though they always make me feel melancholy. The church was crammed with people. I began to recover my spirits a little, perhaps after all it was not so bad being married.

My first blow was in the vestry, when I found I had to sign myself "spinster." This was painful and humiliating, for I had always in a vague sort of way regarded spinsters as uninteresting old maids; but there was no help for it, so spinster I signed myself.

At the church gates after the ceremony my husband and I were presented with an illuminated address and various gifts from the farmers and parishioners, to whom I had to make a little speech, followed by one from my new lord and master, in which he said the usual things about cherishing me, and bringing me back soon to see them all again. Then once more I was hurried off to the breakfast, and then away from the old home.

Thus I was shot out into the realities of life after the manner of those days, in a condition of absolute black ignorance of practically every fact of life that would be almost unbelievable to girls of that age to-day—happily for them. The fact that I had not the faintest idea of what I was doing was a matter of legitimate self-congratulation to my parents as a proof of the success of the upbringing they had be-

stowed on their child. It seems a little incongruous that a man who, say, for instance, murdered an aged aunt, should be regarded as such a naughty fellow, and probably hanged, while the people who launched their daughters into life before they knew what they were about should be adjudged quite praiseworthy. The gentleman who murdered his aunt had only shortened an old life while the others had done their best to ruin a young one.

The congratulations I received from an old woman in the village at home still dwells in my memory. She had known me all my life, and when I told her I was going to be married, with tears in her eyes she put her dear old hand on my shoulder and with shaking head said, " Poor dear." This was not inspiring. She had been through a good deal herself during her married life and presented her husband with eighteen children, so she may have had some excuse for the form her congratulations took.

We spent a good part of that season in Town, and very important I felt at being able to chaperone girls much older than myself. One of my bridesmaids, a very pretty daughter of Sir George Howland Beaumont, became engaged, I believe, at one of the dances she went to with me, the happy man being Colonel Gawin Rowan Hamilton, of Killyleagh Castle, Co. Down, Ireland, brother of the present Dowager Lady Dufferin and Ava.

Thinking over those days, I have come to the conclusion I was a most useful person. That was one marriage in which I played a part. Then, I introduced my eldest brother to his present wife. She was my friend and used to accept the hospitality of my people for weeks and months at a time. I also introduced my sister's husband to her. As I write I have many letters before me that I have just unearthed, amongst them several full of expressions of lifelong gratitude to me. It is wise to keep them. People sometimes change their minds.

I had a large party at Ascot that year, and sent the

luncheon and servants down from a Piccadilly caterer so that I should have no worries and anxieties. Fortunately I was wise enough to order luncheon for about ten more people than I had originally asked to share the feast, knowing that at race-meetings so many old friends unexpectedly turn up, which proved to be the case on this occasion. Amongst our guests were some of my husband's brother officers, Captain George Chalmers being one. He was in beautiful gala attire, grey frock-coat, grey trousers, grey hat, with all the finishing touches carefully thought out.

While at luncheon my husband kept bringing up fresh batches of friends to be introduced to me and fed, so I sat down upon a reserve basket of fruit on the grass near me, to make more room for my guests. Captain Chalmers came, hoping to make still more room, and sat down plump beside me. He had a plate in his hand, so had I. The basket, which was of a frail nature, made to allow air to reach the fruit and so keep it fresh, of course gave way, and he went through amongst my reserve strawberries, peaches and good things. I too got my share as it is not easy to save oneself, with a plate in the lap, and a spoon and fork in the hands ; also when once down, by no means easy to regain one's balance daintily and quickly. All our party seemed much amused and laughed merrily at our discomfiture, while we hardly dared get up to see the extent of the havoc wrought on our clothes. I was pulled up and found various splodges on my white frock. Captain Chalmers had fortunately lifted his coat-tails before sitting down, so after he had been rubbed down and cleaned he was able to appear again, provided he moved with circumspection. I had to borrow a cloak from one of my guests.

I made up my mind when I began this book to avoid as much as possible conversing of the living, it is so invidious, but there are a few people amongst my friends so arresting I am obliged to mention them, I could not pass them by. Mrs. Tweedale is one of

them. While on the frontier of Austria, not very long ago, she had a curious experience, being arrested as a Russian spy. At the Customs she was detained, her dispatch-box containing several chapters of a novel she was writing, and a small Russian icon, were taken from her. A traveller's typewriter, fixed in an aluminium case, was also confiscated, being suspected, no doubt, of being an infernal machine of some sort.

The officials were much worried at not being able to translate the chapters of the novel in the dispatch-box ; suddenly a happy thought struck one of them. There was an English-speaking waiter in the station restaurant, the very man they wanted. He was sent for, and ordered to translate into German portions of the manuscript, meanwhile Violet Tweedale and the officers sat round listening. After a time, finding nothing very incriminating the waiter was released.

The typewriter was covered with important-looking seals and placed in an empty truck, while Mrs. Tweedale, escorted by two officers carrying the dispatch-box, proceeded to the train and resumed the journey. On arrival at her destination and hotel, she was informed she must consider herself under arrest, as a Russian spy, whilst enquiries were instituted.

Luckily she was allowed to communicate with her husband, who had left her for a few days to visit another part of Austria. He at once acquainted the British Embassy in Vienna with what had occurred.

After five days' arrest, during which time Mrs. Tweedale was never lost sight of by the two Austrian officers under whose arrest she was, liberation came, and an apology.

The dispatch-box with the unfinished novel was returned intact, but the typewriter was smashed and useless.

Realising the futility of being annoyed with her guardians, Mrs. Tweedale at once entered into the most friendly relations with them, so the days of her arrest were not rendered so unpleasant as they might have been. The trio took long country walks to-

gether; dined at the same table, each endeavouring to be agreeable and pass the time away. At night the officers took it in turn to sit on a chair outside her door.

Mrs. Tweedale has always taken a keen interest in European politics and was greatly horrified when King Alexander and Queen Draga of Serbia were assassinated. She had seen a great deal of these Royalties and was in the country at the time.

Several books have been written about this tragedy, but I do not think it is generally known how nearly the regicides failed in their designs. This is what really happened.

The King and Queen had retired for the night when they heard the explosion of the doors being blown open, the general commotion going on in the Palace and the sound of shots being fired. The Queen had for some time been in nervous anticipation of some trouble, knowing she was not popular, and now it had come.

They both fled into a room or large cupboard adjoining the Queen's dressing-room, where the State robes were kept. This place was entered by one of those secret doors occasionally met with in the homely palaces and country houses on the Continent. No one unacquainted with the room would have known where to find this door, as it was papered over to match the walls of the room, and there was no knob or handle to attract attention. The door was opened by pressing a panel, and opened towards those wishing to enter. When shut a little extra edge of paper on very thin matchwood projecting beyond the door exactly fitted and matched the pattern of the wall-paper, leaving no suggestion of there being any opening.

The murderers had been searching in the cellars of the Palace, being led there by a faithful retainer, who hoped by so doing to give the Royal couple time to hide or escape. Not finding those they sought, the ruffians shot their guide and proceeded to the private apartments of the King and Queen, but they

were empty, and they came to the conclusion the couple had escaped. The disappointed and drunken assassins then began smashing the furniture and shooting indiscriminately right and left; one shot penetrated the secret door and poor terrified Queen Draga screamed! This betrayed their hiding-place. In a few minutes both were brutally murdered, their faces slashed and hacked and their bodies also otherwise mutilated. They were then thrown out of the window into the garden below, where their bodies remained until next day, when a gardener was told to turn a hose on them and wash away some of the signs of butchery. After this they were put into common deal packing-cases and buried in paupers' graves.

But for that fatal scream, that want of self-control and presence of mind, there is every reason to believe the King and Queen might both have escaped and the tragedy been averted. If only they had been able to remain in hiding until day came, and with day help, all might have been well, for it must not be forgotten that the murder plot was only the work of some eighty conspirators, led by the officers of the guard. The people of Belgrade had no hand in the affair. The accompanying photograph is a snapshot taken by my friend, Mr. Tweedale, of his wife standing by the graves of Draga and Alexander just after they were buried by the regicides. At the time the photograph was taken there were still groups of the jeering murderers and their followers about the graves. A few planks were placed over the open holes only four feet deep, the deal cases containing the remains of the once King and Queen being plainly visible. The crosses at the head of the graves were made of plain deal, the letters being painted in red.

The King was popular and the world knows the story of the Queen's unpopularity, the marriage being considered a *mésalliance*. She was a widow when the King became attracted to her. As far as I could gather the two chief grievances against the unhappy woman were that she used her influence

MRS. VIOLET TWEEDALE AT QUEEN DRAGA'S GRAVE

with the King badly, and that she failed to provide him with a son. No doubt this was the crowning act of indiscretion, particularly as the Court physician said there never would be an heir.

With regard to the first accusation the malcontents seem to have had some grounds for their grievance, for in the early days before the King married her, he was very unwise in the way he paid his addresses, and Draga was more than foolish in her display of his jewels, splendidly appointed horses and carriages, and the way she openly followed him about the country from place to place.

I have always been somewhat exercised in my mind as to Queen Draga's attitude with regard to the second cause of the trouble. If she married King Alexander, knowing as she may have done that she could never bear him an heir, he being the last of his line, then, indeed, her selfishness was very great. If, on the other hand, it was a painful surprise when the doctors informed her of the fact, she deserves all our sympathy and pity.

Mrs. Tweedale and her husband, who know Germany intimately, had been making a number of public speeches on the coming war in the years immediately preceding it, both being intimately acquainted by personal observation with Germany's great strength and her preparations.

I have admired Mrs. Tweedale's pluck and grit on more than one occasion. She was speaking once for an hour every night, when Captain Charles Burn was standing for Exeter, after which she would sometimes jump into her car and go off to help Mr. Morrison Bell when standing for East Devon. On one occasion when a political star, who was engaged and advertised to address the electors, did not turn up, she valiantly took his place and kept everyone interested and happy for two hours until the good man turned up.

I have lately been discussing the war with Mrs. Tweedale. She knows intimately all the countries

of the belligerents. It has been interesting, and she thinks England's weakest spot is her neglect of foreign languages; this has come home to many of us lately. A surprising and almost incredible story reached me a short time ago from the front in Flanders. I was told as a fact that when the Allies had their first Conference in Paris, the only country represented there unable to make itself understood without the aid of an interpreter was England. There was, however, one exception—Sir William Robertson, at that time Chief of the Imperial Staff, a man who had risen from the ranks! It does not speak well for our public-school training when our Cabinet Ministers are unable to make themselves understood in the language adopted by all nations in their diplomatic intercourse.

I can hardly believe Lord Kitchener could not make himself understood, for I know he could speak French, and I should have thought that if he could bring the Fashoda situation to so successful an issue, he must have been able to speak French.

A volume of recollections is a series of big jumps, a veritable Grand National.

I am now about to take a very big jump from King Alexander and Queen Draga, with the Tweedales thrown in, to Colonel Burnaby, who had a most romantic career, though passed in a prosaic era! A restless wonderful man, never happy unless passing through some fiery ordeal of adventure, crossing the Channel in a balloon, riding to Khiva, and such-like little enterprises. I have never been in a balloon, but there does not appear to be much room in them for such big men as Colonel Burnaby, who stood six feet four inches in his socks, and had a chest measurement of forty-six inches, or Captain Templer, who was, I believe, in the 60th Rifles before he became a Government aeronaut; he was a big man, tall and broad. How cramped they must get!

When I first knew Colonel Burnaby he was in the Royal Horse Guards, just before he gained his majority. He was the son of one of the good old sporting parsons.

From all I hear, he and my grandfather were much of the same calibre, both of a proud and dignified bearing, inspiring respect and awe, living in some state, hunting, attending race-meetings, with well-turned-out carriages, horses and servants. The sporting parson was generally greatly esteemed by his flock. I was boasting one day to Colonel Burnaby of a feat of my husband's in his early youth, when he started from our landing-stage on the Derwent, which runs through the Park of our Yorkshire home, in a small canoe with only a paddle and an umbrella to use as a sail. He travelled down the river to its mouth, then round to Hull and back again without mishap. My little boast was quite thrown into the shade by an account Colonel Burnaby gave me of a jaunt of his own when at Harrow. He started alone at the age of thirteen on a journey of some hundreds of miles in a boat, returning in three weeks, having been on the move all the time.

I used to hear Colonel Burnaby spoken of as the strongest man in the English army, as, indeed, I think he may well have been, for I have seen him do prodigious things. I remember my husband bringing him in one night from the club, with a few other old friends, when we were staying at the Langham Hotel in London. My partner was somewhat of an athlete, and had won various medals and prizes for running and walking. Soon they began to do tricks, which went on into the early dawn, amusing me so much I felt I could not go to bed, but must stay and watch. They began, that is to say, Burnaby and my husband began, with a hopping match over the chairs placed in a row equal distances apart. This was a dead heat, but was an expensive game, as Burnaby was no light-weight, and we were informed next morning that the concussion had brought down a chandelier in the room below. Rather doubtful whether the extent of the mischief was as bad as it had been painted, we went to see what damage was done, and there truly enough lay more or less wrecked one of those enormities,

which consisted of endless hanging glass icicles, much valued and very fashionable at one time. Of course the one in question was valuable according to the hotel manager.

But more gymnastic feats were performed before morning arrived and we were confronted by the results. After the hopping match Burnaby vaulted over a largish round table in the middle of the room, using his left hand, and without the least apparent effort. My husband then followed suit, not so successfully; he certainly eventually arrived at the other side, and that is all I can say. A cousin of mine in the Black Watch who was in the room at the time said, "You can't lift the 'Old Man'" (this was a name given to my husband by his chosen and familiar friends in consequence of his hair being white at the age of twenty-five) "with one hand." The "Old Man" looked anxious, as six feet four inches advanced towards him, and seized him by the back of his collar and coat, popping him down at the other side of the table much as a dog would a rat. Although slight my husband was above the average height.

Colonel Burnaby nearly always called his horses by Biblical names. I can remember a "Moses," "Boaz" and a "Nimshi." Although a good horseman, I never thought he looked well on a horse, too untidy and all abroad as they say in the south. On State occasions when he rode before the Queen as Silver Stick and Colonel of the Blues, he managed to brace himself up and look smart.

He was rather a trial to his valet, as in the first place he would wear cheap boots, and what is almost worse, if it were possible he would manage to fasten up his waistcoat wrongly, leaving a button somewhere not doing its duty, its proper button-hole being engaged elsewhere. Yet his servants were much attached to him. Most people have heard of his devoted soldier servant Radstock, and of his master's tender nursing of him during his last illness.

A weakness for puns was a little failing of Burnaby's,

and at the time when he was piqued with Colonel Owen Williams and there seemed every likelihood of a flare up, he told me his views on the matter and his opinions of his one-time friend, winding up with, "Never mind, I am owing Williams one!" The fact that he did not get on very well with his superior officers, and at times with his brother-officers, did not trouble him a little bit; he used to laugh about it and went on his way rejoicing. One of the chief causes of offence to his superiors was that, when he asked for leave and it was not granted, he usually managed to circumvent the authorities and turn up wherever he wished to be. Daringly independent he cared nothing for a wigging.

One of the reasons why he did not always "hit it off" with some of his brother officers, Burnaby declared, was because he did not wear stays, paint his face, wax his moustache and dye his hair.

There is, however, no denying that he was untidy, although he would never admit it. A certain lock or two of hair, which should have been swept back off his brow, had a way of almost invariably hanging down over it. This helped to give him an untidy appearance.

When he crossed the Channel by balloon in 1882 he left England without permission, so on his return the Duke of Cambridge was turned on to him, but the Duke spoke very nicely, for I happen to know he was much interested in the enterprise, and admired Burnaby's pluck, and said he would like to go up in a balloon himself with Burnaby, only he feared "there would be such a hullabaloo."

The aircraft of to-day fascinate me, but I decline to go up in a balloon, too much has to be left to chance and luck to please me. Not many women have taken up ballooning, but Mrs. May Harbord loves it.

There have been various conflicting accounts of how Colonel Burnaby met his death at Abu Klea, and it is curious that out of the accounts given to me by friends present at the battle, no two are alike. Lord Binning's of the Blues was the most graphic, but too

long to quote verbatim. From it I gathered that when the square was broken by the camels being wounded and unable to advance with the troops, the enemy quickly saw the weak spot and rushed it. Lord Binning saw Burnaby riding backwards and forwards on "Moses" trying to get the men to fall back quickly and then lost sight of him in the mêlée. When the battle was won and there was time to think and breathe again, a general cry arose of "Where's Burnaby?" Lord Binning went in search of him, and a little way from the square found him on the ground dying, with his head lying in the lap of a young private in the Bays. The lad was crying bitterly, and said, "Oh, Sir, here's the bravest man in England dying, and no one to help him." Colonel Burnaby tried to speak, and seemed to recognise his friend, but was dying fast from loss of blood from three mortal wounds: a spear wound in the throat, a bullet wound in the forehead, and part of his head cut away. Lord Binning remarked that it was wonderful that he had lived as long as he did with three such ghastly wounds. Poor "Moses" was lying near his master covered with spear wounds.

On the other hand, Mr. Melton Prior told me that when Colonel Burnaby met his death he was outside the square fighting six Arabs single-handed, and that when he heard an order shouted to retire he turned his head to see who gave it; this gave his opponents their opportunity and they at once speared him in the throat.

Another friend writing to me almost directly after the battle describes it thus:

"Burnaby was on the back of Moses when the poor beast was killed. B—— continued to fight on foot with his four-barrelled Lancaster pistol, but fell from loss of blood from three wounds, each one serious enough to have killed him."

Yet another account tells me: "It was Burnaby's own fault he was killed, he asked for it; went out of the square as if he wished to fight the lot single-

handed, and by so doing jeopardised the square, and if we had lost the battle it would have been Burnaby's fault and his alone."

A letter written quite recently by one of the Blues who took part in the engagement says :

" Burnaby arrived the day before Abu Klea, and we were told he had been sent up to take command in case anything happened to Herbert Stewart, who was in command as second senior officer. Sir Charles Wilson, though a clever man and excellent political officer, had never commanded a regiment in his life. Eroll was not there, but when the Arabs from without and the camels from within broke the square formation in which we were fighting, Burnaby went out of the square near to our (the Blues') face.

" Binning, seeing him wounded and in difficulties, went and spoke to him, but he was mortally wounded in several places, and notably by a shot in the forehead at the roots of the hair. Burnaby went out [from England] on his own hook, I believe, and Sir Garnet Wolseley wanting a man employed him at once and pushed him up to our column.

" Binning did tell me he was killed while the fighting was still going on, as I was busy trying to shut the face of the square and get the ammunition and camels back inside it. Stewart being mortally wounded two days afterwards at Abu Kru and Burnaby being killed, we found ourselves under Sir Charles Wilson surrounded by the Arabs. Luckily Charlie Beresford was there, Star Boscowen (Falmouth), and Mildmay Wilson, or we should be there still under ground."

I have been told by a friend who was at the side of Colonel Burnaby when he died that his face alone of all the dead and dying that lay around him bore a smile, the smile we all knew so well ; and I have always hoped perhaps he heard the cheers of victory before the end came.

All who have ever spoken to me of this time said Colonel Burnaby's death caused a feeling of consternation. This hero of so many fights, so many narrow

escapes, dead ; and not one but many of the men cried over his dead body.

In England, at the very time he was dying, the authorities were talking about court-martialling him on his return for having gone out to the Soudan without leave—they were saved the trouble.

As I look back over the years I knew Burnaby I think what I noticed more markedly than almost anything else was his intolerance of conventions ; his very attitudes and way of sitting down were protests against convention.

I have lately been turning over some old letters refreshing my memory of these old times, and have come across some notes of Colonel Burnaby's : his writing was like that of a child having its hand held and taking great pains. One of these notes refers to a promise he had made me of introducing to me Garibaldi, whom I had told him I should much like to meet. Colonel Burnaby's promises were not made of the proverbial pie-crust, and although I had quite forgotten he had said he thought he could arrange a meeting between the lovable old revolutionist and myself, his note told me that Garibaldi was expected in England very shortly, and when would I be ready to receive the Red Shirt ?

I was staying at the Alexandra Hotel, Knightsbridge, at the time, and the meeting was to take place there. My husband fled when he heard he would have to speak in French, so I received my guests alone ; they presented a remarkable contrast as they entered the room. Colonel Burnaby, looking a Hercules with his broad shoulders and abnormally long legs, smiling as was his wont all across his face, with his untidy rebellious lock of hair falling as usual across his forehead. Beside him the poor old man suffering much from rheumatism, the son of a poor Nice fisherman, with the manners of a courtier and a soft almost pleading voice for which alone I shall always remember him. I had been warned by Burnaby that I should have to talk Italian or French. He was a born linguist, I am

not, and my Italian being of the order of the schoolroom Miss, taught just enough to be able to sing Italian songs without giving herself away, I decided to try French, although I must confess I am not as expert even in that as I should be, considering my many opportunities. But never did an hour pass more pleasantly for me, never did I feel less ignorant, thanks to the charming manners and understanding of General Garibaldi, who seemed to anticipate and understand what I wished to say almost before I spoke. We all paid each other charming compliments. The General spoke with affection of Colonel Burnaby, while he in return told me of the General's individual influence and power that had worked so powerfully in Italy.

He drew the old man into talking of some of his astonishing enterprises. I ventured to suggest that Count Cavour and Mazzini had thrown all the weight of their rebellious spirit on to his, Garibaldi's, shoulders, letting him do all the work and reap all the punishments that should have been theirs if punishment were deserved. He smiled his sad, sad smile, and said he had been a very willing tool, that those who had the fire burning in them and who had nothing to lose were the proper people to do the work, and it had been a work of love for his country. I asked him if his life could be lived over again, would he pursue the same policy. He replied, " Yes, given the same conditions." I wondered why, if he was so content with his life, he had such a sad look in his eyes, whether it was the outcome of thwarted desires, ambitions, and hopes. Not that he had any ambitions for himself, they were all for Italy—he had refused riches, preferring to remain poor.

I asked him to tell me of the Countess della Torre, who acted as his Joan of Arc, riding at the head of his Who's Who Legion, wearing the same Red Shirt as all his army. A sparkle came into his eyes ; he said she was splendid, she was superb, she was brave, and sang as she rode along, inspiring all his plucky rabble, and she was a mother to them all.

Every now and then I became entangled with my flow of French, then Colonel Burnaby came to the rescue and carried on for me. Garibaldi spoke with gratitude of the way the English people had treated him, of the way they had received him when he visited this country in 1864, and expressed his great pleasure at the way the English people had responded to his call for help, of the many of all sorts and sizes who had joined his army.

At the end of this delightful visit Garibaldi stooped down and kissed my hand, saying he hoped we should meet again, but he was growing an old man.

He lived just three years after this. His handwriting was fine and pointed like the running hand of the ladies in the early sixties. The Italian language and characters rather lends itself to this.

I have not forgotten that it was to Colonel Burnaby I owe the pleasure of meeting the pathetic old Revolutionist.

CHAPTER IV

A CARDINAL AND A CANAL

Cardinal Manning Comes to Luncheon—A *Faux Pas*—A surprise—Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman Disagree—I Sail for India—Tea at Ismailia with Mons. Lesseps—He Recounts Some of His Difficulties and the Opening of the Canal.

MY husband's leave being nearly at an end, he had to return to India alone, as I was not strong enough at the time for the journey; it being arranged I should follow in the spring. Meanwhile I stayed a good deal with my people in Yorkshire. My youngest brother being at home, and he being a most amusing person, we managed to pass the time pleasantly. My father and my brother being witty, there was no chance of feeling dull; they both excelled in telling good stories against themselves. Add to this the boundless hospitality of the dear old people, who were kind enough to say they loved having us back, and the picture of my surroundings at that time is more or less complete.

It was during this autumn visit that Cardinal Manning, an old friend of my mother's, came to stay at Coulby. I believe he had high hopes of her joining his Church, which hope was eventually passed on to me, both cases ending in disappointment. All the Catholics in the county were, of course, anxious to meet this holy man. A big luncheon was therefore given to afford them an opportunity of seeing and conversing with him.

In the morning, when my mother was giving the orders for the day, she told my father to be sure not to forget to ask the Cardinal to say grace before luncheon. Being a somewhat absent-minded person

she also impressed upon him that he must not go out shooting and forget he had to appear at luncheon.

He vowed he would not forget. My brother and I had grave doubts about his remembering, and arranged between us a system by which at the last moment we could remind him. Our system was not called into action, as father turned up in time for luncheon. The Cardinal and his secretary descended from the privacy of the rooms that had been set apart for them, in which to attend to their correspondence and so forth. When all were seated at the table, my father stood up and, looking towards the Cardinal, said, in a clear and rather pompous voice, " Will Your Grace say Eminence ? " We all bent our heads becomingly, and his " Grace " said " Eminence " as if nothing unusual had been requested, but from under my drooping eyelids I peeped at my brother, who at the same moment peeped at me, after which we found it difficult to keep our faces from betraying our feelings of amusement.

Our surprises were not yet over for the day, though the food had been blessed, and thanks returned for it, for when the servants announced that the carriage was at the door to take the Cardinal away to the station, everybody, much to the surprise of myself and brother, flocked after the good man, into the front hall portico, anywhere and everywhere that they could find room, throwing themselves down on their knees asking his blessing. Here again my breath was taken away, it being my first experience of the reverence Catholics have for the dignitaries of their Church. I looked at my brother, who was pale green from his endeavours not to laugh at the unexpectedness of everybody falling on their knees. An old lady suddenly fell on her knees in front of him, he tried to pick her up, with expressions of sorrow at the possibility of her having hurt herself. He only met with rebuff, being angrily shaken off. I edged my way through the crowd to where my brother was, leaning against one of the big stone pillars of the front door,

and touched his arm to attract his attention to the butler who was standing in the middle of the hall. Long service had taught him never to be surprised at anything ; there he stood surrounded by kneeling people while he was trying to keep a big fur rug with many hanging tails of silver fox from tickling their noses ; he had been on the way to wrap it himself round His Holiness's legs, a great concession if only the good man had known it. His good intentions had been cut short by everybody round him falling on their knees, but not a muscle of his face moved ; he stood erect, eyes front the whole time. I was beginning to feel hysterical.

It was really a most impressive sight and nothing to laugh at ; it was the unexpectedness of it all that was upsetting. My brother heard the footman whisper to an understudy, " Hought we to kneel down, do you think ? " receiving the reply, " Not likely, look at Mr. 'Arrison " (Harrison the butler).

The first shock of surprise having worn off, we were feeling impressed with the picturesqueness of the scene and the earnestness of the Catholics, and when I saw my dear old father, who had a great respect and reverence for religion in any form, go down on his knees to be blessed and saw the beautiful ascetic face of the priest bending over him, laying his hands softly on the dear head I had watched grow grey, I put my hand into my brother's and we shut our eyes and prayed too for blessings on the kindest of fathers.

Many times that scene has come back to me, often in strange out-of-the-way places ; the picture of Cardinal Manning stepping into the carriage, turning for a moment, lifting up his hands and, moving them as if to collect and embrace all present, in a clear voice asking God's blessing on the inmates of the house, and all present. There seemed to come a hush over every living thing. The coachman, who had been looking amused, took off his hat in an apologetic sort of way ; even the horses seemed to feel something in the air and ceased champing their bits.

It was some years before I met Cardinal Manning again. He was then Archbishop of Westminster, and wrote to me a touchingly kind letter on hearing the terrible sorrow that had come to me in losing my little son. From then, to the time of the Cardinal's death, we were in touch with one another. He was most anxious I should find comfort in the faith that was so much to him ; like all converts he was an enthusiastic and energetic worker for the faith of his adoption, though certainly he was more tolerant and gentle with people not his way of thinking than is often the case, to which I attribute much of his popularity and successful work for the Master he served and so truly loved. He possessed that rare gift of being able to express other people's thoughts and feelings in language to meet their tastes, whether from tact or sympathy I know not, possibly from a combination of the two.

One of the peculiarities of the Cardinal was that he looked much taller than he was ; his dignified carriage and ascetic appearance, I think, must have created this impression ; he was, in reality, just above medium height.

From his appearance you would have imagined he dined off orange juice and French beans, or some such light nourishment, whereas he thoroughly enjoyed a good meal, quite unlike Father Stanton of St. Albans fame, who never knew what he was eating ; it was " food " and that was all that mattered, often eaten while roving up and down the room. Cardinal Manning knew exactly what he was eating and the proper consistency of the sauces as they should be. It was rather refreshing to find he could be *of* this world as well as in it.

I do not think he aggressively valued his power and position, though undoubtedly he appreciated the advantages it afforded him. He had a great understanding of humanity and by no means considered it the proper thing when affronted to turn the other cheek, for which people respected him.

There is a story that once *The Times* ventured to criticise an address he had been giving, and suggested His Eminence had become a trifle mixed between cause and effect. This was not allowed to pass unnoticed, and he replied telling them their criticism sounded like the would-be clever remarks of an undergraduate, but perhaps this was only natural, as he had been told *The Times* was *now* mostly written by undergraduates. Personally I wondered at his deigning to take any notice of the criticism ; it seemed to me to savour of the schoolboy *tu quoque,* but no doubt he felt better after it. Nevertheless he was a very saintly person, who found a large field for work, as his saintliness did not prevent him seeing things at a more useful level than over the tops of people's heads. We may greatly admire the goodness of holy men who are so happy in the saintly clouds themselves, they are unable to descend to the level of working humanity, but we do not find them very helpful, except as ideals to strive after.

As the diplomatists would say, the relations between Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman were a little strained latterly, in consequence of Newman wanting to build a college for Roman Catholics at Oxford and Manning opposing it. The one thing in Cardinal Manning's life I did not quite like was his attitude towards Cardinal Newman, and I thought he opposed the college scheme on which Cardinal Newman had set his heart with unnecessary force, that is, if the usefulness of the scheme was the only consideration. I shall always think there was a little jealousy between these two good men. Humanity, poor Humanity ; even between these two good men there was some littleness, and I think they both fell a little out of favour with the Pope in consequence.

It was Cardinal Newman who wrote that beautiful hymn, " Lead, Kindly Light," that has brought healing on its wings to many, for who could hear it unmoved ? He wrote it lying in the bottom of an orange boat off the Straits of Bonifacio in 1833.

Writing of Archbishops reminds me of a story told of Archbishop Harcourt, when staying with some friends. Before his arrival the butler had been priming the footman and page boy on the proper way of addressing Church dignitaries, not so much because he thought there was any chance of their having to address them, as with a view of impressing those in a position beneath him with his knowledge of etiquette. It so happened that when his lordship came out of his room where he had been writing letters he met the footman, to whom he said, "Is there anybody who can post these letters for me?" Remembering his lessons in etiquette the footman replied, "Yes, the lord, my boy." Whether this really happened to Archbishop Harcourt or not, I cannot say for certain, but so the story goes, and has been saddled on the backs of many since then.

When a sentence is begun wrongly I have observed it often continues wrong the whole way through. A friend of mine wished one day to tell me she would like to be able to go to Marshall and Snelgrove's shop, in Oxford Street, to pick and choose anything she fancied, regardless of cost. This is what she succeeded in saying, "I wish I could have the chick and poose of everything in Narshall and Smelgrove's!"

Spring came at last and with it a very precious little son, born to me in the midst of a heavy thunderstorm, who after making the happiness of my life for three years was buried amid another heavy thunderstorm, thereby fulfilling the prophecy of an old gipsy woman I met on the road, shortly before the baby was born. She asked me to buy some clothes pegs that she was carrying. I did not want any, and told her I had no money with me; she then wished to tell my fortune, but feeling that sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof, I declined; she then cursed me, saying she could read the future and I should have a son born to me amid the vengeance of the skies and within five years he would be buried amid the vengeance of the skies.

It was when this little son was eight weeks old I took him with me to join my husband in India. When I dressed again after my retirement I found I had outgrown all my pretty clothes, having added about another inch in height, so all haste had to be made to let out "some tucks."

I sailed from Southampton by P. and O. for Bombay, thinking it better for the baby than going overland. I cannot remember the name of the boat, but fancy it was the *Cathay ;* at any rate that name keeps returning to my mind. I was to have sailed in the *Hindustan,* but was delayed in England until a later boat, which was just as well, the *Hindustan* being wrecked on the voyage out.

My journey to Bombay was uneventful, with the exception of being met at Gibraltar by some friends and relations stationed there at the time, who took me ashore and showed me as much of the Rock as time permitted. At Malta a cousin in the Black Watch came to meet me. He afterwards was killed at the battle of Tamai in Egypt, both legs being shot off. He was elder brother of the Park in the Devonshire Regiment who took part in the defence of Ladysmith and was the hero of Wagon Hill. I shall have more to say of him later.

At Suez I was told somebody was asking if I was on board. This somebody was informed of my whereabouts and I saw advancing along the deck towards me a little man in white duck or drill garments, a sun helmet with a flap behind, to keep the sun off his neck, and wearing big blue goggles. When hat and goggles were removed I beheld a grey-headed little man with very bright eyes, a big grey moustache and charming manner, bowing to me and saying mutual friends in Paris had asked him to meet and see if he could do anything for me, and his name was Lesseps. I at once realised I was being addressed by the great engineer, Vicomte Ferdinand de Lesseps of Suez Canal fame, and cousin of the Empress Eugénie. At Suez and in Egypt generally, he was spoken of and

addressed as Monsieur Lesseps. After the manner of the French, who always try to please, and whom it does not do to take too seriously, he made me some pretty speeches about it being one of the happiest moments of his life, he had heard so much about me, etc., the froth that is so pleasant and agreeable, knowing exactly how much it is all worth, and feeling grateful to our friends and acquaintances for taking so much trouble to try and please, and there it rests.

Monsieur Lesseps asked me if I would visit his little hut at Ismailia. His steam launch was awaiting my pleasure. I explained that as we were going on again shortly I feared there would not be time, but he said he could manage all that if I would go with him, and off he went to interview the skipper, returning to say all was arranged, adding no ships were allowed to travel at night in the Canal, and that when ours anchored, he would bring me back again to rejoin. So I gladly agreed to go with him, feeling rather important in his fussy little launch and yet very small beside the big liner.

I had a delightful time with my most interesting companion. He talked in the most open and engaging way of all his hopes and fears, of his experiences in his gigantic undertaking of joining up the Red Sea and the Mediterranean over which the French people had spent twenty millions, of the opposition he had met with, and his pride in having been the man to accomplish what had been considered a hopeless task, telling me what I had not known before, namely, that the idea was not the child of his own brain. It had been under consideration as far back as the time of the Pharaohs, centuries before Christ.

The little Frenchman was full of anecdote and gesticulation, describing some of his encounters with those who had opposed his scheme, and proud of his versatility, saying he had been sent on a diplomatic mission in 1849 to Rome and Spain, and then had come to dig and delve in the sandy desert.

There is a story told of this enterprising man when

first he arrived at Suez to superintend the making of the Canal.

He rode out into the desert. There he saw a solitary lonesome-looking workman leaning on his spade lost in contemplation, so he called out to him, " Bon jour, mon brave, que faites-vous donc ici ? " receiving the reply, " Ma foi, monsieur, mais je vais construire le Canal de Suez."

" Bien ! et ce gamin-là ? " pointing to a small boy in the distance.

" Il cherche du bois, monsieur, pour nous construire une maison."

The " maison " being the wooden building at Ismailia on Lake Timsah. And in this little abode I drank tea and passed a delightful afternoon. Everything in it was of the severest simplicity. Material comforts found no place in his daily life. His mind was always working at concert pitch, what he ate and where he slept was of minor consequence, for even when the Canal was finished, and had been in use for some years, much of his time was taken up, looking after the dredging and care of the costly undertaking.

Having been so successful with the Suez Canal, Monsieur Lesseps felt certain he could with time, perseverance and money, again conquer all the difficulties attached to canal making at Panama, with what success we all know.

I have often thought perhaps enough was not allowed for this man's sanguine temperament. He was so hopeful and full of belief in himself, which in life is more than half the battle, and carries you riding over many awkward places successfully, for undoubtedly if you think yourself a worm you soon become one.

After I had been shown over the bungalow or hut, as he called his abode on Lake Timsah, my host took me in his launch on to the Bitter Lakes. In the Canal I have at different times seen most wonderful mirages, and this afternoon on the Lakes I plainly saw ships where no ships were, water where no water was, yet

so natural I could hardly believe it was only one of nature's little practical jokes, a joke that has been bitter disappointment, and often death to many a desert traveller.

Happy days come to an end all too soon, and before I had heard half I wished to hear it was time to return to the ship.

Monsieur Lesseps and I had a most impressive farewell, vowing eternal friendship and many more meetings, though as a matter of fact I did not see him again until 1882, when he was in England on business connected with some arrangements he was making with the P. and O. Steamship Company about improvements and sanitary arrangements in the Suez Canal.

But he assured me he was going to build a palace for me at Panama when the Canal was finished there, and leave it to me in his will, and many more little pleasantries of the same kind.

There stands to-day at Suez the life-sized figure of the man who linked up two sides of the world, looking over the narrow waterway he cut through a hundred miles of desert, who thought out, and brought to a successful issue, what the architects and workmen of the Pyramids had failed to do, but I like best to think of him steaming up and down the Canal in his launch and not as the disillusioned and broken-hearted old man with all the sparkle gone from his eyes.

CHAPTER V

INDIA AND SOME GENERALS

I Arrive in Bombay—Experience a Shock—A Trying Journey—An Indian *table d'hôte*—I Meet General Ewart—How He Annoyed Sir Colin Campbell—Sir Colin Uses Swear Words—General Ewart Loses His Arm—English Lady in a Harem—An Hotel Experience—General Ewart to the Rescue.

AT Bombay my husband met me and was introduced to his son, whom he had the bad taste to say resembled all other babies, except that it was not red in the face.

My first visit to Bombay is as fresh in my memory as if it was yesterday; why I do not know, unless it was from the series of shocks I experienced there. First of all the dress, or want of it, amongst the natives appalled me, little children running about with a piece of string tied round their middles, the rest being birthday kit, pure and simple. I asked my spouse if he did not think it horrid, though less reprehensible in the children than the grown-ups. He said he did not notice it. Having been some years in India I suppose he had become hardened, as indeed I myself soon became. After all, it is only a matter of habit.

Shock number two was when we arrived at the Byculla Hotel, owned by a Parsee who strutted about with a tall sort of sugar-loaf black hat on his head, white buttoned-up jacket, rather tight-fitting white trousers, made so long that they formed concertina sort of crinkles all up his legs; on his feet he wore patent-leather shoes with white pearl buttons sewn on in fantastic patterns.

This may now be a most luxurious palace of an

hotel, but at that time left much to be desired. I had been so looking forward to a nice bath of fresh water, the salt water on board ship left one feeling so sticky. When I was told it was ready I hurried off to enjoy it.

I forgot to mention I had in addition to my English nurse brought out an ayah who had been recommended to me by a lady who, having lately returned to England with children, wished to find someone to take her back. So the ayah, Junie by name, led me to my bathroom, which consisted of a dark sort of cupboard, partitioned off a corner of the bedroom; the upper part of the door was glass to allow some light to penetrate, over this hung a draggled curtain of dirt colour.

Never shall I forget my feelings when I first beheld my bath. It had once been a large barrel, now cut in half. It stood on a bare sort of earthwork, beaten flat and hard, I believe it was called chunam or some such name, but I was past making any enquiries as to its proper title, or how it was spelt. My arrival in the bathroom evidently disturbed its many inhabitants, for there was in front of me a galloping crowd of the most repellent-looking beetles I ever beheld. One reddish-brown thing about two inches long had large feelers, which it waved about as if it meant to contest my right there. It nearly took my breath away. Having always had a horror of shrieking women, and those who make a fuss over trifles, I crushed my desires to call someone to slay the monster, and it hurried away with the rest when it saw my determined attitude. Considering the number of beetles they showed great ability in hiding themselves quickly, for soon, though I could hear a sort of crackling of their feet, as they packed themselves away under my bath and elsewhere, none were to be seen. I then boldly stepped into my bath, keeping an eye all round for any fresh horrors. The tub was so slimy I nearly had a sideslip while getting in; I then found a variety of small black things, something like our English tadpoles in their early stages, falling on me from my sponge, and discovered the water was full of

them. I had always rather prided myself upon being agile and athletic, but I now surpassed myself, and was out of the bathroom in a surprisingly short time. I verily believe if the King of the Cannibal Islands had been holding his court in the adjoining room I should have done just the same.

I resolved that no more baths would I have, until I reached our destination at Sitapur, the other side of Lucknow; where my husband declared the baths were not slimy or full of wild animals. I observed he had to allow *in appearance* they were much after the pattern of the one in the hotel, like half a barrel only not narrower at the top than the bottom. I enquired if there were any beetles at Sitapur, and he spoke with some reserve on the subject, but he assured me I should find everything nice and ready for my reception.

The hot weather having started in earnest, the journey up-country was trying, and nothing would persuade me it could possibly be correct to have the windows of the railway carriages shut and begged my husband to leave them open so that I might get a little fresh air! He protested, but gave in to his "favourite wife's!" entreaties, enduring the heat as best he could, until I began to be light-headed. He then insisted on shutting them, but of course by that time the carriage was like a furnace, and no hope of its being much better until night, when the windows could be opened with safety. Sleep was out of the question. The poor baby was nearly melted, but seemed to resent it less than the rest of us. The nurse cursed her fate, and wished she had never left home, my husband was miserable at my discomfort, and I was past caring what became of me, while to add to my misery the India-rubber pillow that could be blown up for use and collapse at other times, which I had been advised to bring out from home, melted and stuck to my neck and hair!

The food provided for the travelling public at the railway stations in those days was beyond me, the bread was grey and the butter a delicate shade of green, reminding me of badly made zinc ointment.

At last we reached Lucknow, which was as far as we could go by rail. We continued our journey after that in a dâk ghari, which is rather like a bathing-machine with doors at each side, that slide backwards and forwards, as desired. Boards are put up, and on them, pillows, rugs, and sometimes mattresses, on which you lie down and try to sleep while miserable little ponies, changed every few miles, carry you through the night, or day as the case may be, to your destination. The monotony is relieved at intervals by the ponies refusing to go any further, or when fresh ones are put in, by refusing to start, when the driver tells them awful things about their relations, and that is why they are so perverse. These revelations sometimes make *me* wish *I* had not learnt Hindustani. If this fails to bring about better behaviour, he makes strange noises to them, curious sort of grunts and guttural sounds of scolding, followed by plaintive expostulations, and then comes desperation and the ponies are severely beaten, while being told they are ungrateful children, to refuse to start with raw shoulders and half-starved bodies, and that if they knew their business they would start at once and gallop the whole way.

We thought we would rest the night and a day at Lucknow in an hotel before going on. Here I met with another surprise, though of a milder form, for the hotel keepers, man and wife, sat at the top and bottom of the table at meals acting as host and hostess, while we were paying for hotel accommodation and food. This made me feel uncomfortable, as I did not like to ask for marmalade, instead of jam, or any other small detail, feeling as if I were looking a gift horse in the mouth, while really there was no gift about it. Both the people in question were English, or somewhere near it, and very pleasant, but the situation was novel to me. I remember at the *table d'hote* dinner the night we arrived, a fine old man with one arm sat next to me, so I offered to cut up his dinner for him. He said it would be very kind of me, but that his servant

usually did it for him, though of course it would be much nicer if I would do it. We then entered into conversation. He said I had evidently just come from home and was not used to Indian ways. He had observed my surprise at the proprietors acting host and hostess, explaining it was a very usual custom in India, having its advantages as well as its disadvantages. He then told me he had that day returned to Lucknow for the first time since the Mutiny. He was very interesting, telling me of many things in connection with that time I had not known before, also that on the following day he was going to look for the graves of his cousin, Colonel John Ewart, his wife and little daughter, who were murdered in the Massacre of Cawnpore, and for the graves of others in the Residency grounds. I longed to go too, he would have so much to tell of every corner in that now beautifully kept place where the flag is always flying, the only one that is not lowered at sunset, but still floats day and night in memory of the heroes who saw it shot down ten times, but always replaced it, keeping it flying to the end against such fearful odds, but I felt that he would naturally rather go alone.

When I left the table to go and see my baby have its bath and asked him to excuse me, he said, "You have got a baby?" I said with some pride, "Yes." He smiled and said, "But you are only a baby yourself." I did not quite like this, for I was now feeling very grown-up, but my husband seemed tickled. Later I asked my lord who the one-armed man was? and he replied, "General Ewart." This did not convey much to me then, but before long I heard all about his very eventful life.

Some little time after this first meeting, a racing pony of my husband's ran away with me, ending by slipping up, and both of us were a good deal hurt. When I was well enough to lie in the verandah General Ewart, who happened to be staying near, used to come and sit with me and talk of his interesting experiences in the Crimea and Mutiny. I told him he ought to

write a book of his life, he said perhaps he would some day. His son, the present Sir John Spencer Ewart, now tells me he eventually did this, and I find many of the incidents he mentioned to me are referred to in it.

One of the things he was most proud of was having served throughout the Crimea without being off duty one single day, and under canvas the whole time.

When at Balaclava Lord Raglan sent Captain Ewart with a message to the irascible Sir Colin Campbell asking why certain stores that had been expected for some time had not arrived, as he wished to form a depôt for them at Balaclava. Not quite liking the idea of delivering this message to Sir Colin, Captain Ewart persuaded some one else to carry it for him, and was congratulating himself on his little manœuvre when he heard that no answer had been returned, but instead Sir Colin had rushed off to head-quarters saying he had been insulted and had received impertinent messages from Captain Ewart, who was at once sent for and asked to explain himself: this he did and was much relieved to see a smile spread over Lord Raglan's face. He heard no more about it, but thought Sir Colin never quite forgave him. Later, when serving under him again in the Mutiny at Lucknow, during the storming of the Secunder-Bagh, when the Highlanders had nearly cleared it of the enemy, Captain Ewart found the colours of the foe guarded by two white-robed chiefs; he determined to capture these and had a hand-to-hand fight over them, which ended in his killing the guard and carrying off the colours in triumph. He was scrambling through the hole in the wall by which he had entered, minus his bonnet, which had been lost in the fighting, and very dirty and dishevelled, when he saw Sir Colin Campbell, to whom he wished to present the colours. The moment he caught sight of Captain Ewart the General shouted out, "Get back to your regiment, Sir, at once." In vain Captain Ewart tried to explain, but could not get a word in edgeways, so at last quite

Photograph by Maull & Fox

SIR JOHN EWART

exasperated he called out, " I have just killed the last two of the enemy with my own hands and here is one of their colours, Sir." Some of his staff gave him a cheer, but I am afraid the General said "Damn the colours," after which perhaps he felt better, at any rate he said " Thank you " rather ungraciously and handed the colours to one of his staff with instructions to remember from whom he had received them.

General Ewart, as he was when he told me the story, said he felt very crestfallen, as he thought he had done a fine thing. At the time he was wounded in two places and had his arm in a sling.

The sequel to his story is sad, as the colours when being sent home by Sir Colin Campbell were lost at sea.

I was under the impression that General Ewart lost his arm at Lucknow, I thought he told me so when describing how it happened, but his son tells me it was at Cawnpore after the relief of Lucknow. He was Colonel at the time, and his regiment, the 93rd Highlanders, had to advance and clear the buildings in front of them of the mutineers. While standing trying to see where the enemy were, a cannon shot carried away his left arm. At first he did not know what had happened but knew he was hit, and on the left side; looking down he found his arm hanging by a piece of skin, and on seeing the extent of the damage was surprised the blow had not knocked him down, being especially annoyed to find his field-glasses smashed. One of the " Thin Red Line " who had been with him in the Redan ran up and tied his handkerchief round the bleeding stump, then carried him off to a bungalow which had been converted into a hospital.

The regimental doctor cut off the hanging arm with a pair of scissors and said the stump must be removed, but it could not be done then, as it would kill him following so quickly on the loss of the arm and the shock he had experienced ; however, he begged so hard to have the stump removed that the Doctor gave in, and the operation was performed under chloroform.

When Colonel Ewart recovered from the effects of the anæsthetic he found he was back in the doolie comfortably bandaged up. Unfortunately his arm did not do well, partly from want of attention as the doctors were so busy, and partly from climatic and sanitary conditions, gangrene set in ; various efforts were made to burn it out but were ineffectual, meanwhile the flies and mosquitoes were maddening. He felt something must be done if he was to have a chance of living, so asked the doctors to operate again, but was told they were much too busy. He was now removed into a room full of men suffering from dysentery and was enduring agonies from pleurodynia, which he told me is a sort of cross between neuralgia and rheumatism, added to which he was a mass of bed sores, and quite unable to move himself in the smallest degree, his legs being quite useless, one arm gone and the other wounded.

A friend of his finding him in this miserable condition had him moved into a bungalow where the air and surroundings would be better for him, and after a while he was able to go home. I remember him telling me after all those horrible experiences the Government would do nothing towards his return journey !

It used to annoy and surprise Colonel Ewart to find he felt pain in the arm that was gone ; the doctors told him the feeling would wear off but it never did entirely. This often happens, I know, for once when I was nursing a man who had lost his leg he kept calling out about the pain in his foot and wanting me to move it for him, and others have told me they have felt pain in limbs they have lost.

The accounts General Ewart gave me of what he found when first his regiment arrived before Cawnpore directly after the massacre are almost too painful to write about. The men who had been chosen to kill the women and children were butchers by trade. When the General entered the room where the orders had been carried out he said he felt he could cry, the

sights that met his eyes were so touching, children's little shoes here, locks of women's hair there, picture books steeped in blood, red finger-marks on the splashed walls where little children had tried to save themselves when their turn came, after seeing the others done to death.

A few good-looking girls and children were spared and taken to live in the harems, and General Ewart told me a strange story of an Englishwoman that he knew was in one of the palaces living behind the purdah: she was one of the children captured at that time and believed to have been murdered: and that a missionary's wife had seen and talked to her, but she had now no wish to leave the place where she had spent the greater part of her life, and appeared quite content as one of the wives of a fat native. She remembered being captured and shut up with several other women and children; they were all put into one bungalow for some time and quite expected to be murdered when the right moment came, but after a while they were moved away in covered bullock carts, some in one direction and some in another. She never again saw any of her companions in captivity, and had forgotten most of her English, but recognised some words. General Ewart, when he heard of this Englishwoman in a harem, went to the chief political officer of the neighbourhood and said he should like to be able to help her to escape; the agent said he would see what could be done, only to tell the General a little later that the lady had no wish to be rescued and had been removed elsewhere for her health.

General Ewart was one of the first to meet Kavanagh when he escaped from the Residency in hopes of guiding Sir Colin Campbell and giving him information as to the best way to reach the besieged.

Many times I have wandered round the Residency grounds and stood looking at the mouth of the main drain down which that brave man crept in his disguise, and pictured the friendly group around him, almost speechless at his daring, some wringing his hands and

wishing him God-speed, Sir James Outram himself putting little finishing touches to his disguise, and another friend presenting him with a double-barrelled pistol, wherewith to put an end to his life if captured, but I am not writing of Kavanagh. I almost wish I were, for I have spent many evenings in those grounds alone with the spirits of the dead. At first the gardeners, kept there to preserve all in order, and just as it was left (except that now there are beautiful plants and flowers growing amongst the graves), insisted on following me around, explaining to me, this is where the ayah died and was buried, because she would not leave the English babies in her charge ; this is where Kavanagh Sahib went down the drain, and so forth. I used to wonder if these native gardeners ever felt ashamed amidst it all. Once when nobody was looking I tucked my skirts tightly around me and tried to creep a little way down the drain just to see how much room there was and what it felt like, but I did not go far, and when I ventured down it was not used as a drain but was sweet and clean, which I understand was not the case when Kavanagh shared it with the rats.

General Ewart came to my rescue when I had only been a short time in India and had not learnt much of the language. I was on my way down from the hills with my baby and English nurse, my husband having been obliged to stay behind at the depôt with the invalids for a little longer. I managed fairly well until it was time to leave the hotel where I had rested during the heat of the day. I had been told to start away about 10 p.m., so as to arrive at my next halting-place at a convenient time the following morning. I was rejoiced to find General Ewart staying in the hotel while on a tour of inspection ; he retired to bed early as he had a headache and wished to be up and away early in the morning. Everybody on the place seemed to retire unconscionably early, for not a soul could be seen or heard by the time I had to start. I had packed my belongings into the ghari

and then proceeded to pack myself in, when I found I was held up by a crowd of natives all demanding tips and payment for something. I gave an ayah whom I had never set eyes on before a tip, also the man who had waited on me at dinner, but still there was a crowd salaaming and addressing me eloquently. I endeavoured to tell the driver to go on, but he was evidently in league with the beggars and pretended not to understand. At last in desperation I got out of the vehicle, went back into the hotel, which was now all in darkness, succeeded in getting a light from my travelling-bag, and wrote a note to General Ewart, asking him what I was to do, as the servants would not let me leave the hotel without my tipping a crowd and I only had a limited supply of change until I arrived at my destination. I then sent this note to the General hoping it might reach him; and waited in the ghari for help of some sort. In a very few minutes General Ewart arrived in his pyjamas and a military coat, his hair standing on end like a cockatoo's; the crowd at once began to melt; he addressed them like a father, an angry father; I could not understand what he said, but gathered from his expression and the effect it had on the natives that it was to the point. He became so carried away by what he was saying that the coat slipped off his shoulders, much to his discomfort; I thought he looked very nice in his elegant pyjamas, but he was overcome with shyness and threw some coin to those of the servants who were left and told them to divide it amongst themselves and clear off the premises.

I asked my deliverer what I owed him, but he said he would let me know by post as it was time I was starting and we were both losing our beauty sleeps.

During the latter part of Sir John's life he was A.D.C. to the Queen and became a familiar figure strolling down the sunny side of Piccadilly with his empty sleeve. Many missed him when he died, and

his favourite haunts knew him no more. And so we jog along; the phenomenon of yesterday becomes the commonplace of to-day. Now we look almost in wonder if we pass khaki-clad figures in Piccadilly with all the proper accompaniment of arms and legs.

It gives this mouse pleasure to remember she once was able to help the lion in so small a measure as to cut up his dinner for him.

CHAPTER VI

STORIES FROM MAJUBA

Our Indian Bungalow—The Table Decorations Go to Sleep—A Munshi Teaches Me Hindustani—I Meet Sir George and Lady White in their Younger Days—I Take Sir George for a Drive—Mr. Ian Hamilton—In Afghanistan—At Majuba—Sends Many Reports—How They were Received—General Colley Asleep—What Happened while He Slept.

I MADE my entry into Sitapur early in the morning, the most beautiful part of an Indian day. It was restful to be in something one could call "home" again. Our bungalow was a trifle primitive when first I viewed it. The furniture had been hired from some native dealer and was not artistic. The dealers in hired furniture make a good thing out of the officers of the different regiments as they come and go; one hiring about pays for the furniture in the house, and all who require it afterwards help to make the dealer rich, for it is then pure profit.

My drawing-room was a fair size, with the inevitable round table in the middle of the room, on which stood a posy of flowers in a glass jam-jar. The arrangement of these flowers aroused my curiosity, they were massed together in such a curious fashion. I found the gardener's idea of beauty was to pull off every naturally grown leaf and then string it on to the stalk and shove it up until a frill was formed round the flower, stiff and forbidding, not a single leaf had been allowed to escape and be natural. For further decoration the chairs were arranged around the room at regular intervals. On the walls were several of the lamps with reflectors generally met with in kitchen passages. When the heavy luggage arrived and my

own pretty things were unpacked I soon made it more homelike. The servants had done their best according to their own lights, and I tried to convey to them my appreciation of their valued services.

Writing of flowers reminds me of my first dinner-party in that bungalow. We had quite a nice garden with heaps of flowers and fruit, the scent of the orange blossom and tuberoses at night being so strong they used at times to make my head ache. Our grapes were rather fine and grew in profusion, but the hornets would not allow me to go near them although the natives in scanty garments walked about amongst them without fear, and, as far as I know, unharmed. A quantity of passion flowers grew in a blaze over some trees and archways. I thought my dinner-table would be pretty decorated with these, so before I went for my evening ride I arranged them and they looked charming. On my return just in time to dress for dinner I peeped into the dining-room to see all was in readiness, when I discovered all my flowers had shut their eyes and gone to sleep, giving my table a very forlorn aspect. There was no time to make any fresh arrangement, so I treated it as a joke, and my guests were amused when I explained the situation.

Being anxious to speak to the servants in their own lingo I sent for a Munshi to teach me. His English was about on a par with my Hindustani. Each day he arrived with a lesson prepared for me, English words on one side of a sheet of note-paper and Hindustani on the other. The first list began :

Male hen !—with the native " Murgi."

Female hen !—with the native " Murga."

I was amused at his English, but my lessons did not last long, as I found it quite impossible to tolerate my instructor's manners. On entering the room, he, of course, cast his shoes. This is the usual custom and I am told desirable. But in other ways he was so unconventional that after he had continued for a few days I determined to make my husband teach me and discarded my Munshi.

While at Sitapur I made many delightful friends; my husband's brother officers and their wives were most kind, and being a small station we were thrown a good deal together. Sir George and Lady White, at that time Major and Mrs. White, were amongst my greatest friends. I had and still have a great affection for Lady White, she was so bright and had such natural and pleasing manners. I like to remember that all the years I have known her never have I heard her say an unkind word of anybody. It is a simple matter to say nothing that could hurt people for those who sit still and wait to be amused, seldom speaking, only thinking like the sailor's parrot, without attempting to make themselves agreeable. This was not a habit of Mrs. White's, she was always full of conversation, kind and charitable, a charming trait in anybody's character; she was no respecter of persons, all and sundry were asked to her home provided they were clever, bright or amusing. Major White was rather a respecter of persons. He certainly understood how to choose his friends and acquaintances, preferring those who could be helpful and in other ways desirable. One of his pleasantest characteristics was his generosity and appreciation of those who worked for him, ever anxious to bring to light and notice any he considered deserving of praise. Many have told me he was pleasant to work with, courteous and lucid in his orders, though at times inclined to become over-anxious in consequence of his sympathy for all who had hardships to bear while under his command. The hospitality of both Major and Mrs. White was unbounded. They kept open house at all times. I have always thought Lady White a perfect genius in her management, for everything was well done, and they have been in positions where there was, of necessity, considerable entertaining. One word more I should like to add, she has through her husband's appointments had the entertaining of many important people, from Royalty downwards, and though everywhere popular never has she become unduly spoilt, and her

influence over her husband was good. I have heard people say Sir George became spoilt; perhaps he did, it was only natural after being passed over the heads of those senior to himself and given important appointments, followed later by the éclat of his historic defence of Ladysmith. Lord Roberts was a good friend to him as he was to many another. He thought highly of the 92nd Highlanders and was the making of more than one of them, which they are quite ready to admit.

In the Sitapur days we used to have constant paper-chases; the Whites generally came out to enjoy the sport, in fact most of the station did. Mrs. White rode well and would mount anything, fear being a stranger to her. Major White had a strong seat but not very good hands, horses did not always go kindly with him, though he had endless patience and pluck.

We were lucky at this time in having some nice ponies, and most of them carried me well, though one was distinctly awkward to mount. Days when he was amiable I was able to manage it while his eyes were blindfolded and one leg held up, days when he was displeased about something I had to mount out of the bathroom window while one of the pony's legs was held up, and a man stood holding each side of his head, Thinking possibly he had been frightened or ill-treated at some time and that kindness and no fuss might act as a charm, I asked my husband to have him brought round without having his eyes blindfolded. He said he had tried it before but I might try again if I liked. It was not a success; I heard expostulations from his syce or groom and various scufflings, presently the horse appeared on its hind legs trying to throw the man down with its fore feet, making ugly snatches at him, while the unhappy man defended himself with a stick. When once the beast was mounted as a rule he was as quiet as a cow, the thing was to get there. He won for us a good many small chases; he was not fast but a splendid fencer, never made a mistake or became excited.

One day when I was driving my little tum-tum, a

sort of low dog-cart (made mostly out of bamboo, very light and not much of it), away from some local races where my husband had been riding, I met Major White on foot. I asked if I might give him a lift. He said he would rather walk, it was good for him. After chatting awhile he informed me I should not be able to get home the way I was going as a deep dry ditch lay ahead of me, and I had better turn and go by the road. I assured him I had more than once driven home by the route I was taking. He was very polite, but it was plain he had grave doubts, so I asked him to get up beside me and see how I did it. "Flirt," the little pony I was driving, rattled along until we came to the ditch in question. It was wide at the bottom with sloping sides, but not impossibly steep. I have always maintained a good deal can be done in driving down awkward places if one wheel only goes down first, a sideways crab fashion. As we neared the incline I slowed down to a walk. I observed Major White plant his feet ready to be shot clear when the crash came. We cautiously proceeded sideways down the slope, the little mare kept her feet very cleverly. Nearing the bottom of the ditch I let her go, still keeping her obliquely, and up the other side we dashed. All was well until we almost reached the level again, then she began to scramble to keep her feet, the extra weight in the cart was too much for her, so I said, "Hop out your side and I will hop out mine." This we accomplished successfully, the mare was on top and so were we. I then offered to drive Major White home. He declined unless I promised to stick to the road, and laughingly said he thought my husband a very brave man to drive with me but I should soon shatter his nerves.

Major White was a keen sportsman, fond of racing, paper-chasing, shooting, anything that came along. He was also a great walker, and even in his last years used to pride himself on being able to keep up with the best of them out shooting. Only a few years before he died he rode in the same race with his son at Gibraltar.

If I remember rightly on this occasion "the old man was beaten by the boy."

From both Major White and his wife we received the greatest kindness in India. Once when my English nurse indulged in something stronger than tea my husband took charge of her while I fled with my baby to the Whites' bungalow and left him in their care until the nurse had been despatched to England again.

The life of Sir George White, V.C., having been written so lately his career will be fresh in the minds of his friends and admirers. I remember when Sir George was made Commander-in-Chief in India, Lady White coming to tell me about it and her saying, "I think everybody is more excited about it than we are," but they were, of course, very pleased, Sir George especially, for it was a great step and a great honour.

I saw him last at the Royal Hospital not long before he died, and thought he was looking wonderful, but Lady White said she could not disguise from herself that he was failing, and I think he hurried the end by overtaxing his strength with walking on the Riviera. Lady White now resides mostly at Hampton Court with her daughters.

Amongst other delightful people I met at Sitapur was Mr. Ian Hamilton, another brother officer of my husband's, in fact he was my husband's subaltern, for my man had moved up a step and was now Captain. Mr. Hamilton was a good-looking youth, but did not give the impression of being strong, had a delicate fair skin, sunny brown hair that insisted on curling, blue eyes, and a lithe figure a little above medium height.

Here was another Highlander who became famous. He is now our only poet-General; it sounds anomalous, but truly his reports read like poems. He cannot write without betraying his charm of mind and speech. As a rule Generals' reports are dull and occasionally misleading. Sir Ian's are things apart, combining cultured language and human feeling with the military virtues of clearness and precision. I made

SIR IAN HAMILTON

this remark at a big dinner-party a short time ago, at which were a number of wounded officers ; their faces brightened at once, while in chorus they all agreed with me.

I always thought his charm of manner had much to do with his early success; he was another of Lord Roberts' favourites, indeed he was rather a favourite with everybody. My husband and I both liked him much and we saw a good deal of him. He proved himself a keen soldier and quickly climbed the ladder of fame, like his brother officers Major White and Mr. Douglas, the latter being adjutant at Sitapur during the time of which I am speaking and to whom I shall refer again later.

Mr. Hamilton's father had at one time commanded the Gordon Highlanders, and it was his son's ambition to be in the same regiment.

In 1878 came the Afghan war, during which the regiment played a conspicuous part. Mr. Hamilton was appointed aide-de-camp with Colonel Brabazon of the 10th Hussars to the Commander of the British Cavalry Brigade. That unhappy man, what strife there was about him and his methods in the Chardah Valley ! Happily, as it so turned out, Mr. Hamilton was laid up with a sharp attack of fever while the debate was in progress as to who was to blame for certain mistakes, and so was saved being mixed up in it.

I have a good many letters relating to that time and could tell some interesting and highly instructive stories, but it would serve no good purpose. Let the dead bury its dead and rest in peace.

It was during the Afghan war my husband was wounded, the history of which I will write later. The regiment was actually on its way home to England after the Afghan war when I received a telegram (I was in England) from my husband telling me to take a house in the Isle of Wight as the regiment was going to be stationed at Parkhurst. Quickly on top of this, but not before I had taken a house, came another

telegram saying, "Ordered to South Africa." The regiment were, I think, rather pleased, feeling cock-a-hoop and full of spirit after their Afghan experiences, and thinking they would soon polish off the Boers, making the same mistake of underrating the enemy's power, as is the habit of the British. They had made the same mistake before, have made the same mistake since, and will probably make it again.

What followed is well known and the history of Majuba Hill is well known, but I do not think that everybody knows how hard Sir Ian Hamilton (at that time a subaltern) tried to save the situation and probably would have done so, if his warnings and reports had been attended to instead of scorned.

It is an ungrateful world and we are all apt to forget what has been done for us in the past, especially at a time like the present when colossal tragedies tread on the heels of one another and are the daily bill of fare for our troops. But the part Mr. Hamilton played on that fateful February 26, 1881, should never be forgotten. I have a number of letters referring to it, some lengthy ones from my husband, others from friends who were there, and a very modest account from Mr. Hamilton himself, written much later. There may be some people who have forgotten the story, and others who never knew it, so perhaps I may be forgiven if I tell it briefly again.

General Colley, who, by the way, was an habitual optimist, picked out six hundred men to be with him when he carried out the great deeds he contemplated. Mr. Hamilton was one of the picked men. This little band spent a greater part of the day struggling up the hill laden with ammunition and other requisites. Mr. Melton Prior told me it took them about ten minutes coming down again ! But that is not part of the story. Having reached the top of the flat-topped hill called Majuba the troops dug a well to supply them with water and proceeded to rest.

Mr. Hamilton with a few of his Highlanders was posted on the side of the hill to report any movement of

the Boers far away below the hill. The night was cold and dark; all passed quietly until early dawn, when Mr. Hamilton observed some activity amongst the Boer camps, presently he saw a number of mounted men riding towards the hill, this he at once reported. He suddenly lost sight of the riders below him and moved his own position so as to get a better view if they tried to ascend the hill, and again reported what he had seen, this time to the officer in charge, as General Colley was asleep, tired after the fatigue of climbing the hill the day before. The position now looked so serious that he resolved once more to attract the attention of his superior officers, wording his report, "Enemy advancing to attack." Still no orders received. He was in despair, for the enemy were plainly visible to the naked eye spreading out over the hill and coming nearer every minute. Could everybody be asleep? He and his men made a hasty shelter with stones, but before it was strong enough to be any use the enemy were upon them. It was now too late to wait for orders and he told his men to fire. The poor Gordons, a mere handful, did their best but were hopelessly outnumbered, and the pitiful little ping pong of their rifles was returned with compound interest.

Seeing the hopelessness of the situation Mr. Hamilton resolved to send one more report. Where could all the rest of the six hundred be, surely not all asleep? As no reply came to this last message he determined to go and see what was the matter and why no answer came to him with orders; so dashed up the hill himself under a heavy fire, the Boers being only about forty yards away. Arriving in the hollow of the hill, having received two bullets through his uniform in different places, he found all sleeping, but said he must see the General or Officer in Command at once.

The latter was just awake and quite unaware of any fighting or anxiety, which was strange; they must all surely have been sleeping the sleep of the dead not to have heard the rifles of the little defending party on

the slope of the hill. Be that as it may, this lofty official to whom Mr. Hamilton related his experiences and the danger of his men, replied that the General was asleep, must not be disturbed, and he did not require panicky subalterns to instruct him in his duties. There was therefore nothing to be done but return to his men, facing without any cover once more the rifles of the Boers. He had done his best for his men and to warn the rest; he remained with his picket until it became clear the hill was being surrounded, so facing a hail of bullets and possible rebuff again he started to warn the rest, this time being told what a nuisance he was, alarming everybody, he had only got the jumps and must really try and control himself, everything was "all right." Three times did he personally warn the authorities of what was coming and three times he sent his messengers, making six separate reports.

On his return after his own third attempt to awaken the rest to the danger of the situation, he found it no longer possible for his little picket to withstand the advancing and surrounding Boers. He therefore ordered them back to the top of the hill, hoping they might reach the protection of its high ridge before all were killed, but it was too late, the Boers were amongst them, and men's brains were being blown to pieces at close quarters. Out of the seventeen man with Mr. Hamilton defending the slope of that hill twelve were shot dead before reaching the top; the rest, Boers and Highlanders all mixed up together, made for the top of the hill still fighting, and dropped together into the middle of the "all right" staff and troops. The latter, who were still in the cold grey dawn sleeping, jumped up, some with coats and boots on, some without, a mixed medley of Highlanders and Infantrymen all firing indiscriminately. The Boers lay down and fired furiously, more of them poured in from another side of the hill; seeing this for a moment our troops checked, not knowing what was the best thing to do, and nobody issuing any orders.

Mr. Hamilton, still thinking there might be a chance of an exit out of this chaos, rushed up to General Colley (now awake) imploring him to let the Gordons fix bayonets and charge. Again he was requested to mind his own business; there was now no longer any chance, the men being bewildered and having no orders, left their posts and fled in all directions; the Boers then stood up on the ridge of the hill and shot all down in front of them.

Mr. Hamilton's feelings can be imagined better than described, amidst this pandemonium that he tried so hard to avert, and was not allowed to check. In the midst of it all there came to him that curious feeling, curious instinct that tells us when people are looking at us, which compels our attention, and turning his head observed a Boer aiming at him a few yards away. Somehow he found a rifle in his hand, though how he came by it he did not remember, had probably picked it up instinctively in the mêlée. Being an expert with a rifle he now prepared to use it, but his foe got first chance, and firing smashed his left wrist, and down he went. Struggling on to his feet again he made a dash after the troops now fast disappearing over the side of the hill, but the fire from the Boers was maddening; before he reached the side of the hill he was struck by a bullet in his knee, also a piece of splintered rock cut the back of his head, while another bullet cut a hole in his tunic. He fortunately fell behind a rock, which sheltered him a little. Suddenly the firing ceased. Why? Because the Boers were in possession of the hill, no longer opposed. Where was General Colley now? And the haughty superior staff? All asleep again, but this time the sleep that knows no waking.

Mr. Hamilton, dazed and suffering, lay still, weak and exhausted, behind his little rock shelter. Presently two of the Boers, who were walking round gloating over their morning's work, found him. The youngest man of the two suggested shooting and finishing him off, but the elder and presumably

superior officer did not agree. He asked Mr. Hamilton, "Are you an officer, you infernal Englishman?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then give up your sword."

Here indeed was the last straw, for it had been his father's, and though feeling deadly sick and ill he tried to save it by offering money instead. This was no use, and they were in the act of taking it by force when some more Boers came in sight, giving the command "Voorwarts," and the burghers moved on.

I have received many accounts of this miserable day, my husband's letter being most graphic. He believed it was Joubert himself who would not allow the sword to be taken from the gallant soldier who had fought against such heavy odds. It may have been Joubert and it may not; whoever it was Mr. Hamilton with the graciousness of manner peculiar to himself thanked the officer who had allowed him to keep his valued sword, then remarked to him, "This is a bad day for us," receiving in reply, "What can you expect from fighting on a Sunday?" This was scarcely the moment for repartee and argument, so Mr. Hamilton did not say what must, I should think, have risen to his lips, "You began," as children say when quarrelling, followed by "Didn't," "Did," and ending in blows.

Mr. Hamilton lay where he was until evening, when the Boer Commander went up to him saying, "You will die, you can go," so the poor lad started his agonising journey down the mountain. His movements were naturally slow, and it was dark and raining before reaching the bottom. Being afraid of falling into the Ingogo River he decided to lie down where he was, which happened to be marshy ground, and there his life was slowly ebbing away when a rescue-party found him next morning, faint from loss of blood and pain, besides being starving.

Once when speaking to him of this time, it being always difficult to get him to talk of his own performances owing to his almost exceptional modesty, I

succeeded in drawing from him the fact that he remembers by way of nourishment on this occasion having a pot of jam given to him in hopes of keeping body and soul together, nothing else being obtainable at the time. This he tells me " I devoured right off the reel."

In a letter I have from a friend who was left with the camp at the foot of the hill, he says, " When the Boers began collecting their prisoners they would not believe the wounded Tommy who told them it was General Colley's body lying before them: ' All the English lie,' they said." So polite of them, but perhaps they were right! The letter continues, " While the prisoners were looking on in sulky misery they came upon Mr. Hamilton, now a pathetic sight covered in blood. They said to him, ' Oh, you will die, so you can go.' He waited no further permission and crawled away, but did not get far before falling down in the marsh close to the Ingogo, and lay there completely exhausted. His wrist was a horrible sight, some of the bones gone, others splintered and smashed, while lying on the marsh for three days had stiffened his injured knee. He was told he must have his hand off and that after it was amputated he would soon pick up again, but Hamilton considered half a hand and wrist better than none and refused to allow the operation. I believe he would make a better recovery if he did, but that he must naturally decide for himself."

Then the letter continued with some startling statements which did not reflect glory, on the contrary criminal neglect of duty, on the part of some who paid for it with their lives.

It always seems to me that optimism is a most reprehensible quality in soldiers, instead of hoping for the best they should at all times prepare for the worst, but optimism being temperamental perhaps they cannot help it, in which case they should not be generals and given the lives of those dear to us to juggle with. None of we mothers of men resent it if " our all " is killed in fair fight, dying the death of all

others they would have chosen, but when they have to die like rats in a hole and are given no chance of even defending themselves, it is hard, very hard, not to be bitter. Optimism is doubtless a pleasant garb for the wearer, but it is dangerous to the individual and cruel to those surrounded with its atmosphere. Both these gallant brave men, Colley and Penn Symons, died victims of their own optimism, and I think it must have been apparent to all who knew them that what happened in each case might reasonably have been expected. Their very virtue, shall we say, was their undoing, and alas not only their own but the lives of many lads just treading the threshold of life, eager to taste all its joys and pleasures, done to death. To have seen either of these brave men preparing for the worst would have surprised me as much as it would if I met Bernard Shaw in pink hunting in the Shires.

In the Mount Prospect Graveyard lies buried General Colley's body and his fame. The photograph my husband sent me shows the graves of many of the victims of Majuba Hill, both officers and men. In the background is Majuba Hill, in the hollow at the top General Colley and the greater part of his six hundred died.

But to return to Mr. Hamilton, he was very ill from shock, fever and loss of blood, which kept him for months an invalid, and small wonder with the nightmare of Majuba haunting him. It is easy to imagine how in his fevered dreams he lived over again those perilous journeys backwards and forwards in the vain endeavour to attract attention to their danger.

Whether he was wise to keep his damaged hand he alone must judge. It is not much use to him but he can move it a little. Neither would it have been any use supposing it had been amputated. When I remember the delicate appearance of Mr. Hamilton as I first knew him I marvel that he survived such an ordeal.

Whilst still an invalid he turned over in his mind what he should do with the rest of his life. Should he

LADY IAN HAMILTON

leave the Service ? He decided to remain a soldier, and I am sorry, for, though the army benefited by retaining a keen soldier whose gold had been tried by fire, the literary world sustained a loss. He was and is a man of literary ability with leanings towards the poets. And a mind above the average.

Of course, after our loss of prestige at Majuba there were the usual recriminations, those who made the mistakes trying to saddle the shoulders of the little picket of Highlanders with the blame, saying they broke and ran away, thereby causing the disaster, but everybody saw plainly through that little fallacy, and I began to feel more sympathy than usual with the Biblical David who said, "All men are liars," but it is difficult to be really sincere even with oneself.

Up to 1914 I think the present Sir Ian has had a good deal of luck, assisted by the helping hand of Lord Roberts, and he is, I should think, as great a student of modern military history as any general officer in the country—an accomplishment not too common in our army of pre-1914 days.

No public character can escape without criticism, just and unjust, but they soon learn to take no notice of it. Possibly some of the pungent remarks relative to Sir Ian Hamilton's conscription views may have reached his ears, but if those were then his views who can blame him for stating them ? I believe, by the way, that he has the distinction of owning more medals, as apart from decorations, than any other man in the Service. He married in 1887 the eldest daughter of Sir John Muir.

CHAPTER VII

TWO GREAT SOLDIERS

Baby Under a Sofa—A Coolness Between Myself and Husband—Our Monkey's Favourite Drink—Snakes in Our Bedroom—General Sir Charles Douglas in His Youth—He Takes Mrs. Somebody's Anti-fat—As Chief of General Staff—Cannot get on with Lord Kitchener—The Southern Command Manœuvring—We Journey to the Hills—I get Left in the Lurch—A Great Landslip—An Indian Judge Eats Asparagus—Sir Monier-Williams' Favourite Buns.

MY husband was interested in his son, but from a distance, being horribly afraid of him. I wished to acclimatise my lord, so one day asked him to hold the baby, while I went into my bedroom to look for something. He said he feared he should drop it, but I was firm, telling him all he had to do was to hold on to its petticoats with one hand and support its precious head with the other. I then left him looking careworn. Returning in a few minutes I could see neither husband nor baby, the room was empty. I was moving in the direction of the nursery when my attention was attracted towards a white bundle, under the sofa, with a chair up against it forming a sort of cage. I picked up my dear bundle, for it was my baby, still sleeping composedly, and sat down with him on my lap.

Presently I heard stealthy footsteps coming along the verandah, a face peeped round the chick, a sort of blind made of reeds to keep out the flies and crows, also to prevent people seeing into the room, though the natives managed to see through them fairly well. I would not look up, and maintained a dignified silence, so my husband had to begin, and in rather a nervous voice asked, "Is he all right?" I pretended not to hear, then he advanced and took my hand, saying

he wished to explain. I remarked I did not see that there was anything to explain, but the tragic account he gave of his anxiety and fear overcame my wrath and dignity, I was obliged to laugh. "But why," I asked, "put him under the sofa? why not on top?" "Because," replied my husband, "I feared he might roll off." There appeared to be some method in his madness after all, so I forgave him "just this once."

I shared my husband's love for animals, especially horses and dogs, but his menagerie in India I found trying at times. He had some strange pets. His monkey, Peter, was intensely funny, but was jealous of the baby, which kept me in a state of anxiety, besides, he had some most reprehensible habits, one of which was, his fondness for strong drink. He used to sit on the arm of my husband's chair at meals and have titbits given to him, a grape, or a nut, or sometimes biscuits. When he had eaten all he wanted, he used to get down and hide his dainties under a rug, behind a picture, or anywhere that he considered safe. He loved brandy and water, or whisky and soda. If he heard a soda-water cork fly, he was on the scene surprisingly quickly.

I tried to break him of his bad habits, and presented him with some weak toast and water in his own special glass. We watched without appearing to take any notice. He wrinkled up his brow, looking old and worried after the first sip, then tried another, gave a shrill scream, chattered fast and furiously, then emptied the contents on to the floor and proceeded to help himself from my husband's tumbler. He was a very human little body. If he thought we were not paying him sufficient attention, he would make weird and miserable faces, then sigh heavily, and cover his face with his hands. He understood Hindustani, but not English. When he had partaken of more food or drink than was good for him he was very pathetic. He generally tried to find my husband and climb on to the sofa, cover himself up with anything he could lay his hands on, an antimacassar, the baby's shawl,

even pull the tablecloth off one of the small tables, then groan and jabber to himself of his remorse. At last he became so mischievous that he had to be given away, but not before he had emptied some bags of shot into my husband's bed, had torn a hat of mine to pieces, as well as having hidden most of the baby's clothes.

It was at Sitapur that I first saw a krait enjoying freedom, a small innocent-looking little snake, but very poisonous. It was found drinking the baby's milk. My husband's soldier-servant killed it, but the natives discovered several baby snakes in a wall, near where the krait was found, which they believed were part of the same family. I thought they had better be dispatched in the same way as their parent, as they seemed to have a very good idea of taking care of themselves, and struck at a stick held in front of them in a venomous fashion. My husband protested and said they were dear harmless little things and he wished to keep them in a glass bottle in his dressing-room, and watch them grow. I had misgivings about the harmless nature of these little darlings, and asked tenderly after their health daily, wondering if they were still in the bottle, but not daring to go and look.

One day when the 92nd were having a tennis and dance afternoon, I arrived rather late, and seeing my husband and his friends making merry over some joke, I walked up to them, asking if I might hear all about it ; a sudden hush made itself felt, and my husband melted away. What could it all be about ? Mr. Douglas, adjutant of the regiment, bravely stood his ground. I asked him to explain the joke to me. He suggested my husband had better tell me, but at last I learned that my lord and master had been seeking advice as to the best method to adopt in breaking the news to me of the escape of the little snakes out of the bottle in his dressing-room. He feared they might have strayed into my bedroom ! This was not unlikely, the only boundary mark between the dressing-room and mine being a curtain, or

purdah, as it is called out there. While looking somewhat amused, Mr. Douglas tried to comfort me with assurances that the beasties were certain to have gone out of doors and I need have no fear of my baby's safety. I must confess I spent some time looking for them, in my shoes, and other likely places, but never saw them again.

The Mr. Douglas referred to above was none other than the General Sir Charles Whittingham Horsley Douglas, G.C.B., K.C.B., Chief of the General Staff, who died on October 25th, 1914, the victim of perpetual overwork. His death came as a great blow to the army, and at a time when he could ill be spared. He died a courageous soldier's death as assuredly as though he were fighting at the front. For months he had been struggling to remain in harness and do his work while suffering acutely. How bravely he battled with ill-health may be gathered from the fact that only a week elapsed between the time he laid down his pen for the last time and his death. Indeed, suffering is written in capital letters across face and form in the picture painted of him a few months before he died.

The Gordons have furnished the Army with many brilliant officers, but none that I have known who achieved success more entirely by his own merit and hard work than Sir Charles Douglas. For thirty years he advanced steadily from one post to another, ranging from adjutant of his regiment to the coveted post of Chief of the Imperial General Staff. This is the more remarkable as he lacked some of the little auxiliaries that balanced the scales in the right direction for others I could name. He was not rich, he had little influence behind him, and was not a general favourite, owing to his short brusque manner.

While Whistler prided himself on his skill in quarrelling and proudly wrote his *Gentle Art of Making Enemies* to immortalise his powers in that direction, Sir Charles Douglas, throughout his long and useful life, had to struggle against the most extraordinary knack of rubbing people up the wrong way. This was

as cruel a trick of fate as could well pursue a clever and ambitious man.

Of his unpopularity he was well aware, and once while he was adjutant of the Gordons in India asked me the reason. A difficult question for me to answer truly and yet pleasantly. I told him that while everybody admired his devotion to duty, his pride in and love for his regiment, also his discipline, he might, I thought, gain all he desired without metaphorically knocking people down in the first place, by his sharp sarcastic speech and supercilious manner. He said he liked straightforward people, hated beating about the bush, adding, "Besides, the Ethiopian cannot change his skin," which, after all, was the very heart of the matter, I suppose.

The world is full of these men ; facing life with a defiant eye and bitter tongue, that withers every advance of friendship, until at last they stand alone watching the hurly-burly with apparent scorn, while all the time they long to dance as merry a fandango as the brightest.

Years afterwards, when I met him in London, Sir Charles said in the course of conversation : "You see I am still as unpopular as ever, Mrs. ——." But this time I was glad to be able to reply : "What matter ? you are at the top of the tree ! " He never courted popularity, partly perhaps from a feeling of resentment against the unappreciativeness he at times perceived, and never in his life would he be party to any sort of self-advertisement ; it was beneath him, for he had a great dignity. He made the mistake, not uncommon with many of us, of thinking that so long as we do what we think right, that is all that is required of us, not taking into consideration the effect our righteousness may have on other people, for it is quite possible we may be doing right with one hand while doing harm with the other.

He was a professional soldier of the best stamp, living up to a very exacting standard of his own, while expecting everyone else to do the same ; a strict dis-

GENERAL SIR CHARLES DOUGLAS
From a painting

ciplinarian at all times, and very hard on inefficiency in any form. The rigid code of morals and work he set himself combined with another disturbing element, not generally known, certainly accelerated his death. I refer to his relations with Lord Kitchener. When the International crash came in August, 1914, and the Government called Lord Kitchener to the Secretaryship of State for War, the long-standing inability of these two men to understand one another became a source of acute anxiety to Sir Charles Douglas, who felt that it might detract from his usefulness at this critical time.

There was a clash of wills that were both powerful, and perhaps imperious. When powerful wills meet and fail to get into sympathetic touch, giving way becomes very difficult, even over such small matters as the phraseology contained in the official notes that are continually passing between the head of a department and his Chief of Staff.

It is a fact that Lord Kitchener simply ignored Sir Charles, the Chief of his Staff! and as hard a worker as himself. It is opposites that combine to produce the most pleasing colours; the harsh and brusque cannot tolerate another of the same calibre. He requires a gentle persuasive individual to bring out the best that is in him.

All the work undertaken by Sir Charles throughout his life was well carried out. As Adjutant to his regiment he has seldom been equalled, and I think no one will deny that the regiment owed much of its character for smartness and efficiency to him. He was still acting as Adjutant during the Afghan War, where he took part in the famous Kabul to Kandahar march, and met with the unpleasant experience of having his horse shot under him. At one time he was Adjutant to the London Scottish Volunteers, a post which has always been held by Gordon Highlanders. This was work after his own heart, for he loved regimental detail.

During times of peace he performed excellent work as a staff-officer in the Aldershot Command under the

Duke of Connaught, commanding a brigade and then a division. He was the first Adjutant-General when the Army Council was created, and held the Southern Command after Sir Ian Hamilton. He became Inspector-General of the Home Forces, until he was selected to fill Sir John French's place after the little disagreeableness at the Curragh.

As Adjutant-General, he had a difficult and vexatious task, meeting with more opposition in his endeavours for the good of the army than will probably ever be known, but he resolutely stuck to his guns and carried through more measures and improvements than it would be well to enumerate ; from these the army are reaping benefit to-day. The interests of the service were safe in his hands, not even the most seductive politician could move him from what he considered best.

I have been told his staff-tours were generally considered by those who understand these things, as models of what staff-tours should be, and that his judgment of operations and his criticisms upon them were in every way admirable. Indeed, it was not until he was appointed to the Southern Command that he was properly appreciated.

That Southern Command has smothered me in dust and delayed me on the road, not once but many times, both during Sir Ian Hamilton's reign and Sir Charles Douglas's. From my home in Somersetshire I frequently motored up to town, and the road by which we travelled lay through the midst of the S.C. territory. How they churned up the roads with their heavy lorries, beer-vans, and all the rest of their commissariat arrangements. During their manœuvres my heart ached for them all. They were in such deadly earnest, the road was strewn with galloping majors, and staff-officers, generals, colonels, all riding furiously, hot and careworn. I was given to understand by one of them I met, that their reputations depended on who got round the corner first, or something of that sort. Horses stood at the side of the road with dis-

tended nostrils and quivering tails, ridden to within an inch of their lives, indeed a good many did die. That road was full of surprises. Suddenly a man would lop his horse over a fence close to you and ask in a husky whisper if we had seen another man on a white horse, and we were not sure if we were betraying anybody, by saying "Yes." Once or twice we had the refreshment of seeing some of the men standing by their horses, eating bananas off a barrow at the side of the road, but even then they wore a worried air.

Although I followed the drum for so many years while my husband was in the Gordon Highlanders, I am profoundly ignorant of military matters, as it was considered most undesirable, in those days, for the ladies to be military. He did not even like what he called "shop" to be talked before me. Woe betide the young wife who referred to "our regiment" instead of "my husband's regiment." She was metaphorically flung to the lions. What the conventions may be now that the army has grown by millions I do not know. Nevertheless I managed to see the amusing side now and then all the same.

When the regiment went to Afghanistan I came home. On their return to England I remember Captain Douglas, as he then was, coming to call on me in town; I thought he was looking very ill. When I left India he was a well-covered young man, rather worried about the weight he was putting on, but now he was thin and bedraggled-looking. I asked him what was the matter, and he told me he had been taking quantities of a mysterious remedy called Mrs. Somebody's Anti-fat Mixture. It had reduced his weight without any manner of doubt, but he accused it also of reducing his hair. A good many of his curly locks had disappeared with the weight, at which he was much distressed, and so was I, for he looked years older, and very ill. I noticed also the cuffs of his shirt were frayed at the edges. I asked him if that was also due to Mrs. Somebody's Anti-fat Mixture, which was unkind of me, but he laughed and said "No." That was the work of

the Indian duobie (washerman). He had only just landed and had come to pay his respects to me before even going to buy a fresh trousseau, which is the necessity of every man and woman returning from India, where washermen and climate combined spoil most things. It is a curious fact that even if you only go out to India for a year, when you return you look prehistoric, until rigged out in entirely new kit. It did not take Captain Douglas long to fit himself up. He was at all times smart, provided circumstances would allow it.

In 1885 he married Miss Ida de Courcy Gordon, daughter of the late George Tomlin Gordon, J.P., D.L., of Cuckney, Notts, a particularly pretty and sweet woman, whom he adored. It was one of the happy marriages so seldom met with, for she also adored him, thought of and lived for nothing else. That rare and undefinable something we call charm was especially hers. No one could be with her without feeling it, and in consequence she had many friends.

It came as a great shock to me when, a very short time ago, I heard she was dead. I had received a letter from her only a few days before. She underwent an operation on November 12th, a Sunday morning, and died the same afternoon. Happily her sister, Lady Alexander Kennedy, of whom she was fond, was with her at the time. Thus she only survived the husband she so mourned two years. They had no children. Sir Charles was knighted while Adjutant-General on the new Army Council.

I have a very warm corner in my heart for the Highlanders. I love to see them swing along when marching, with pipes skirling and kilts swinging. It is very wonderful that I do love them, for when I first went out to India our bungalow was close to where the bands and pipers practised, and I shall never forget the first time I dined at the Mess when they had a ladies' dinner, and the pipers walked round the room behind our chairs at intervals while we ate. I drank nothing stronger than iced soda water, but the

LADY DOUGLAS

pipes made me feel much as people must do when they have had something stronger. My head began to go round, and when I saw all the men drinking quaigh, or guaick (raw whisky), I wondered what *they* would all feel like. Happily for me, my head recovered between the bursts of music. What fine fellows those pipers were—what side, what swagger; it was magnificent. I remember the next day, in our bungalow, trying to walk the way they did, and my husband asking me what on earth I was doing. He was amused when I said I was seeing if I could swish my skirts as the pipers did their kilts.

The funny man of the regiment at that time was Major the Hon. John Scott-Napier. Many amusing stories were told of him; probably half of them were not true, but from what I know of him, I think some were. He is living now, so I must be careful what I say or he will be cross with me. He talks through his nose. I believe it was once broken in boxing or some such game, but that may have been somebody else's nose; anyway he talks through his. He is a great fine-looking man with the kindest of hearts, and my husband tells me once at a ball in India he was dancing with some rather shy girl, and trying to make her feel at ease. While standing resting at the side of the room, by way of making polite conversation to her he said (through his nose), "Do you like handsome men?"

His partner, looking up shyly, said, "Yes."

"Then just run round the other side of me, will you? You're standing on the broken nose side," said Major Napier.

Again a little later the shy maiden said she admired the Highland uniform so much.

"Yes," replied her partner, "kilts are nice and cool, but one wants mosquito nets badly."

Before the end of my first hot weather in India my husband got leave and we went to Naini Tal, the nearest hill station to Sitapur. The lake there was a great source of joy to my husband; he loved going out and paddling about in a canoe. It is a pretty little spot,

but I never felt well or happy there and longed to get back to the plains.

In those days the railway only ran as far as Ranebagh (I think that was the name, but it is a long time ago). After that, I remember we had a long journey in dâk gharis, until we arrived at the foot of the Himalayas, then after staying a night in the rest-house we continued our journey up to Naini Tal. My husband rode up on a hired pony, baby and I went in a jampan, an uncomfortable little seat slung on bamboo poles resting on the shoulders of coolies, this mode of procedure or riding being the only way of reaching our destination. The paths were very narrow and in some places so steep that it was necessary to hold on to the mane of the pony being ridden, to prevent slipping over its tail. The animals are used to the roads and do not seem perturbed either when sliding and scuffling down young precipices, or when scrambling up them. We started away early in the morning about eight o'clock, arriving at the Victoria Hotel at four in the afternoon. Not having had any experience of travelling in India beyond the journey up from Bombay in the train, I was unaware of the amount of preparation necessary if comfort was aimed at; my husband not having had a wife and family before, did not realise they could not live on whisky. It never occurred to me there would be no more food to be had until we finished our journey, so I took only some milk in the baby's bottle and went gaily away. My husband rode with me for some time, and growing weary of the slowness of our mode of progress said he would ride on to see that everything was in readiness. I did not quite like being left all alone with the baby and only the native carriers, but said nothing, realising how boring it must be jogging along beside us, so I was left to air my few words of Hindustani, which the carriers did not understand.

All went well for a time, when it began to pour with rain, not refined English sort of rain, but bucketfuls I had no umbrella, no cloak, no mackintosh, only the

baby's wraps and a silk carriage apron over my knees. The native carriers promptly put down the jampan and left me, disappearing under cover somewhere or returning to their homes. They knew I was helpless and my man gone on ahead, the servants had also gone on much earlier in the morning. My thin dress stuck to me like a bathing-gown, the water sloshed up and down in my shoes, the baby cried itself to sleep, and the milk in its bottle went sour. There was nothing to do but sit still, shiver and bear it, until such time as some one should come along. A few natives passed who took no notice of me and to whom I could not speak. They were carrying loads of provisions up the hill. At last a half-and-half sort of man came along, neither white nor black. I spoke to him and told him what had happened. He said if he met my husband he would send him back, and he would probably meet him.

If it had been fine I suppose more people would have passed who might have helped me, but nobody would be out in rain of that kind for fun. The baby awoke and cried with cold and hunger. I had nothing to give him, and nothing dry to wrap round him; I was in despair. At last, after sitting some hours in this misery my husband came back to look for us, as we did not turn up in proper time. He rode back to where we had started from in the morning to fetch fresh carriers. This was another lonely wait, and I feared it might be dark before we had traversed those dangerous-looking paths. At last my good man returned with the fresh men but had been unable to get anything to wrap my baby in, but brought some buffalo milk in a bottle smelling strongly of beer. We then continued our way, arriving at last, worn out, shivering and miserable, I feeling sure the baby would die. As it happened he suffered less than I did.

The whole time we were at Naini Tal, we stayed at the Victoria Hotel, which was one of the buildings swept away in the big landslip on September the 18th, 1880. It stood high up on the hill overlooking the

lake where many happy hours had been spent by those who love the water, over the assembly-rooms where dances and concerts were held, where the papers could be read in the library, over the race-course where I have seen our ponies win many races.

Rain had been falling heavily for two days, pouring steadily in an uninterrupted flow. The day before the catastrophe showed that the fall had aggregated twenty-five inches in the forty hours of its continuance. The effect of this enormous weight of water pouring down the hill-sides into the little basin formed by the surrounding hills, with the lake at their feet, was causing anxiety, as the roads were cut up and the paths down the hill-sides from the bungalows were turned into deep water-courses, filled with discoloured water carrying everything before it. The lake changed from its placid blue-green to a foaming angry mass, which threatened to overrun the only road that could be called by that dignified appellation, and which ran almost level with the lake. The race-course and polo-ground vied with the lake for supremacy. The amount of loose earth and stones lying about should surely have warned people of a quite possible danger from land-slips. It was well known in 1877–8, when I was there, that the hill on which Government House stood on the same side of the lake as the hotel was unsafe. I well remember, while in the hotel, there was a scare because there had been a small landslip behind the hotel stables where our ponies stood.

Early on Saturday morning, the 18th, the rain still fell, a heavy cloud hung around the hill-tops, turning day almost into night. The wind sighed in the dripping branches of the trees, the water rushed and roared uncannily, a few people collected, shaking their heads, and prophesying some disaster, while others told them not to be so gloomy and pessimistic. The Victoria Hotel still perched picturesquely amongst the trees on the hillside. The large and chief emporium known as " Bell's shop " standing on the north side of it, where anything from boot-laces, apples, lamp oil,

calico to stationery or castor oil might be purchased, was tenanted by all the assistants and those brave people who defied the elements in search of household requisites. About 10 a.m. there had been a small landslip close to the servants' quarters, followed shortly by the whole line of outhouses and part of the back of the hotel collapsing. The alarm was given, and the inmates of the hotel hurried out of it to other quarters. The main building remained intact. Thinking it would now be all right, the authorities worked hard to remove all the debris, and to rescue if possible the unfortunate people who had been buried. It was discovered by making a roll-call that about thirty natives connected with the hotel and one European child were missing.

The Assistant Commissioner, in charge of Naini Tal, arrived with the local police almost immediately. Finding the task required more hands, assistance was requisitioned from the military depôt; four officers and fifteen men soon joined the working party, making in all sixty or seventy hands.

By degrees others turned up, offering to help. Except that the hotel was empty, life proceeded in the usual way. People went to the assembly-room to read the papers; Bell's shop was filled with people comparing notes as to who had been killed at the back of the hotel. By one o'clock the dead were being carried away, while the rain poured on unceasingly. Suddenly about 1.30 the inhabitants of this little station were alarmed by a sudden crashing roar, as of mighty guns and angry elements combined in combat, followed by a rumbling noise as of thunder passing away in the distance. Then an awful silence, while vast clouds of dust and dirt flung a mantle over the lake, assembly-rooms, and northern end of Naini Tal. The whole place rocked and shook, the waters of the lake rose in one huge wave and swept towards the weir. What was this awfulness that had happened? Was it God's Great Judgment Day? All was again silence, no voice was heard, no cry for help, no cry of

pain, only an overwhelming silence, an unbearable silence.

Oh ! where was everybody ? What had happened ? Where was the Victoria Hotel, the assembly-rooms, Bell's shop, the band of workers who were searching for the dead ? ALL WERE GONE, and in their place, vast mounds of loose earth, uprooted trees, fallen masonry, broken beams, and a litter of hats, rugs, boots, rifles, yards of silk and cloth, bayonets, looking-glasses, all mixed up together in mad confusion. What was that protruding from the earth ? Surely human hands ! Anything more awful to contemplate it would be difficult to imagine outside Dante's Inferno.

It was so sudden, so overwhelmingly complete. For the moment it was recognised as hopeless to try and find those who, in the early morning, had sought to rescue the buried, for now all lay fathoms deep.

Working parties were quickly formed, but it was considered by the engineers and doctors that there was not the remotest chance of any of the entombed being still alive. Nevertheless all worked hard, as long as light remained.

On a battlefield all know the risks they are facing, and in a measure go of their own free will, while here, in the midst of the fun and frolic, bred of the holiday feeling that pervades the hills in India, where those who have been enduring the heat and lassitude of the plains once more breathe health-giving air and mean to spend their little savings in enjoyment, suddenly, without warning are gathered home.

In the lists of the missing and dead were well-known figures in Naini Tal society.

The old Government House was swept away and the Naini Tal we had all known was no more.

Many people think it was one of the prettiest of the hill stations, perhaps so ; but I was very glad to go back to the plains again as soon as I possibly could.

I must now return to Sitapur. When the Afghan War broke out I and the baby went home. On board the P. and O. was Lady Cavagnari, wife of Sir Pierre

Louis Napoleon Cavagnari, who was at that time sent as British resident to Kabul, where he was so shortly to be murdered by mutinous Afghans. His wife was young and bonny, and when I read of her husband's terrible death, I grieved for her lifelong sorrow.

There was also a judge from Bombay, who sat next to me at the dinner-table. His conversation was interesting. Amongst other things he told me he had spent most of his life in India, which is what I should have imagined from his manners.

In the Red Sea, when it was very hot, we had iced asparagus occasionally for luncheon; the old judge put the stems into his mouth bodily, green end—white end—everything. What he could not swallow he threw under the table close to my feet!

Opposite to me sat Sir Monier-Williams, professor of Sanscrit at Oxford—and his handsome wife whose manners were as charming as her husband's were rough. She was most patient with his selfishness, and looked uncomfortable when he grabbed more than his share of dainties.

Sometimes we had delicious little buns for luncheon fresh from the oven. These especially pleased Sir Monier, and quite regardless of whether there would be enough to go round he would take a handful and place them on the table round his plate, when there was not room enough on it.

One day there were not enough to go round and the head steward came behind Sir Monier's chair, dug a fork into one of his spare buns and walked off with it. Sir Monier was furious, the steward pretended not to hear and carried the bun to the man waiting for it, then came back full of apologies, saying he had no idea the buns belonged to Sir Monier; he thought they were some spare ones on the table by mistake!

Sir Monier had a mouthful of shark-like teeth that did the most extraordinary things on their own account; when excited he champed them up and down; after one of his buns was taken away he champed furiously.

CHAPTER VIII

THE AFGHAN WAR

Letters from Afghanistan—Two Brilliant Engagements—On the Way to Kabul—March of 236 miles in 15 Days—An Afghan's Grave—Battle of Kandahar—My Husband's Company Leads the Attack—Wounded—Attacked Again—Saved by a Drummer Boy—Letters from Sir Frederick Roberts—The Maiwand Disaster—Colonel West Ridgeway Sends a Telegram—The Night Before Majuba—Fighting with One Boot—The Empress of Austria—Hunting with the Pytchley—Captain Bay Middleton, Her Pilot—Prince Kinsky in Her Suite—Racing at Hopping Hill—Hunting in Ireland—The Empress's Sympathy—Death of Prince Rudolph—Assassination of the Empress Elisabeth—Curses that have Borne Effect.

MY husband's letters during the Afghan War were full of interest. I have a few of them before me as I write, also many from friends taking part in that campaign, some of whom are living to-day, but many alas are dead.

The first letters I received from my partner, after the regiment's departure for the front, were full of the fuss and excitement attending the movement of troops on active service: telling how ardent young subalterns anxious to begin campaigning, insisted on washing and eating out of the same basin long before there was any necessity for such drastic measures: how some officers and men put up with the necessary and inevitable discomforts with a good grace, whilst others did not. In another letter later I am told of jealous squabbles which arose amongst the politicals, of some remarkably petty reprisals, mistakes made by commanding officers and generals, of long marches and bitter cold.

The Gordon Highlanders played a conspicuous part in that campaign and were amongst those with Lord (then Sir Frederick) Roberts on his memorable march

from Kabul to Kandahar. The story of this campaign has been so often told by men of knowledge and experience in military strategy and tactics that it would be futile for me to wrestle with it, besides which I am not trying to write history, but merely reminiscences of some of the history-makers it has been my pleasure to know. I therefore pass on with the all-embracing remark that my husband took part in every action that was fought on the road to and from Kabul, up to the time he was wounded on September 1st at the battle of Kandahar.

I gather from his letters that the storming of the Peiwar Kotal and the fighting before Sherpur were the most critical of the engagements in which he "did his bit" on the way to Kabul: of his own doings he says little, but is full of appreciation and praise for other people, especially his brother officers, giving occasional graphic descriptions of what really took place, which is not altogether in accordance with the published accounts.

He expresses the opinion in one letter that the Peiwar Kotal was one of Sir Frederick Roberts' most brilliant engagements. I give the following extracts from his letters that I think are interesting.

They raise no ghosts of the past that are better forgotten, but give vivid little glimpses of life in that splendid march from Kabul to Kandahar which still ranks as one of the achievements of the British Army. In one letter dated August 10th, 1880, he says: "I wish I could find time to write a diary of this march, for it is of an unusual nature, and if successful, will probably appear in history for the benefit of the rising generation. The wisdom of the venture, for venture it is, has been much discussed. Whether it is wise or unwise, or the only thing to be done, happily does not rest with me, I have to do as I am told, and here I am, one of the 10,000 men in good health and spirits looking forward to reaching Kandahar in the prescribed time.

"What is unusual about this forced march is the fact that after to-day we shall be completely cut off from

any supports or help, we shall have no base, but be entirely self-supporting. We are in the happy unconsciousness of not knowing, from day to day, what is before us; we are making for a town supposed to be held by our troops, but after the unfortunate affair at Khush-ki-Nakhud (Maiwand), which will have encouraged the enemy around Kandahar, it is uncertain what we may find; therein lies the interest.

"Not only shall we after to-day be cut off from Kabul but consequently India also. Probably letters will be delayed, and Heaven only knows when I may hear from you again. . . .

"After leaving Ghuzni, H—— tells me, will be the most critical time for us, as we shall then have to find food and forage wherever we may halt."

A little later I read, "Our marches are very fatiguing, not from the distance we cover, that being only from sixteen to eighteen miles a day, but from the long halts and waiting in the sun, while the baggage comes up, it being most important we should all keep together. The sun is very powerful, more so than I expected, and although we are mostly pretty fit and hard, when we reached camp last night, both Highlanders and 23rd Pioneers were so exhausted they threw themselves down as they were supperless and slept. We had only marched sixteen miles, which was, of course, nothing to most of us, but we were fourteen hours under arms.

"At the present moment we are camping close to the spot where we were last October when on our way to Kabul.

"We have, I think, an exceptionally strong staff of transport officers, Colonel Lowe is their chief. Naturally our transport arrangements are of the utmost importance. As a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, so we are only as strong as our weakest man or mule; the strong have to wait for the weak, this is what makes our march so trying.

"Sir Frederick Roberts has issued stringent orders as to the care of baggage animals, pointing out the

success of the march depends greatly on them; he does not mean again to try working the poor beast without food and care, leaving our line strewn with the dead and dying. We have no camels with us now, they are useless for forced marches. I hope the C.O.'s will play up and help the transport officers, by seeing to the loading of the animals, for as you know it is not purely a matter of feeding that keeps ponies and mules up to the mark, it is proper adjustments of loads, avoiding sore backs," etc.

Later, "In Camp Kelat-i-Ghilzai, August 23rd, 1880. To-day we have passed through some country where opposition was expected. We met none. This helps the rapidity of our march.

"Counting our starting-point as the Bala Hissar we have now covered 236 miles in 15 days, averaging some 15 miles and a bit per day. Nothing wonderful, you may say, neither is it, for a regiment alone, but remember in addition to 18,000 souls, counting camp followers, we have at least 9000 baggage animals of sorts and kinds, carrying heavy loads over rough and often cruel ground. Take also into consideration, that we have not yet had one day's halt, to which I may add, last but not least, the troops are in splendid health (speaking generally) and the transport animals with very little amiss, you will then consider, as I do, that it has been a wonderful feat towards the accomplishment of which all have done their best.

"We passed an interesting Afghan grave a march or two back. I shall try and get a photograph of it for you, by and by. At Ghuzni we passed the tomb of Mahmood, the at one time King of Ghuzni, which used to be a powerful city. Its glory has now departed as well as its valiant king, who invaded India no less than eleven times. His tomb lies in a picturesque and peaceful spot and is well preserved. Wonderful to relate the tiger skin that Vigne declared was the largest he had ever seen, still hangs outside the gates and walls, that surround the tomb. The walls and general surroundings are in a tumble-down state,

which is a pity, only the tomb itself is in good preservation. Here and there are illuminated inscriptions and some uncommon carving, the Kufie inscriptions being perhaps in the best state of preservation.

"The Gates of Somnath, which Nott carried away to India some forty or fifty years ago, have been replaced by carved doors of sandalwood, or something like it. The horseshoes nailed about the walls are in such profusion that if they are anything like as lucky as you would have me believe the old gentleman must indeed be in luck's way wherever he may be!

"The old days of last December when we were fighting against such great odds at Sherpur were vividly recalled a few nights ago by reading in the Field Force Orders a little notice to the effect that 'Lieut.-General Sir Fred. Roberts feels sure the whole Kabul Field Force will share with him, his sorrow and regret on learning the sad news of the death of Lieut.-Colonel Cleland, 9th Lancers, the result of the dangerous wounds he received on the 11th of December last while gallantly leading his distinguished regiment against the enemy. After many months of suffering Colonel Cleland has died at Murree.' The 'In Memoriam' continued with expressions of sympathy with the officers and men of the 9th Lancers, who by his death have been deprived of a gallant and promising officer."

My husband adds: "Cleland was very popular, and I think everyone will be sorry."

"None of us are looking very handsome just now, our faces and hands are burnt brown, both being ornamented by many blisters. Some of us are beginning to feel our short allowance of sleep, also the extremes of temperature. In the early morning when we start our march the thermometer often registers 45° in the open air, while at four or five o'clock in the evening it stands at 100° in a double-flap tent.

"The last few marches we have been up at 1 a.m. and marching by 2.30 so as to get the rearguard in before dark, and give the troops time to prepare their

food before turning in about 7.30. It has been my fate several times to be sent back a few miles at the end of my day's march, to help in bringing in stragglers. Some of our followers are wanting in grit and will if they get a chance wander off into some quiet corner and go to sleep quite regardless of the consequences, which may easily mean, being left behind and made into mincemeat by the Afghans. Occasionally some do contrive to get left behind, and if by chance they live to overtake us tell all sorts of weird tales of their experiences.

" While here we are going to add three hundred or so camels to our transport, as well as a number of donkeys, the latter are useful for carrying the men who are unable to walk.

" General Hugh Gough's Cavalry Brigade have done fine work throughout our march, always scouting ahead, leaving us to march in peace without fear of sudden attack.

" I am one of the few who have not suffered from blistered feet, thanks to your silk socks, which I soap well and wear inside my other regimental ones. I am afraid some of the last you knitted for me have gone astray, you might register the next. Bought silk socks are useless."

The next letter, that may possibly hold some interest for others as well as myself, is dated " Sept. 3rd, 1880. Kandahar."

" Our march is now a thing of the past, but a splendid performance for so large a force, carrying with it all the sick and supplies.

" We arrived here on 30th August. Our Brigade consisted of the 92nd Highlanders, 2nd Ghoorkas, 23rd and 24th Native Infantry. There was a little fighting in which we took no part the same afternoon, a few shells dropped about our camp but did little harm.

" I was out on picket last night and had a good view of the country, at daybreak could plainly see Ayoob's troops busily taking up their different positions, and

swarms of white-clad Ghazis going off to a big village, on a mound, which was evidently an important position.

"At 7 a.m. I was relieved from picket, went down and had a good feed. At 8 a.m. we paraded, and then we, the 1st Brigade, consisting of the troops already mentioned, went forth on our way to the back of a hill, where we were to wait for the artillery to begin, being greeted *en route* by a smart fire of shells and a few round shot.

"We could easily get to the top of this hill and look over. It was a pretty sight to see the 40-pounders, a field battery, and the screw guns all at work on the pass, where some of Ayoob's guns were, and at the village in front.

"After about twenty minutes of this we went out and were soon behind a high wall which screened our movements. Here Major White directed my company (the leading one) to extend, file out beyond the wall and front turn, which he said would bring me facing the position to be carried, Dick Cunyngham's Company to be on my left, the Ghoorkas on his left again. I did as I was told and got into the open, where I soon found it was all a mistake and I was under a very hot fire, with the company 'end on' as it were. They got puzzled and crowded under some low walls, thereby drawing artillery fire in a dangerous manner. Just then White galloped up, and told me, he had made a mistake owing to a map being wrong, or something, but I managed to change front, and we went at and into the village with a rush, the Ghoorkas close to us. On the roof-tops and among the huts, we had some hottish fighting as the Afghans could not get out. At one place there was a little courtyard with a very narrow passage leading up to it. I led the way into this, calling on my men to follow me. On rounding a corner I found myself face to face with about twenty Afghans. I had got a bit too far ahead of my men, had in fact got well into the open yard with only one drummer near me, before the men came up. I tried

to dodge behind a wall for a moment, until the men got up, when we could make a rush together; a bullet now caught me on my hip, sending me head over heels, sword one way, helmet another. Two of my men dragged me out of the way and the yard was cleared at the point of the bayonet. Two of my company, Dennis and Roddick, carried me to another part of the village which the Ghoorkas had occupied. The doolies were not up, and the sun was blazing hot, so they put me into an apparently empty hut, in order that I might have some shade. I thought I saw a movement in a dark corner, but feeling pretty sick and bad, thought it might be imagination. Dennis laid his rifle against the wall to try and put me in a comfortable position, Roddick (a drummer) had his sword sheathed, when a Ghazi dashed out of the dark corner with a yell, and began slashing at me right and left. He hit me fortunately with the flat of his sword, a mighty whack on the head, also hit Dennis on the head and cut his arm. I tried to help him and moved on to my side, when the Ghazi turned on me again, gave me a slash on the back as I lay, this time not the flat of his sword, and was just about to finish me off when Roddick and a Ghoorka shot him, and he fell over me dead.

"I believe I waited in that hut some time, but do not remember much more about it. I was, I knew, in a horrid mess and everything seemed very far away. The next thing I can remember was finding myself in a little cattle shed in the rear, where Dr. Roe was dressing wounded men. I am told I was carried there in a doolie. When my turn came to be examined Roe was not long ripping up my tunic and shirt. My bashed head and cut back were not pleasant, but what worried me most, was the bullet wound in my hip, the bullet had gone unpleasantly near my spine. On examination it was found my life had been saved by a tin of desiccated soup in my haversack." What the wound can have been like at the time I cannot imagine. When I first saw it more than a year after

it was an ugly cicatrix the size of the top of a teacup.

The letter continues, "The man who shot me was not more than four or five yards off at the most. While Roe was sewing up my cuts and making me say things, of which I know you would not approve, there was an alarm from a lookout-man he had prudently placed, so my excitements were not yet over for the day. Roe hastily collected the only five wounded men able to use a rifle and defended the shed against twenty-five for certain, and probably more Ghazis, who had been hidden somewhere, and tried to rush the place. Fortunately they only had swords. So gallantly did Roe and the wounded men fight, not one man got into the place, though they came close up to the walls. After eleven had been satisfactorily accounted for, the rest fled.

"I was in a beastly funk all the time; the prospect of being cut up as I lay in a doolie was not reassuring, and I was absolutely helpless. I got sent off to the field hospital a little later but there was no doctor for several hours. It did not matter so much for me, I was to a certain extent patched up, but some of those around me, were in great misery for a long time. Donald Stewart was brought in with a nasty hole in his leg just below the knee. Luckily for him the bone and arteries have not been damaged, but it was a near thing, just the eighth of an inch either way, and it would have necessitated an amputation.

"After I fell out, the regiment had a desperate fight at a Kotal or pass where the Afghans made their last stand. They (our men) lost heavily, taking a lot of guns at the point of the bayonet. Major White was splendid all through, and how he escaped I cannot tell. Douglas had his horse shot under him. Ayoob's camp and guns fell into their hands, and the victory was complete. We got back our own horse-artillery guns which Ayoob took on 29th July, but they cut the throat of poor Maclean of the Artillery, who had been a prisoner, and well treated for over a month. When

found his body was quite warm, he had evidently been killed at the last moment.

"White came from Simla to Kabul in four days in the height of the hot weather, and a good thing he did; twelve hours lost anywhere, and he would have been unable to catch the regiment up in time. When he did arrive he did everything, and nobly too. He is returning to take up his appointment again as soon as he can. He had offered to resign but Lord Ripon gave him leave of absence instead.

"Poor Colonel Brownlow, 72nd, was shot dead. He was a splendid fellow, very like White in his manner of leading a regiment, and immensely popular in the 72nd. Captain Stratton of the 22nd, whom you used to dance with at Naini Tal, was killed by a stray Ghazi at the very end of the day. He was good at all games, polo, rowing, cricket, etc., and also a splendid soldier.

"I am very tired now, having also written to my father. Lying down is a painful process as I am obliged to lie on one wound or the other. I do hope I may be well enough to march with the regiment, but at present I cannot even turn in bed, without a good deal of help, and I have always the most fiendish headaches, but that will soon wear off."

I, in common with many others (some of whom expressed their views in writing and others verbally), have considered my husband met with scant justice or appreciation for the clever way he got his company out of a very awkward corner when through Major White's mistake he found himself out in the open under heavy fire. I know he felt this himself, but in a measure it was his own fault, for he was always so modest, amounting almost to self-depreciation, that when friends wished to bring his name forward for recognition he strongly objected, and unless it came spontaneously he would have none of it. He was a man absolutely without any ambition, and particularly disliked any form of self-advertisement. When I urged him to let me reply to some kind letters

I had received from people who had witnessed his action on September 1st at Kandahar, and who were wishful to bring his conduct more prominently to notice, he said he would rather not, he would "leave the self-advertisement business to those who like it." He was so ready himself to acknowledge merit in others, so full of praise for those who did well, it pained us not a little that those who knew best what he deserved should allow the moment to pass without further mention. I have a variety of interesting newspaper cuttings referring to the part my husband took in the battle of Kandahar.

He received the Afghan Medal with three clasps, Kandahar, Kabul, Charasia, also the Kabul to Kandahar March Medal, being also honourably mentioned by Lord Roberts.

I have a tray full of medals won by my husband at different times, but the only military ones are those mentioned above. The rest are for walking, running, jumping and swimming. Amongst others a cross so like the little bronze one "For Valour" that it has sometimes been mistaken for it by people who had never seen the V.C. very close. On the back of this little bronze cross, which is suspended from a green and red striped ribbon, is written, "Bradford Athletic Festival, July 24th, 1869. Two miles walking race won by," etc. etc. Another most imposing decoration in bronze I see was won at the Leeds Athletic Club, the ribbon being purple and black. In a purple velvet case reposes a very large and handsome silver medallion presented by the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava to the best shot in the Royal North Down Rifles, Lord Dufferin being the Colonel.

Other letters I received at this time provided me with food for thought, some of the accounts of the Maiwand disaster on July 27th, 1880, too miserable and full of painful incompetence to bear repeating. A cousin of mine, General Harry Wilkinson, who was one of the youngest generals in the Army, and who had commanded the 16th Lancers for some time, was

one of those who sat on the Board of Enquiry. I received other letters from those who had only visited the battlefield, yet from them I seemed to picture the whole scene. Water so near yet no one knew it! men and horses dying of thirst, our troops coming unexpectedly upon hordes of the enemy without knowing even of their proximity. It seems all like a bad dream, yet before me, as I write, lies documentary evidence.

In one small enclosure were found thirty-three unburied bodies of the men of the 66th Regiment who had stood against the enemy until all were killed, while the rest of the troops were retiring from the field in disorder. Lines of dead artillery horses, showing most instructively what the positions had been. But all that is old history now, and as in the Crimea it was a case of "Somebody Blundered."

In contrast to this I find some amusing accounts and stories of the chief characters taking part on that historic stage. I quote from one letter, "It is very amusing to witness the shifts General Baker is put to in keeping Colonel —— out of the way when anything important has to be done. He was obliged to give the man a brigade on the 13th, but managed so that he had nothing to do. I and the "old man" (my husband) overheard him say in reference to Colonel ——, 'We can't have him in command, he'll play perfect hell with the business,' referring to some hills we had to take on the 12th. The poor old boy gets hopelessly confused in the field, generally says something quite different to what he means, and swears if he is not understood; *en parenthèse* he seldom manages to carry out an order correctly himself."

My husband, when speaking of the way different men gave their orders always spoke of Major White in terms of praise. I observe in one letter he says, "White's orders are always clear and intelligible, he takes care to explain them. Hay is pretty good, but not equal to White."

He then passes on to speak of another brother

officer ; " Dick Cunyngham did splendidly on the 13th. He had been on the sick list and still had a bad foot, but led his men in grand style. Jack Napier also has done very well indeed and is very modest about it. You will have received my telegram by now telling you I am still in the land of the living. How the report got about that I was dead, I don't know, but it was very general. I have been receiving numerous congratulations on being alive ! . . .

" Poor Hamilton is still sick, I hear. If he is unable to take part in the fighting he will be very disappointed, as he is so keen. I am forwarding your letter to him."

The " poor Hamilton " above mentioned is the present Sir Ian Hamilton, of whom I have already written. The " Jack Napier " was another favourite brother officer in the 92nd, to whom I have also already introduced my readers ; he was the second son of the 10th Baron Napier and Etterick. " The Hon. Jack," as most people called him, was an athlete and good with the gloves, as well as being a most amusing person. He is probably well known to a number of my readers.

The White mentioned in many of my letters refers to the late Field-Marshal Sir George White, V.C.

Many kind friends at the front kept me supplied with news of my husband after he was wounded.

The present Sir West Ridgeway, who was then acting as political officer with the Field Force, was the first to send me a telegram of sympathy and to inform me of the hopefulness of my husband's condition. This was followed quickly by another telegram from Sir Frederick Roberts, who was also good enough to write later, after reaching home, saying he was sorry to hear my husband's wounds still troubled him.

Thanks to my husband's wonderful constitution it was not long before he was on his feet once more, but he was never quite the same again after the blow he received on his head from the Ghazi's sword, while he was lying helpless on the ground, suffering from his

other wounds. I heard the drummer boy Roddick won fresh laurels for himself in South Africa and was recommended for the Victoria Cross, but died before he had the pleasure of receiving it, so it was given to his mother. I always think it must be agony to receive the little cross, or any other reward, that would have meant so much to our man in his lifetime. It would only add to my bitter pain, I should feel resentful and want to go and bury it in his grave.

The 92nd Highlanders had arrived at Cawnpore on their way home, when a telegram ordered them off to South Africa. My husband was not one of those on Majuba Hill that fateful February 27th, 1881, he was with the rest of the troops in the Mount Prospect Camp at the foot of the hill. On the night of the 26th the order came that all the troops must lie down in readiness for action, prepared for any occasion that might arise. No one was even to undo a buckle. Speaking of this night, my spouse said, "In fact we were to sleep with one eye open.

"The night was cold and dark, no lights were allowed, everybody threw themselves down and certain musical snorings told me many, if not all, were very shortly asleep.

"My foot had been hurt a few days previously by a horse standing on it. No great harm was done, but it was swollen and painful, preventing me from joining the snoring chorus. At last, unable to bear my boot any longer, I kicked it off my bad foot and went to sleep.

"Suddenly, while not yet properly light, the bugle sounded the alarm. We all scrambled to our feet, treading on each other's faces in our haste. I groped about trying to find my boot, but nowhere could I feel it, so there was no alternative but to go without it. This I did, and fought all day without. Never again did I set eyes on that boot."

While my husband was having all these fine though strenuous times fighting, I was waiting at home.

I think it must have been during the early part of the hunting season of 1876 that I met the Empress of

Austria for the first time, but my dates are rather foggy. At any rate she was renting Cottesbrooke Park and hunting in the Pytchley Country. Most of her suite were at Guilsborough Hall, whilst Count Larish with his family was at Lamport Hall, both close to Cottesbrooke. I do not remember where Captain Middleton stayed or Prince Kinsky, but they were a good deal with the Spencers at Althorp. Perhaps the Middletons were at Newbottle Manor, now I think of it I believe they were. All the houses in that neighbourhood were occupied by sportsmen. Captain Elmhirst, the "Brooksby" of *The Field*, hailed from The Hall, Blisworth, Northampton; now, I am sorry to say, this fine sportsman is sadly broken in health and the saddle knows him no more. But I was meaning to write of that thrice unhappy woman, Elisabeth, Empress of Austria, whose weak and wicked husband has so lately died (November 22nd, 1916), carrying on his intrigues to the time of his death, and leaving in his will considerable sums of money to the woman who played so large a part in the tragedy of the poor Empress's life. Much of the unhappiness was caused by her mother-in-law, the Archduchess Sophia, who was determined to keep all power in her own hands, in which her son, Franz Joseph, through his weakness and vanity, seconded her.

It seems a strange thing that with such an overpowering family pride the Emperor did not try to uphold its better traditions, still more strange that a woman possessed of such spirit as Elisabeth should have allowed herself to be domineered over, either by her husband or his mother, but these poor royal queens are not allowed to have any feelings, or marry whom they please, their children are not their own, they belong to their country; their husbands are not their own, and if they indulge in an extra wife or two, the legal and official wives must carry their heads high, and pretend not to see. At times they must wonder if their very souls are their own.

A little study of the family history of the Hapsburgs

and Wittelsbachs leads one to the conclusion that it could hardly have been expected to be a happy union. Both husband and wife were too nearly related ; also on his side there was hereditary epilepsy and on hers hereditary madness. Her cousin, Ludwig II of Bavaria, suffered from fits of madness, while she herself once tried to end her misery by drowning, being rescued by one of her ladies-in-waiting.

This remarkable woman's appearance in the English hunting field was very memorable. Austria seemed almost as remote and far away a place to the average country squire in those days as does " Ruretania " in *The Prisoner of Zenda* to the schoolboys of to-day. Yet she was an Empress straight from these realms of romance. Imperious and beautiful, flashing across our grass countries in the wake of the dare-devil Bay Middleton. Both superbly mounted, and riding as if they carried spare necks in their pockets. She not only rode hard, but recklessly—for the same reason that so many have ridden recklessly—to leave unpleasant memories behind.

And yet Bay Middleton used to say she could not make a horse gallop, but there he made the mistake of thinking no woman ever could. Be that as it may, he used to get impatient with the Empress and shout out, " Oh, come along, Madame, do come along ! "

What lovers of the music of hounds are there who have not started out in the morning feeling as if all the cares of the churches of Asia were on their shoulders, and returned without a cobweb or a care in their hearts.

The Empress was a magnificent horsewoman. She had devoted much of her time to riding after she left her husband the first time. The Frenchman named Gebhardt gave her lessons, Eliza Renz, a celebrated horsewoman whose acquaintance she had made, also taught her a good deal.

It was during Lord Spencer's second mastership, if I remember rightly, that she came over to hunt in England.

Prince Kinsky who also came over with her selected Captain Middleton of the 12th Lancers (generally known as "Bay Middleton") to act as her pilot. A better choice he could hardly have made, for he was a man of judgment and nerve. He it was who introduced me to the Empress at her request. It was at a meet at Althorp and I was talking to the great sporting parson, Jack Russell, at the moment. What a beautiful woman she was and what a curious mixture of unconventional and imperial dignity, jealous of her rights, yet indifferent to comment. She became a great favourite in England; all admired, while none could help pitying her. I can see her now as I saw her first on the back of a 15.2 dark brown mare with black points, riding in a side-saddle, for it was in the days when riding astride had long been out of fashion and had not yet come in again.

The hats and habits prevalent in 1876 and for many years later look very ridiculous to-day, yet at the time we fancied ourselves, thinking them chic and business-like. How did we keep our hats on, I wonder ? with our hair dressed so elaborately. But now I think of it we did not always keep them on. It was no uncommon sight to see untidy hair and hats gone astray. Then again the habits, the voluminous skirts that required so much skilful arranging, which worried an impetuous mount, longing to be off.

At the end of that first season's hunting in England, the date of which I am now uncertain, Captain Middleton and a few sporting spirits arranged a hunt meeting on Hopping Hill for the amusement of the Empress of Austria. She was so interested in this meeting that she gave two cups to be raced for, one for the followers and subscribers of the hunt, the other for the farmers. It was a great day, surely never were there such a crowd of celebrities gathered together at a hunt meeting.

Both events were to be run in hunting kit over a flagged course, after the fashion of our point-to-point meetings to-day ; that is to say before the war.

All present on that Hopping Hill day will remember it. The extreme simplicity of the arrangements, the picturesque surroundings and everybody in hunting kit. All the country folks for miles round had gathered up for this hastily convened meeting. There was no grand stand, no judge's box, it was just a simple and truly tu-ru-rural meeting, witnessed by some of the most noted people of latter-day English history. The surrounding hills were covered with onlookers, for from there the entire course could be seen, enabling the horses to be watched nearly from start to finish.

At the end of the run home stood a waggon, or hay cart, and a huge flagstaff, to tell the riders it was the winning-post.

The day being bright the Empress drove up in an open carriage and pair, seated beside her was our present Queen Mother (Alexandra), two beautiful and stately women. It must have been a novel sight to the Empress, its very simplicity was so telling, a beautiful day, a rural gathering shorn of all pomp and manufactured spectacular show.

The excitement was greatly enhanced by the Empress presenting two prizes. The first race, to be ridden by the followers and subscribers of the hunt, was won by Captain Middleton on a favourite grey horse named " Piccadilly," which he often rode when leading the Empress. There was wild excitement when the cup was presented to him. Without doubt it was a popular win, and I am pleased to say the gallant grey hailed from Yorkshire, being bred in that sporting county and ridden there in the Holderness country for two or three seasons by that charming sporting parson, the Rev. Cecil Legard,who sold the gee to Captain Middleton, and who is, I am happy to say, still with us.

The farmers' race was won by E. P. Wilson, a very great horseman, better really than Captain Middleton. Wilson was very successful during that period and later in his steeplechase riding. Amongst other races he won the Liverpool on " Voluptuary " in 1884, and

on " Roquefort " in 1885. I believe he is still living. He further immortalized himself by placing the National Hunt Steeplechase record against his name by winning that event on five occasions, all being accomplished on four-year-olds, now not allowed to take part in the contest.

Some wonderful stories were circulated about the Empress when first she came over to hunt in this country. I remember being solemnly told that she had electricity stored on the pommel of her saddle, with which she used to surprise her horses into taking marvellous jumps.

She certainly had one curious habit—of carrying a fan in her hand, it looked strangely out of place in the saddle. She used to hold it up between her face and the crowds who came out to stare at her—ostensibly, of course, to keep the light from hurting her eyes.

It seemed to me that fatigue and the Empress were strangers. After a day's hunting that left most of the followers limp, she would sip some coffee or tea, and do acrobatic exercises !

It was a mystery to me what she lived on, her appetite was so small, like our Queen Alexandra, who eats about as much as a small bird ! The Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin was another who lived on air; I remember once at luncheon her having a private dish of vinegary cabbage cut up in shreds, while the rest of us were having chicken, lobster salad and other agreeable edibles.

The Empress returned to hunt in this country again in 1878–9, this time in Ireland, chiefly with the Meath. I have heard a good story in connection with this visit. If anything was wanting to prove the wandering Empress's keenness this should be convincing.

One day while hunting in Ireland somewhere near Maynooth College the fox made straight for the College and disappeared through a hole in the wall that surrounds the recreation ground, shooting, as she afterwards heard, into the middle of a football

scrimmage hard followed by the pack. Naturally the players were somewhat surprised, but still more so when, almost directly, a horse leapt over the wall after them, ridden by a woman in a dripping habit. This was the Empress Elisabeth, who, rather than lose sight of the hounds, had swum across the river with her mount and then jumped into the College grounds. All were most polite to her, and the head of the College said he was sorry he had nothing better to offer her wherewith to replace her wet habit than his doctor's robes. These she accepted saying something pleasant about hoping she might keep them as a remembrance of the kindness she had received from all at the College.

There was great disappointment at the Viceregal Lodge that the Empress could not be persuaded to pay them a visit. She said she could not spare the time, being in Ireland for hunting.

The third visit the Empress paid to this country was in 1880–1, this time she hunted with Sir Watkin Wynn —the Cheshire and North Shropshire.

It was about this time that I had the grief of losing my little son, and well I remember the kindness of the Empress Elisabeth, and her saying I had the comfort denied to some of knowing what I loved best in the world had been taken while spotless and acceptable in God's sight. Poor woman, she was without doubt thinking of the miserable life of her son, the Archduke Rudolph. My heart went out to her, she must have felt it would have been better if he had died when a baby.

I doubt if many people know what a martyrdom that unhappy woman's life was. She had so looked forward to the advent of her baby and had been robbed of him almost at once, being told he belonged to the state and not to her. It always struck me as rather beautiful the way when her miserable, dissipated wreck of a son died in 1889 she turned to her husband to try and comfort him ; forgetting his infidelities and many unkindnesses in her anxiety to help him to bear

the shock. I am glad she never knew the true story of her son's death; she always believed he died by his own hand in a moment of drunkenness, accepting the newspaper version of suicide, whereas he was killed in a drunken brawl in his own shooting lodge. I am also more than glad that she did not see her son's body until it had been made more natural-looking. The face had been terribly smashed by the blow of a champagne bottle, after which he had been dragged to his bed, where his murdered love, her face also much disfigured, was laid beside him.

Count Graf von Altham, who was in the diplomatic service and an intimate friend of Prince Rudolph, saw the body before any of the Royal family were allowed to see it. He said the Prince's face was most wonderfully pieced together and filled in with wax so as to conceal the traces of the blow from the bottle before the body was placed in a glass case, and the public allowed to walk past as is the custom. So cleverly was this carried out that the stream of people, moving past in single file, noticed nothing amiss.

What led up to this last fatal debauch, was a scene with his wife and his father the Emperor. Prince Rudolph had never cared for his wife, who it will be remembered was Princess Stephanie of Coburg. He considered her plain and unattractive, to add to this he was convinced there would be no male heir. Being a selfish and unrestrained libertine, the Prince's conduct soon became so flagrant that his wife complained to the Emperor and her father. The latter told her she had married for better or for worse and she must put up with it; besides, he did not see what there was to complain about as she was the wife of the Prince and had plenty to eat and drink, money for all her needs, and what more could she want ?

Her father-in-law hardly knew what to do, his own life not being exactly blameless, but he sent for his son and a stormy interview followed, when no doubt, a few mutual recriminations were bandied between them. Then came Queen Victoria's Jubilee and the

Emperor chose the Crown Prince and Princess to represent him in London, but on hearing that the lady with whom the Prince was at the time *épris* had preceded them, the Princess refused to go. The Emperor then told his son he must give up the lady causing all the unpleasantness, and the Prince summoned up sufficient courage to write and tell the Baroness Marie Vetochera that their friendship must end and they must meet no more.

Nevertheless, they did meet, for she was in the hunting-box on the last night of his life and was the lady who lost her life with him. Some time before his death the Prince had been in the habit of taking morphia. His life was one long debauch, even the Vienna cabmen joining in the revels.

After her son's death the Empress became very silent and even more reckless of her life. The Emperor begged her not to go about so much alone as at that time there were so many anarchists he feared her being harmed : she replied, " There are worse things than death." As everyone knows, it was Luccheni the anarchist who killed her. There being no death penalty in the Courts of Geneva, Luccheni suffers what is surely far, far worse, solitary confinement for life. I know if the gentle woman he murdered were with us to-day that man would be free, she would have forgiven him long ago.

Once the Empress asked me who was the best doctor in England.

I answered, " If it is a question of babies send for Dr. G—— of Grosvenor Street, he is very clever and asks what kind of medicine you like best, will tell you all about the duchesses he attends, and the earls who have sold him miserable screws of carriage horses for long sums, which he gladly paid knowing no earl would take him in ! Remember his little weakness is dukes and duchesses."

" Will not an Empress do as well ? " she asked.

I replied I was sure she would be a great treat !

" If you have any ordinary malady do not go to M——

S——, he sometimes forgets when referring to one's anatomy that he is not a vet.

"If you want your nerves soothed and your pulse felt with soft white hands, send for Dr. P—— of Hertford Street, he is cultured and soothing.

"If you want to hear all the latest scandal from drawing-rooms and kitchens send for——" but here we were interrupted. Now all these doctors are dead.

Poor Empress, I liked to see her amused, she had grown so sad latterly. When speaking about the reckless way she used to ride at times, she said she had no fear of death, saying her soul had been dead for so many years it did not matter when her body followed it, and this is what happens when people marry who think in different languages.

To-day the murdered mother lies beside her murdered son in the Capuchin Monastery. And now Franz Joseph has gone. Few monarchs have reigned so long or lived through such a wealth of sorrow. But who are we that we should dare to judge him ?

When the Empress said good-bye to Captain Middleton on leaving England she gave him a ring as a keepsake, saying if ever it went out of his possession some fatality would result. Strange to relate this proved to be correct, for the ring was stolen from him when in Ireland, and although he did not regard it as a talisman, both he and the giver died violent deaths.

Writing of this ring reminds me there is a story told of certain ill-gotten jewels, stolen from some Hindu temple, which found their way into the Hapsburg treasure-chest. All who possessed them came under the curse of the gods, not only those responsible for their removal, but also those who even by accident became the owner of them at once came under the ban of the gods, ending in violent or miserable deaths.

Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette are supposed to have had some of these jewels, they both had their heads cut off. Louis Philippe is likewise supposed to have possessed some, he died an exile. King Alexander and Queen Draga were again punished by being

murdered. Prince Rudolph and his mother. Maximilian shot in Mexico, and many more, all supposed to have owned some of those temple jewels.

Someone told me a short time ago the German Emperor has some of the stolen jewels that carry such trouble with them. If he is wise he will have thrown them into the sea, but then, according to all accounts, that does not do away with the curse.

These curses are very uncanny things. I remember once, on board ship coming home from Egypt, meeting a very nice boy, named Walter Ingram, some relation to the proprietor of *The Illustrated London News*. We all liked him. He was so simple, straightforward, and withal so plucky. He had brought out from England a tiny steam launch, which he and his engineer put together on arrival, and with which they hoped to be able to proceed up the Nile. This hazardous enterprise was attempted with only himself, his engineer and a stoker on board, unless Mr. Prior was with him, but of this I am not quite sure. After they were wrecked he joined Lord Charles Beresford and was present with him in the action of Wad Habeshi above Metemmeh on February 3rd, 1885.

While journeying in Egypt Mr. Ingram had bought a well-preserved mummy, which he sent home in its wax-dipped wrappings. It was on his return journey from the Nile expedition that I met him. Shortly after this he went off on a big-game shooting expedition through Abyssinia and Somaliland, where he was killed by a tiger, elephant or some wild beast and was buried on a small island standing in a river flowing from Somaliland southwards.

His relations at home sent out a man to locate the grave and bring the body back to lie amongst his own kindred, but no trace of the island could be found, although the Somali hunters who had been with the unfortunate man joined in the search. It was then discovered that the island had been completely washed away by a big flood from the Abyssinian mountains.

As poor Mr. Ingram did not return to unpack his Egyptian curios, they were attended to for him, and among other things the mummy was unwrapped. On the latter were found various writings, which were translated by Egyptologists, and were found to be a number of curses to fall on anyone who should disturb the rest of the mummified dead.

"May he be abandoned by the gods. May wild beasts destroy his life on earth, and after his death may the floods of the angered rivers root up his bones, and scatter his dust to the winds of heaven."

I remember a rather funny incident arising out of the famous mummified Princess in the British Museum, which brought disaster to everybody who had anything to do with its transhipment to England. The case created a good deal of public interest at the time, and one of the chief London halfpenny morning papers began giving news articles about it. Each man on the paper who attempted to write the article fell ill, but they continued to "run" the story until the Editor himself was seized with a sudden and mysterious malady, which scared him so much that he decided that not another word was to be written about the mummy. So the "stunt" was hastily dropped, whereupon the sufferers recovered and returned to work much chastened.

CHAPTER IX

BAY MIDDLETON

Bay Middleton—His Riding Weight—Luncheon in the York Refreshment-room—The Archbishop Joins Us—We Ask Him for Information—He is Unable to Give it—Cricket in Ireland—A Visit to Althorp—A Romp and the Result—Captain Middleton's Death—How it Happened—Prince Kinsky Buys "Zoëdone."

THE name of Captain William George Middleton, better known as "Bay" Middleton, recalls many pleasant memories. For smartness it would be difficult to find another trio to compare with the late Empress of Austria, her pilot (Bay Middleton) and their friend, Prince Kinsky: all good-looking, well mounted, and possessing that knowledge, or shall I call it art, that can never be acquired, of knowing what to wear and how to wear it.

At no time can I remember seeing Bay Middleton other than smart. Never a hair out of place, never a crinkle too much or too little in his well-cut and admirably fitting garments. Boots, stocks, ties and all the little etceteras "just so." His figure, tall and well proportioned, lent itself to the showing off of clothes and horses. From the time of his birth in 1846 he appears to have been blessed with the riding thighs and legs so necessary for a firm and graceful seat in the saddle. He was much envied by the round-thighed and round-legged horsemen. The more a man is made after the fashion of the sparrow, the better he looks when mounted.

It has always been a mystery to me how Bay Middleton succeeded in bringing down his weight sufficiently for steeple-chasing, and I wonder if he practised the heroic measures my own good man

struggled with when reducing his weight to ride in India. His methods were a revelation to me. Hitherto I had vaguely thought that if a man grew too fat he docked his beer and banted until his proper proportions were regained. I found, however, that weight-reducing was a very serious matter, not to be undertaken lightly.

I did not think that either Captain Middleton or my husband had any superfluity of substance to reduce : but after a few weeks in India, the latter informed me one day that he wished to be called early as he was going to begin training. At the appointed time his bearer arrived and awakened his master, who was a trifle annoyed in consequence, but would have been more annoyed if he had not done so. While dressing, my good man threw back the purdah between his dressing-room and mine, and conversed with me. I could hardly believe my eyes, for it was in the hot weather, when I saw a thick sweater with long sleeves and a high collar thrown over his head and pulled into place, a coat was donned over this, followed by a variety of pants and trousers, the final touch being a muffler thrown over his head and twisted round his throat. A voice from inside these wraps informed me he was off for a three-mile run ! I was amazed and felt hot merely looking at him, wondering how he could move at all, much less run.

After dressing leisurely I was just preparing to leave my room with a handful of letters and books, when back came my lord, still running, dashed into bed just as he was, seized a dressing-gown of mine (that I rather fancied), wrapped it round his head, dived under the clothes and shouted for hot tea with lemon and no milk or sugar. It all took place in a flash, and I was still standing staring in wonderment when a muffled voice drowned in bedclothes and wraps addressed me, " Put some more warm things on me." This process in varying forms of severity took place daily. All invitations were declined, as the sight of other people eating good things that are forbidden to those in training was too much for my man to endure.

He succeeded in riding the required weight, but I was not sorry when the training was over, it made him so irritable. I hope Bay Middleton did not have to go through this ordeal.

The early part of Bay's life was divided between military duties, racing, steeple-chasing, bear-fighting and practical jokes, he being a leading member of the Practical Joke Committee reigning in the sixties and seventies, when such things were not considered bad taste. Now if we asked young men to stay with us and doors had to be barricaded against them at night, I doubt if they would be asked again, yet I know that when Bay and some congenial spirits were staying with friends, it was considered wise to fortify the doors at night. His playful tricks became so well known that when old Lord Strathnairn went to stay at Wentworth with Lord Fitzwilliam and found Bay a fellow-guest, he took the precaution of placing a chest of drawers against his bedroom door.

Captain Middleton married in 1871 Miss Baird, of Rosemount. He did not remain long in the Service after this, retiring at the age of twenty-nine ; it was almost directly afterwards he became the pilot of the Empress of Austria.

There were two things I always regretted about him, one was the way he used at times to lose his temper with horses, and bully them, the other was his deafness. He was only slightly deaf, and when in a room and all was quiet he could hear fairly well ; but in the street, when other people were talking, or when there was music anywhere near, it became necessary to raise your voice considerably. It was easy to see he was hard of hearing for he had that peculiar " all attention " look in his eyes which usually accompanies deafness. I remember one occasion when poor Bay's hardness of hearing made me feel very foolish. A large party of us were staying near York for one of the Yeomanry balls, which were always popular and at which the County were well represented. Eight of us were having luncheon in the station refreshment-room at

York, which was a regular rendezvous at all times when anything was going on in the town. I was the guest of the Rev. George Hustler and his wife ; sitting opposite to me was Captain Middleton; on my right Mr. Hustler, a delightful old sporting parson ; on my left Captain Lascelles of the 9th Lancers. There were several girls amongst our party, and the conversation and laughter was fairly general. From time to time Captain Middleton looked at me enquiringly when he did not catch the joke, and I repeated it to him. He was very sensitive about asking anybody to help him.

In the midst of luncheon the Archbishop of York, Thomson by name, hearing I was in the refreshment-room, came in to give me a message he wished delivered to my mother. He stood by my chair chatting for some time; presently there was a pause, that made itself felt. Searching through my mind for something to say in the way of polite conversation to the great man standing by me in an attitude that all might admire him, I asked, bending my head in the direction of a chicken that Captain Lascelles with his eye-glass screwed firmly into his eye and his brow puckered was endeavouring to carve, " Can you tell me which way up that chicken would run if it were alive and kicking ? " They look so different on a dish. The poor A.B., as we used disrespectfully to call him, looked quite worried and thoughtful, evidently he was as ignorant of housekeeping matters as I was. The whole table giggled in a suppressed manner waiting for his answer. Meanwhile Captain Lascelles was turning the fowl over and over into all sorts of attitudes to illustrate what he thought would be the most natural way for it to run. At last his lordship burst out laughing and said he really did not know. Of course we all laughed, it was the proper thing to do, but I saw Bay Middleton looking at me with questioning eyes. He had not grasped the joke. Horrid moment ! Could I shout it all out, had I enough nerve ? Yes ! it must be done, otherwise he would feel uncomfortable, so I had to explain my silly,

miserable little funniness, and his lordship's reply, at the top of my voice, while everybody stopped to listen.

I felt like a parrot belonging to some relatives of mine, which was turned out of the room during family prayers one morning because it would repeat the relative's petitions to the Almighty. Just as the solemn butler was putting the cage outside the door, the old bird put its head on one side and in its habitual nasal voice said, "I wish I hadn't spoke." That is how I felt in the York refreshment-room.

Writing of people being a little deaf reminds me of a dear old lady, a great friend of mine, who was really very deaf and always used a speaking-tube. She was giving a large garden party; some of her family usually stayed near to assist her in receiving her guests, but on this occasion for a short time she was left alone. I was standing near and saw a family party arrive who had a cousin staying with them home from the Colonies. Our hostess seeing she did not know the man's face addressed some kindly words of welcome to him, and presented him with the mouthpiece of her ear trumpet. A look of terror spread itself over the youth's face while he glanced right and left for a way of escape, but was hurried up by a dig in the ribs from those standing behind him. He then raised the receiver to somewhere near his face and shouted, "Great Scott!" dropped the speaking-tube and hurried on, scarlet in the face and neck, full of sorrow at his awkwardness and anger with his relatives for not having warned him.

Captain Middleton was fond of cricket and formed one of Captain Chandos Leigh's Zingari eleven, which occasionally went to play in Ireland. Bay once caused some amusement when they were playing against the Viceregal Lodge during the Duke of Abercorn's Lord Lieutenancy. It was after dinner, at the Castle, when Sir Chandos, on bended knee and with considerable pomp and ceremony, was in the act of presenting the freedom of the Zingari to the Duchess. Mischievous Bay crept up behind and pinned his

pocket handkerchief on to the coat-tails of the kneeling courtier. Sir Chandos could not think what everybody was laughing at, and felt ruffled, as he was rather fancying both the neatness of his speech and appearance. When he found out the way his otherwise picturesque little ceremony had been turned to ridicule and merriment he was quite angry.

Prince Kinsky was a great admirer of Captain Middleton. He once said, " In my younger days Bay was my beau-ideal of a first-rate rider to hounds, though he had rather a military seat. It was not stiff ; on the contrary, quite elastic. Out hunting he and his horse were a picture worth looking at." Here I agree with the Prince, so long as all was going well, but if a horse displeased Bay the picture was not pretty.

The night before his marriage Captain Middleton gave a dinner at the Café Royal in Regent Street. Some of those who were there speak of it as a " hot night," the scrimmages and bear-fighting surpassing all previous experiences. Prince Kinsky said he fought at least twenty men that night and found his friend Bay the hardest to beat. Captain Middleton was at all times a great favourite. I usually heard him spoken of as " a good sort," and was, I know, a warm-hearted friend.

Prince Kinsky told an amusing story of one of their visits to the Spencers at Althorp, when he and Captain Middleton nearly got themselves into trouble with their romps and high jinks. It happened thus. The ladies had gone to bed. Lord Spencer and the two skylarkers adjourned to the billiard-room. It was not long before the romping began. Bay opened the ball by throwing a lemon across the room at the Prince, who picked it up and returned it with some force. It cannoned off his friend and shot through the half-open door of the adjourning library, now all in darkness. The fighters were somewhat sobered by hearing a tremendous crash, evidently broken glass, and who could tell what else. A catastrophe of some sort. Speechless and with long faces they crept into

the room striking matches to see what they had done. They lighted candles and proceeded to examine the room, finding a valuable carved or china ship, I do not remember which, but worth some thousands of pounds, had been hit, the lemon had smashed through the glass case and embedded itself in the ship. Fearfully and stealthily as though they expected the valuable ornament would arise and reproach them, they examined the amount of damage done, most thankfully coming to the conclusion that beyond the glass case being shattered, nothing serious had resulted. Fighting was suspended for that night.

At the early age of fifty-six poor Bay met his death, on April 9th, 1892, while riding one of his own horses, named "Nightline," in the Midland Sportsman Cup, run in connection with the then annual House of Commons' Steeplechases, at Kineton, Warwickshire. His horse was tired, and so I think was he, for when "Nightline" pecked, on landing over the double, his rider seemed unable to save him. The horse while endeavouring to recover himself threw up his head, as a horse invariably will when in trouble, and caught Captain Middleton on the chin with such force as to break his neck on the spot. He died before the assistance, which was practically at hand, had time to reach him. His death came as a great shock to the sporting public.

The Empress Elisabeth preferred Captain Middleton to any one else as a pilot, having not only faith in his judgments, but a great private regard for him as a faithful and amusing friend. She always addressed him as "Bay," and he greatly valued her friendship.

Many people felt that with his death the hunting field had been deprived of one of its greatest ornaments.

Prince Kinsky, or to give him his full name, Prince Rodolphe Ferdinand Kinsky, was the son of Ferdinand Kinsky and Marie, Princess of Liechtenstein, is partly Austrian and partly Hungarian. He became

very English while over here and almost as well known as in his own country. Now I presume he is fighting against us! He was a sportsman, especially fond of hunting and racing, being no mean performer in the racing saddle.

It was while staying at Combermere with the Duke of Westminster that he saw "Zoëdone" for the first time winning a local steeplechase. So impressed was he with her appearance and form that he became her owner before the sun set, and with her won the Grand National in 1883, riding her himself. "Zoëdone" won in a canter, proving the Prince, or Count as he was at that time, by no means a bad judge of a good horse when he saw it. Only ten ran in this race, the smallest field for the Liverpool since the race was transformed into a handicap in 1843, "Vanguard's" year. The same small number ran, I am told, in 1841 when "Charity" won.

The Prince was a pleased man that day at Liverpool. I am told he rode the race with much judgment, and the little mare jumped splendidly from start to finish, coming home well in advance of "Black Prince."

At one time, indeed for years, the Prince was a member of our English National Hunt Committee and hon. member of the Jockey Club, holding at the same time the much envied position of Chamberlain and Privy Councillor to His Imperial and Royal Majesty the Emperor of Austria-Hungary.

After Captain Middleton died Prince Kinsky wrote an appreciation of him, which appeared in *Gentlemen Riders* as follows:—

"Yes, poor old Bay, he certainly was one of the best friends of my younger days, and although much older than myself liked me, I know, because he loved a boy keen for the horse, keen for the chase, and keen about riding races over a country. Another reason why he took to me from the first was because he thought I could hold my own in a bear fight, an amusement which was in full swing when I first came over to England.

"He was the first man to give me an idea of what straight riding to hounds really meant."

I have been told by Prince Kinsky's admirers that if he had his own choice he would sooner have drawn his sword for England than for Austria and Germany—I wonder!

CHAPTER X

THE PRINCE'S BUTTON-HOLE

Lord Dupplin Joins the Life Guards—Racing—Pigeon Shooting—Paris—Musical Parties—Marie Hay—Prince of Wales in the Champs Elysées—The Prince Asks a Question—My Reply—The Prince Receives a Button-hole—92nd Highlanders Return to England—Return to India—Fire in a Rajah's Palace—The Taj—Sir Alfred and Lady Lyall—Regimental Doctors.

THE first Earl of Kinnoull was so created by James I, described by Sully as the wisest fool in Christendom, and by Macaulay as "made up of two men, a witty well-read scholar, who wrote, disputed and harangued, and a nervous drivelling idiot, who acted."

All the menkind in the family have been staunch supporters of the Crown, and each generation has added its quota to the British Army. The fourth Earl married Lady Blanche Somerset, daughter of the seventh Duke of Beaufort, a most charming woman for whom I often felt sorry as the wild spirits of some of her sons caused her many anxious moments.

My elder brother at one time shared the same tutor at Dupplin as Francis and Fitzroy Hay. I am not sure if Lord Dupplin and my brother were studying there at the same time. All the Hays were good-looking cheery souls. The eldest, Viscount Dupplin, joined the 1st Life Guards as cornet at the age of eighteen, retiring five years later, as the Life Guards was too expensive, when multiplied by the immensity of his own extravagant tastes. I have not often met a man so devoid of all sense of the value of money, even when most desirous of retrenching and going "canny" he had not the faintest idea how to set about it. After

leaving the Guards he devoted his time to what he would probably have described as enjoying himself, though I doubt whether in his search for pleasure he really found it. If so, it must have been transient. Racing, pigeon shooting, billiards and whist were his chief pleasures. He owned some famous race-horses, and at one time promised to become a distinguished member of the Turf Club. "Petrach" was undoubtedly his best horse, a good-looking animal, with power and quality combined, and at his best I think, as a three-year-old; yet this fine horse did not bring him much luck and his racing career was meteoric. I am under the impression he told me that Colonel Farquharson and Colonel Oliphant were part owners with him in this horse, and if my memory does not play me false they paid between £12,000 and £14,000 for him.

The chief races won by "Petrach" for Lord Dupplin were the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger.

Unfortunately there was trouble about the running, and altogether things went wrong, more is the pity, for Lord Dupplin had undeniable talent and an active brain. If circumstances had obliged him to work for his living, and he had owned a stern instead of one of the most indulgent of fathers, he might have given some good account of himself.

I always think regretfully of him as one of the "might-have-beens." "Petrach" was eventually sold to the late Lord Lonsdale, and won the Ascot Cup for him in 1877.

In 1871 Lord Dupplin married Lady Agnes Duff, daughter of the fifth Earl of Fife. It was not altogether a success, and in 1876 they were divorced, Lady Kinnoull taking care of the fragile and delicate little daughter Marie, now the Baroness Herbert von Hindenburg, whose husband was Councillor of the Imperial German Embassy at Rome. She is a capable, clever woman and has written several books.

Unfortunately neither science, literature nor politics had any charm for "Duppy," as his friends called him,

though some of his racing brethren dubbed him "Mollie," chiefly, I imagine, because he was at all times attired in the very latest thing in fashions, even at times creating fashions of his own: his scarlet tie, in particular, without which he would not have been "Duppy." He also affected great-coats with sable collars, very highly scented silk handkerchiefs and so forth. We saw a lot of him at Hurlingham, where he spent much time pigeon-shooting. He fancied himself tremendously as a shot, but those who knew his form better than I did, told me he was more a fashion-plate than a shot. At whist, I believe, few could beat him. He played remarkably well, but it is a game that means late hours, and is not always lucrative.

Then came a time when Lord Dupplin decided that Paris would be a better place for him to live in than London, and it was at a large party in his beautiful rooms in the Champs Elysées, that I last saw him, not long before his death. At that time I was often in Paris with relations of mine, and we frequently went to his musical evenings. Being a brilliant musician and pianist himself, he recognised talent in others, gathering round him all the musical world within reach. His technique was almost professional and as a composer he was quite good, some of his work being remarkable for an amateur.

Lord Dupplin had a large circle of friends and acquaintances. These sporting people usually have a larger following than the long-faced psalm-singers. There were conflicting rumours as to the cause of his death, but I know he had been very ill for a couple of years before he died. Indeed at one of the parties when we were present, in the midst of accompanying a woman with a beautiful voice while she sang, "Voilà ce que je suis sans toi," he was seized with violent internal pain and had to be helped to his room and put to bed by his valet. At intervals he suffered greatly, and on March 10th, 1886, died at the early age of thirty-seven, having diligently sought happiness but never found it.

All the Hays are musical, inherited from their mother's side of the family. Who is there that does not know and like the " Somerset " songs ?

Dear, beautiful, gay Paris, perhaps Lord Dupplin was right in coming to you for his dwelling-place. No city that I have ever seen can compare with your brilliancy. Your Bois de Boulogne before the Grand Prix is run, with its beautiful carriages, beautiful women, frocks and chiffons ; family parties picnicking in the Bois simply for the pleasure of seeing the kaleidoscopic throng going to and from the races. Then, oh then, the drive to Longchamps, but I only dream, so let it be, for in our dreams we are always young, strong and happy.

There is something infectious in the air of Paris. We cast aside our gloom and poker-back dignity, unbend, become bright and buoyant, like the inhabitants of the city, and cease to take too seriously the problems of life. Even the most solemn and righteous churchwardens, the most prim and proper papas become a little human under its influence. Some have been known to give cheery little suppers to bright little friends. Portly old gentlemen wink gentle subdued little winks at one another, then return to their families and take life once more *au grand sérieux*, as our friends over the water would say. Occasionally in this Gay City one comes across those whose names have been household words, now unremembered, and anxious to remain so.

Marie Hay, Lord Dupplin's little daughter, used to stay with him sometimes, but Paris, for any length of time, was not considered good for her. I think his most cherished possession was his beautiful-toned piano, which stood in a large and lofty drawing-room admirably adapted for music. King Edward VII, always kind to those down on their luck, used often to go and see him when in Paris. Was there ever so natural and gracious a king ? Though at that time he was still Prince of Wales. He came to a small musical evening there once when we were among the guests,

and his blending of dignity and bonhomie was charming. A few years later, while at a ball given by the officers of one of the Highland regiments at Parkhurst barracks in the Isle of Wight, I was standing in the middle of the room between some of the dances talking to partners, when someone touched me on the arm, saying, "Do you know you are standing with your back to the Prince?" I turned hastily and made my best curtsey and apologies, H.R.H. smiled and said he quite understood. After one or two pleasant little remarks about my programme being so full, and should he see me at the meet of the hounds at the barracks the following morning, he concluded by saying, "I don't think I have seen you at one of my mother's drawing-rooms lately, have I?" This was quite true, and I was rather put to it for an explanation, so chose the true one, and said, "No, Sir, I cannot afford the frock just now." He was amused and replied, "Oh, but you should, you know, you should." I think that dance was given by the Black Watch, but cannot be certain; it was one of the Highland regiments.

I remember a pretty little incident, one August long ago, at Cowes, between the Prince of Wales and little Hilda Grant, daughter of Mr. Richard Grant, Secretary of the Yacht Squadron. Miss "Fonie" Cust and I were having tea one day with Mr. Grant in his pretty little house close to the Old Castle, now the home of the Royal Yacht Squadron. I forget the name of this little abode, but it was close to the sea and just below "Nubia," where the Godfrey Barings lived. At the time of which I am writing, Mr. Grant was a widower. While we were having tea the Prince of Wales strolled in to see him and joined us. Presently little Hilda Grant passed the window returning from her walk, a dainty little maid of seven or eight summers. Her father beckoned to her to come in. On entering the room she looked round to see if she recognised any of us, and advanced towards me as if to shake hands, but suddenly turned round and going up to the

Prince, made a sweet little curtsey. He shook hands with her and asked, "Do you know me. Who am I?" With wide-open eyes riveted on his face, she answered, "Yes, you are Mr. Prince." He was delighted with this self-composed and pretty little maid and asked if he might have a flower out of the tiny posy she carried in her hand. They were hanging their heads and looking rather sad, but without a vestige of awkwardness she spread her treasures on the ground, chose a little yellow rosebud with a piece of fern and handed them to him. He asked her to place them in his button-hole for him while he sat on a low chair within her reach and held out the lapel of his coat to assist her. How they managed it I do not know, but suddenly she clasped her hands together and burst into a merry peal of laughter, for the head of the rosebud had broken off and fallen on the floor with a plop. She was anxious to go out and search for a fresh one, but was told by her father that it was her tea-time.

I congratulated my old friend Mr. Grant on his daughter's manners and self-possession. He said she saw so many people it prevented her becoming gauche or shy. This little person is now the wife of Sir Charles Hilton Seely, member for the Mansfield Division of Notts.

Francis Hay, a younger brother of Lord Dupplin's, was a popular and cheery soul. He had chosen the navy as his profession. If I remember rightly I heard him say something about having had a difference with his commander, after which he became a captain on a P. and O. He also died quite young, being only thirty-one. I remember taking him and his brother Fitzroy, the late Earl of Kinnoull, to a dance at Lupton, near Torquay. I was spending the winter there, and had been asked by the late Sir Bernard and Lady Samuelson to take a party of young people to their dance. Both Francis and Fitzroy were splendid dancers and fond of it. They enjoyed themselves so much on this occasion that I could not persuade them

to come away. I think they bribed the band to play extras for them and kept begging me to stop, pleading each time for just one more. I could see plainly that our tired host and hostess wished to go to bed so bade them good night and left my two young friends to come home the best way they could. They came back to Torquay with the band, in the rosy hues of early dawn.

Torquay was very bright that winter; dinners, dances, concerts, and theatricals following one another in quick succession.

I remember getting a little mixed with my invitations, having mislaid one or two cards, amongst them one from the Wilsons of Rigmaden Park, who were spending the winter at Lunedale, Torquay. I felt sure I remembered the date, so drove up to their door in one of my best Sunday-go-to-meeting frocks, only to find a forbidding darkness about the house and grounds which struck me as strange. What struck me as still more strange was the long time I waited before the door was answered.

At last the footman arrived, followed shortly by the butler with big owl-like eyes but perfect manners. I suggested that I had been asked to dinner, the footman looked frightened and backed into the hall. The butler then came forward and explained that the dinner was on the morrow. I was full of apology for having so stupidly made a mistake and was about to depart when Mr. Christopher Wilson, the son, came to the door and said his people were dining out and he was all alone and having a mutton chop, otherwise he would have asked me to come in and share it. We laughed over my silly mistake and I returned home, leaving Mr. Wilson to finish his dinner in peace.

At last in 1881 came the news that the 92nd Highlanders were coming home. My husband broke it gently to me that I must not expect to see them land at Southampton looking very spick and span, as many of them had little left after three years of campaigning

except spats and umbrellas, which is what they proposed landing in. All those at home in any way connected with the regiment went to stay at Southampton to welcome it. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon addressed them as soon as they left the ship, also Major White, the latter saying he wished he had been with them in South Africa, but could not be spared from his staff appointment.

We were a large party at the chief hotel near the landing-stage, and all were merry and bright.

Soon after the return of the regiment my husband exchanged into the 78th Seaforth Highlanders stationed at Lucknow in India, so back we went to a station within a few miles of Sitapur, the latter, however, being a village while Lucknow was an historic city.

Our voyage out was not eventful. We were rather a dull party on board, but that is not astonishing considering the month was September, about the hottest time in the whole year in the Red Sea. At Suez as usual we met a number of people we knew. I cannot remember passing Suez without meeting people from all parts of the earth in the hotel courtyard. Whom does one not meet out there ? Military big-wigs, who give the impression the whole place belongs to them, statesmen, who explain and are apologetic for being there, persons of various denominations, regarding each other with jackdaw eyes of suspicion, brides and bridegrooms, adventurers, pale-faced and wistful little children on their way home, and lusty-voiced children on their way out. This is the half-way house where the Northern and Western cold aloofness begins to thaw. A man from home may, while looking with eyes of interrogative doubt, answer some kindly meant sociability from an Anglo-Indian or traveller from the south with a lukewarm reply. By the time that superior man reaches Bombay he will grasp the hand in unfeigned delight of any one of any nationality who will speak to him in accents kind and mild.

Then there is the opposite stream of good people returning from the East. Commissioners and their

wives, statesmen, military doctors, lawyers from Bombay who have made untold sums pleading cases for rich rajahs, and many others who have been holding positions of importance, carrying their heads high in consequence. At Suez, a little of the mantle of their greatness falls from them ; the cosmopolitan crowd is even so ignorant as not to recognise them. Visions of home arise where they will be one of the crowd, jostled here and there and of no particular importance. Nobody knows they have arrived at Suez, and nobody would care if they had not.

Many times I have entertained myself watching people in this well-run hotel at Suez, under the management of the P. and O. Company, where Greek meets Greek, yet neither feeling quite assured of his position. It is quite diverting.

I missed my little friend, Monsieur Lesseps, on the Canal. He was away with the mosquitoes at Panama.

Lucknow is one of the most delightful stations in India. It is picturesque, with lovely gardens and big shady trees, and it has also a large mixed society, preventing any chance of the weariness and petty quarrels which often arise in a smaller station. A big bungalow was hired for us by an old friend of my husband's, the Rev. J. W. Adams, v.c. In India everybody likes as many letters of the alphabet after their name as possible, though the Padre, bless him, would not have minded if they had been forgotten.

We managed to make the large barn-like buildings look fairly comfortable with treasures brought from home, but which the fish-insects and white ants treat with little respect.

I had very good servants in India, and strange as it may seem, when we arrived at Bombay several who had been in our service while at Sitapur presented themselves at our hotel asking to be re-engaged. How they knew we were returning to India I have no idea. Other people have told me this has happened to them in exactly the same way.

My head servant, Abdul, a young man who spoke

very fair English, was new. He was responsible for the behaviour of the rest, and though I understand he waxed rich while in our service, would not allow anybody else to do so beyond a certain limit. I only had two differences of opinion with this little man. One happened thus. I thought both the oil for the lamps and also the tea were going too quickly. Abdul not only looked after the rest of the establishment but constituted himself my special guardian, standing always near my chair or sitting outside the room where I might happen to be, held my keys and looked after the stores and provisions generally.

When I expressed my opinion about the amount of oil and tea being used, with a deep salaam he bowed and placed the keys beside me on my writing-table, requesting me to relieve my humble servant of the responsibility by giving out the stores myself. I replied, " Very good, so I will," finding to my infinite dismay that I could make neither of the commodities in question go nearly as far as my " humble servant " had done, so I put a brave face on it and gave back the keys, saying I could not make the things last any longer than he, Abdul, had done. The little man was wreathed in smiles and, bowing low, took the keys and disappeared. The fact was, I suppose, that either they had another key or else some dodge by which they got in, perhaps they took out some of the wood from the big doors of the store cupboard, but that I do not know. All I can vouch for was that the things went very fast, but faster when I gave them out than when Abdul did.

The other occasion, when our relations were strained, was in connection with my English maid, whom I had taken out with me. The servants were very jealous and did their utmost to make me dissatisfied with and distrustful of her. I think she kept her eye on the dessert and such-like dainty comestibles, which was thwarting and annoying.

After a variety of complaints and suggestions that she was not honest, there came a climax one day when I had passed a sleepless night and was feeling irritable.

My bearer, Abdul, came to me saying he wished to prove how dishonest my English servant was, and would I come with him and demand to see what was in one of her boxes. I replied "Certainly," and went to my maid's room. It was rather awkward for me, but she was a very good girl as far as her work was concerned, and very honest. So I explained what the servants had been saying and that, of course, it was false, but the best way to put an end to the gossip would be for her to open her box and make the natives ashamed of themselves, as three of them had now appeared with tales of her misdoings. The poor girl, Smith by name, opened her box at once with a key from her pocket, and there, lying just on top, were the very things my servants had accused her of having stolen, namely, some silk night garments and other things of that nature. She first turned very white then burst out laughing. I could see plainly it was a got-up case by the bearer and his brethren, who had arranged this little surprise. So I turned angrily on them and told Abdul he, or some one known to him, had done this thing, and if I found any repetition of such disgraceful conduct I should part with them all and take so much off their wages by way of a fine, and there the matter ended.

I have every reason to be grateful to my Indian servants. They were very attentive and kind to me and more honest than very many English ones that I have met with. While in sickness or sorrow they excel in patient kindness.

The English of some of the native servants is amusing. When a servant comes to ask for employment he presents you with a variety of notes, or "chits," as they are called out there. These are, or purport to be, characters from their former employers. While reading them the owner keeps up a running accompaniment, explaining, "Me Christian! Mem-sahib, me drink brandysh (brandy), eaty meats and swear like the Captain Sahib." I have been told a rather funny story which I believe is quite true.

A servant had been engaged and taken up-country. He soon asked for leave to go and bury his wife, imploring his master to advance him some money for the funeral expenses, saying, "Please give some money quick as she will not kip!"

A merry subaltern I once knew, who is now a big official, so I dare not give his name in connection with this story, when first he joined his regiment in India, took delight in teaching his young bearer English sentences and little "mots," which of course the native did not understand. This was all very well and quite funny, until Sir Frederick Haines, then Commander-in-Chief, riding past the bungalow one day asked the bearer if his master was at home, and received in reply, "Not for Jo."

Being anxious to see the Taj Mahal at Agra, a friend who knew the Rajah owning the palace there asked him if he would lend it to me while staying in that city. He very kindly placed it at my disposal, being elsewhere himself at the time. The pleasure of this visit was much spoilt by what might have been an awkwardness of some importance.

My maid, wishing to air the mattresses, without which none travel in India, stood them up in front of a fire she had lighted in a spacious apartment allotted to her, and left them while she unpacked. On returning she found one had fallen into the fire and was blazing merrily, the whole room and those adjoining being enveloped in smoke. Fortunately I had not left the palace, as we wished to see the Taj by moonlight, so I dashed out of my room and besought the servants to call the Bhistis (water-carriers) to put it out. I was informed they were not on the premises but would be sent for. I then implored our soldier guards marching up and down by the entrance to come and put out the fire, but they said they dare not leave their posts for all the fires in the world. Meanwhile I expected the whole palace to be burnt. A nice little return for His Highness's hospitality!

On my return, after galloping about seeking assist-

ance, my maid informed me the Bhistis had arrived and thrown the mattresses outside, but that not much damage had been done to the building, which was indeed fortunate as the place looked as if it would burn very easily.

The next thing was to break the news to our friend who had borrowed the palace for us, and ask him to convey our profound apologies, and then to try to forget all about it. But I shall always remember the guards' faces when I told them the palace was on fire. I could plainly see they thought it was a plot on our part. They jabbered to one another and sent messengers in every direction except that of the fire.

I had not properly recovered from my shock when we drove out to the marble Taj that night, but soon forgot all my anxieties in wonderment. This dazzlingly beautiful building has often been both photographed and described, but neither conveys a true impression of the place ; for it is not entirely the structural beauty of the building that is so arresting: the cool white marble, the jewelled screen, the four minarets ; it is the atmosphere and many whispers that strike you dumb. First there is the influence of the wondrous moon, not like even our glorious harvest moon, but the unchallengeable moon of the East, that lures you from your bed speaking of things that know not words, the something that is neither prayer nor praise, but akin to both. Then that profound silence, those mystic shadows, the spirit that dwells around that tomb, telling of the mighty, soulful love that could not rest until it had found expression in the erection of the most beautiful tomb Shah Jehan could conceive as a memorial to his supreme love.

I have stood in awed silence by that jewel-studded screen, and at the top of the steps leading down to the Taj, and felt a little tremble creep into my hands and heart from emotion as I gazed my fill at the blue-black sky, studded, as it were, with the souls of those who have gone. The reflection of the moon—Taj—sky —and stars, in the ornamental water lying so still and

calm, carried away far, far into the world of faith and love that constrained Shah Jehan to commemorate in such a manner, the chief love of his life. The soul can never be satisfied with anything lower than itself, and who can fathom the depths of that man's feelings? It has always seemed to me he reached the borders of the Great Beyond where only love can dwell.

There is a certain mystery about the East and its people, an undefinable something that we seem to get near but are unable to touch; their faiths are to the individual very real, and nothing can move them. They are not blown about by blasts of vain doctrines as are the people of the West. The Mahometans at their devotions are an impressive sight, their religious fervour, their attitudes of lowly and devout supplication are moving and unequalled.

Lucknow is written large across my brain. I am not sure it is not engraved upon my heart, not entirely because I loved it dearly, or because I was unhappy there. I think it was because while there I contrived in about twelve months to live through a whole lifetime of feelings and experiences, tasting joy, sorrow, suffering, excitement, friendship, disillusions, and for ever staring into the open graves of the exiles who have been with us in the morning, gone by night, and buried next day. I seemed to come in touch with almost every phase of human nature and emotion.

Gaiety, forced gaiety, is the order of the day in India. This must be so, for it is the land of partings, and none of us wish to wear our hearts on our sleeves. We have no business to burden other people with our sorrows, each has enough of his own. While all are kind and friendly to one another, equal exiles in a foreign land, few are really intimate. They meet daily perhaps, are friendly to one another, but the innermost being of their nearest and best-known neighbours is a closed book. We know not and care not who they are, or whence they came, whether married, single, rich or poor, but value them according to the way they help us to pass the time and forget.

I had the bad luck one morning in the cold weather to have a nasty fall. We had been out, my husband and I, in the early dawn, with the hounds, but had not found a jackal who would play the game and go away in a sporting manner, consequently when we returned to our bungalow the ponies were still jumping out of their skins, so my husband suggested we should put them over the jumps in our compound, which were there for the purpose of schooling ponies.

Whether the light was bad or what happened I do not know, but my mount turned a complete somersault with me through the middle of a mud wall. He was one of the cleverest animals we had in the stable and had been over the same jump many times. Poor little beast; he got up so carefully to avoid treading on me and fortunately I kept the reins. I heard my lord say, "My God, she's broken her neck this time!" But I had done nothing of the kind, though my collar-bone was broken and I was rather badly hurt by the saddle. In consequence I was very ill and laid up a long time. It was then I had my first experience of regimental doctors, and from the bottom of my heart pitied the soldiers and their wives left to their tender mercies. After this accident the military doctor who came to give an anæsthetic to me fell into a profound slumber of so alcoholic a nature that no one could wake him and another had to be fetched. Lady Lyall used to be very good to me and sit with me when the rest of the world and their wives were dancing, playing tennis and listening to the band. Her husband being at that time Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Provinces and Chief Commissioner of Oude. Both Sir Alfred and his wife were very kind to me. The former was an emotional man, fond of music and poetry. Indeed, he was no mean poet himself. He gave me the impression of being one of the few men holding appointments in India who were really interested, heart and soul, in her people. He did much valuable work in India, especially as Foreign Secretary to the Government during the time of the Afghan War.

In 1880 Lord Ripon sent his name up for the honour of a Knighthood of the Bath, expressing it as his opinion Mr. Lyall's invaluable services were deserving of it. There appears to have been some little demur about conferring the Knighthood, but Lord Ripon, at all times most faithful to those who worked with him, wrote home to Lord Hartington, saying he should be deeply hurt and disappointed if Mr. Lyall's work was not acknowledged and that he would feel " utterly ashamed " to accept any thanks himself unless the man who had really deserved praise much more than he did received some suitable acknowledgment. This letter decided the matter and Mr. Lyall was created K.C.B.

Sir Alfred's artistic temperament was responsible for his restlessness and little discontents, he being one of the most highly cultured and imaginative of men I met in India. Always striving after something, he knew not quite what, a discontent or shall I say dissatisfaction with himself and his work, combined with a distinct knowledge of his own power, was the cause of that peculiar slackness and depression so often noticeable in connection with brilliant brains. Their minds soar to heights from which their bodies and the conditions of life hold them back, for which words have not yet been coined, which in expression give peace to the soul.

He prophesied what has come true, namely, that the civilisation we have been at such pains to instil into the people of India has not been an unmixed blessing to them, having resulted, as he said it would, in the higher classes leaving their own country for Paris and London, where they find pleasure and spend money. Nevertheless he was distinctly in sympathy with the natives.

Asiatics look like simple trusting children and we all begin our lives in India feeling rather sorry for the natives, and think perhaps they should be allowed some sort of self-government, but after a while change our minds as we see what a long time it must be before

they would reap any benefit either for themselves or for others.

Lord Tennyson thought some of Sir Alfred's verses charming, and congratulated him on them, but the author of them thought they were only fit for a magazine. He was a dreamer and loved his books. Lady Lyall was one of the most unselfish women I ever met. With gratitude I remember her goodness to me in India.

In those days it was a terrible thing to be ill out there, as there were no proper nurses to be had. Soldiers' wives were pressed into the service, and I was unlucky in those sent to me. One not only helped herself to many of my belongings, but had an insatiable appetite. My bearer would stagger into the woman's room, next to mine, with a tray laden with fish, curry, eggs, toast, and little what-nots. When the decks were cleared, she came in to me bursting and breathless, saying she was not a good breakfast eater, but she had managed to "bolt an egg." The doctors also were a holy terror. I was much impressed with some on board ship with me on one of my voyages. They were *en route* for Alexandria after the bombardment, and the senior officer boasted to me one evening that he had not opened a medical book for twelve years, and laughed at having to begin again with such work as lay before him. I was so horrified at his callousness I for the moment forgot Talleyrand's advice that speech was meant as a cloak for one's real feelings, and retorted, "I would be ashamed to say so if I were you!"

CHAPTER XI

SIR DONALD STEWART

An Indian Hot Weather—Brain-fever Birds—Hunting the Jackal—In the Hospitals—Church Services under Punkahs—A Sunset Procession—Sir Donald Stewart—Carries His Own Tail—Lady Stewart's Adventures—Young Sir Donald—In America—Sells Ducks and Chickens—As Police Officer—Commissioner in Kumassi—Sir Claude de Crespigny Stays with Him—Captain Sir Donald Stewart's Death.

OUR day minds and our night minds are quite different things, that is the conclusion I came to during my first hot weather in India. Happenings of the day that have troubled us not at all assume gigantic proportions at night, while things that have troubled us during the day become intolerable during a sleepless night, when that blessed spiritual regeneration of sleep is denied us.

The hot weather takes a fiendish delight in making us sleepy but refusing us sleep. "The night time of the Body is the day time of the soul," when we *can* sleep, for then we pass into another world and leave our earthly bodies for a tiny space—a veil is drawn over our sorrows and pains, giving us strength to bear our burdens.

An Indian day is full and varied, providing much food for thought during sleepless nights when an iron band seems to be tightening and tightening round our heads, and the brain-fever bird outside mocks us with its ascending vocal scale until it reaches the harsh, shrill top note of its ambition and then begins again. I have been told that when this bird reaches the desired high note it falls backwards off its perch, but this must surely be a traveller's tale. I wish they did fall off their perch, they might then be a little longer before starting the same wearisome notes over and

over again. You determine you will not listen, but find yourself waiting for each note and following the unmusical cadences. The days seem packed with tragedy and comedy treading quickly on each other's heels, each day seemingly alike yet all so different. The following account of one day out of my life in the land of regrets is typical of many. It was during the cold weather, and I had unfortunately acquired the habit of sleeplessness, a legacy from the long hot nights, and was thankful when in the grey dawn I heard the far-away cry in the City of Lucknow calling the faithful to prayer. This was followed quickly by the bearer bringing my early tea, after which I hurried into my habit and rode away some three miles to a meet of the newly imported fox-hounds, who still suffered a little from the indignity of being requested to hunt jackal. During these early morning gallops I could never bring myself to ride regardless over the Indian crops. It seemed to me so selfish of men and women only seeking sport and pleasure to ride ruthlessly over the land where some poor patient natives had toiled single-handed, with one miserable tool or hand instrument, to render fruitful their plots of land close to their village homes. This they did by the construction of endless little irrigation tunnels over which it was impossible to ride without making leakages and trampling down the young grain. The difference between the way riders have to respect the farmers' crops in English hunting countries, and the way they gallop over Indian fields with utter callousness is a matter the authorities in India might well bestir themselves to put down.

About 8 o'clock the sun became too hot for pleasure or scent, and I returned to bathe, dress and breakfast. My good man having returned from his work and parade we were able to breakfast together, after which I interviewed the khandsama (cook), reduced the total of his previous day's supposed expenditure on his catering by about half, which left him a good margin of profit and with which he always appeared content.

I was then at liberty to walk across to the regimental hospitals under the protection of a big sun umbrella, dirt colour outside and green within.

The sick men, women and children look forward to a visit and I always made a point of putting on some bright colours and dressing nicely for these visits, knowing how a touch of colour and a dainty toilet benefit the patients; they feel worlds better and brighter after a visit from someone in gay garments rather than in dull or black, although they may not be able to locate exactly the reason. I have experienced the feeling when I have been ill so know all about it.

After an hour or two in those hospitals I have often seen, heard and felt enough to fill a three-volumed novel and still have some material to spare. On the day that is present in my mind, I entered the large, bare, lonesome-looking barrack building bearing the dignified title of Women's Hospital. The beds stood in rows, backs to the wall, with a small rough table beside each. The windows were high up in the walls so that no patient could see out.

The first bed I came to was occupied by quite a grand lady, a sergeant's wife with rings on her fingers and much pomatumed hair, attired in a gaudy dressing-jacket. This invalid was sitting up, feeling quite perky and voluble. She at once gave me to understand hospital was no place for her and she was not there because she could not afford to stay in her own house, or because she was very ill, but because the regiment had a silly rule obliging all who were ill or about to increase the population being removed to this place; no one was allowed to be ill in quarters. Of course she had brought her own servant with her, the ayah had in fact just finished dressing her hair. The hospital food she could not touch, but her husband sent nice things over to her every day. It may appear as if this patient would not want to be visited, yet her pleasure was plainly visible, she loved explaining about her exalted position and showing off her pretty things. I explained to her a new pattern for knitting

her baby's socks and, leaving her quite happy, moved on to the next bed where lay what had once been a girl ; she was now sixteen years of age and had been married twelve months to a private in the regiment, her father being in the Artillery at the other side of the station. Girls mature quickly in India. This child had presented her husband with twins the day before my visit, the poor little miseries were being washed by a kindly soldier's wife in a tin basin resting on the stone carpetless floor at her feet close to the mother's bed. I looked from the bed to the babies and back from the babies to the bed. Who would go first ? The poor blue pinched wee humanities wailing piteously, or the little mother crying silent tears in her weakness at being unable to do anything for her long-looked-for treasures whose plaintive cries tortured her. Here was one of those cases that always troubled me. I could not sit by her and utter words of deception and promise of speedy recovery, it would have been too cruel ; neither did I like to talk to her of the Great White Day that was to be hers so soon, for she gave me no opening, never asking if I thought she was going to get better as many do when very ill, or enquiring what I thought of her babies. So while feeling a horrid moral coward, knowing she had not long to live and wondering if she realised it, I spoke of the cold draughty room so unsuitable for the toilet of newly born infants, and promised to send a stove by which their little bodies and clothes could be warmed. As I left the hospital after visiting a variety of other patients, I turned to look once more at the child-wife ; her eyes were fixed upon me. I smiled back at her and I thought I saw the faintest flicker of a smile in return.

Then came the men's hospital. Here some were well enough to be amused and cheered by the latest news from outside, how the adjutant's horse had run away with him on parade, the latest pranks of our pet monkey, etc. They in turn told me funny tales which I treasured up in my memory to recount to other sick soldiers another day.

During my journey down the hospital from bed to bed I was quite as often entertained by my friends as they were by me. I reserved my last visit for a bed at the end of a building, where I knew I should find a very sick man. He had been in that quiet corner for many days, but would not be there much longer. I asked him if he would not be glad when all his weariness, pains and disappointments were over. He replied, " I should like to have lived a little longer." Many have expressed that same wish to me when they have been dying and I have wondered not once but many times that it should be so. In a weak subdued voice he talked of the old folk at home. He feared they would " greet " when he was gone. I took his hand between mine and held it while we spoke of things seen and unseen, then I gently stroked back his hair from off his cold damp forehead. I have known this simple little act bring untold comfort to many lonely men and women far from all who love them, waiting on the shore for the good ship *Redemption*.

One rough diamond with tears in his eyes told me he felt " less lonely and nervous like " after my taking his hand, it reminded him of home and mother ; and what a simple little thing—the human touch to ease the passing of a soul. I glanced at the card hanging above the sick man's bed on which was inscribed his name, his medicine and the food allowed him. Milk and boiled chicken were mentioned as desirable nourishing dainties. The patient dozed, so glancing round my eyes travelled to the small table by the bed on which various things had been spilt. A tumbler had some milk in the bottom, various previous allowances had left dried rings inside the glass, and tear-stains outside. On an enamel plate sprawled the grey-blue leg of a boiled chicken, no attempt had been made to press it into comely form, it lay as though in protest against its unshapely nakedness and lack of modest white drapery. Small wonder it remained on the plate unheeded until thrown outside by the hospital orderly for the crows to quarrel over.

I returned to our bungalow to write the letters I had promised to send for my sick friends of the morning, and to dress for a luncheon-party we were giving. Another dress and another smile were necessary now, all sad thoughts must be banished, I must be bright, laugh, joke and take part in the would-be gaiety with which we deceive and lull ourselves into thinking we are happy and have an abiding city in the best of all possible worlds. At luncheon, riddles are asked, scandals related, if you will allow them at your table, meetings arranged, dances promised to partners at coming balls, which, by the way, is a most reprehensible practice in the East, it being by no means uncommon for a woman to enter a ballroom with her programme full, which is not quite fair in a land where men predominate.

Our luncheon lasted a long time, after which more people came to call. I talked platitudes for an hour or more, gave them tea and coffee. And at sunset the cosmopolitan crowd buzzed off to watch polo, listen to the band, or read the papers in the Chatter Manzil, once the King of Oudh's palace, now a club and general rendezvous. All were gone, and I was alone once more. A tempting chair in the verandah made me rest awhile and dream a tiny dream or two, when suddenly I was roused from my reverie by the "Dead March in Saul" and the usual evening procession coming down the Mall from the Church, headed by a gun-carriage covered with the Union Jack on which lay a feather bonnet and sword.

The music ceased suddenly, and I was glad, then the the sad, sad wail of the pipes broke upon the stillness of the coming night, and I wanted to run away somewhere, far from everybody and everything and spend the rest of my life in prayer for the souls of those lonely bodies borne in this long procession. After the pipers came another and yet another gun-carriage bearing its silent draped freight, followed by a charger being led with empty saddle and long boots reversed in the stirrups, then the bomb, bomb of the "March in Saul"

again began its requiem. At last all have passed on their way to the cemetery with high walls so that no jackal may wander into God's Acre and disturb the sleepers.

Once when I was very ill in bed for some time, from a horse having rolled over me during my sojourn in Lucknow, I used to dread that sunset procession. The cholera was rampant at one time and the processions seemed unending. Try as we may to keep from thinking in India we cannot escape from our thoughts during sleepless nights when all our doubts and fears descend upon us in a magnified form and we have to hold tight on to our faith lest we lose it altogether and abandon ourselves to fatalism.

After the funeral processions on the day I am endeavouring to describe, I drove down to the club with my husband to read the papers and talk to my friends. I gazed in wonder at the leafless cotton trees beside the Mall, yesterday brown and bare, to-day a blaze of short-lived scarlet flowers, something between a water-lily and a large convolvulus, the ground a crimson carpet of fallen blossoms. A dinner-party and a dance brought this day to an end. Some of the same band who played the solemn march in the afternoon made merry music to which we danced. Then came bed and prayers for sleep and oblivion for a space.

I wrote to Calcutta for a portable oil-stove for the comfort of the hospital patients, but it arrived too late to benefit the twins or their mother, for they joined the sad procession at sundown the following evening.

That stove was the occasion of harsh words between myself and the chief medical officer, for he turned it out of the hospital on to the verandah, saying, if I made "the hospital too comfortable it would always be full," so on the verandah it remained for some time until one day a bad case which interested the profession arrived in hospital, and somehow the stove crept in and there it remained.

During the hot weather every movement was an

exertion, but I struggled valiantly to church with the heat registering 102° in the shade of our verandah. To English minds the service was a novel one. The Padre read the lessons while fanning himself with a palm leaf, a therm-antidote whirled and whizzed about in a vain endeavour to keep us cool. A perspiring crowd of men chiefly from the 10th Hussars acted as choir and finding voice in spite of the heat. The Padre in the pulpit with his medals and Victoria Cross pinned on outside his surplice. Unprotestingly we watched the toads and frogs lop up the aisle to the damp near the therm-antidote, the punkahs swinging backwards and forwards unceasingly. The 10th Hussars sat on the opposite side of the aisle to the Seaforths, and when we all stood up to sing hymns it amused me in a languid sort of way to watch some of the tall men like Lord Airlie, Colonel Wood and Captain Brabazon having their hair swept backwards and forwards by the flapping of the punkahs. How it must have worried them, for I think they all prided themselves on their smart and well-groomed appearance.

Colonel West Ridgeway, Under-Secretary to the Government of India about this time, and his wife were enjoying the beautiful climate of the hills, moving from Calcutta to Simla with the Viceregal party. They had very kindly asked me to stay with them for a while to escape the rest of the hot weather. My husband, who could only get short leave, preferred going to Naini Tal, being nearer for him than journeying to Simla.

It was very blessed to breathe fresh air again and there were a goodly crowd of interesting people up among the rhododendron-clad hills. The Ripons had no young people of their own but there were generally a number of friends staying with them.

The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Donald Stewart, his wife and family were bright and cheery. There was a large party of them, all good-looking and always ready to join in any form of amusement.

Sir Donald was a wonderful instance of what can be done with perseverance and determination, minus push and self-advertisement. He said that at the age of sixteen he joined a native regiment with nothing but his pay and his sword, yet when I first knew him, he was Commander-in-Chief with a family of good-looking sons and daughters.

Modesty was one of his chief characteristics, some of his friends thought him too diffident. Lord Ripon told me he considered him one of the most modest and unselfish of men. How many would have given the Command of the March from Kabul to Kandahar to another when in a position and anxious to undertake it themselves?

My husband in his letters from Afghanistan also told me it was quite touching the way Sir Donald effaced his own desires for the advancement of his old friend Sir Frederick Roberts, adding, "He has gone out of his way to avoid putting little Bobs's nose out of joint," it sounds rather disrespectful, but that was the way it was described to me. In the same letter I am told that Sir Donald knows how to carry his own tail and does it very effectively. I gathered amongst other things that there had been a little hitch on his arrival at Kabul in consequence of Lord Lytton having sent Mr. Lepel Griffin as political agent to Northern Afghanistan in supreme control of the political situation and in direct communication with the Viceroy. This dual control Sir Donald considered was neither wise nor consistent with his dignity, he therefore wrote firmly and in parliamentary language to the Viceroy explaining his views, and that if the arrangement was unalterable he would like to be relieved of his command. There appears to have been silence for a time and then Mr. Griffin was told that while supreme he must of course have the approval of Sir Donald Stewart on all points. After this all went well.

It was the custom in those days, and may be still for all I know to the contrary, to send a political

officer with every general on a campaign in India. In the opinion of many people this has led to controversy, and in some cases good work done by the Army has been rendered useless from the interference of the political officer. When we go to war with any other country we do not send a political officer with our generals. For instance, when Lord Kitchener went to Khartoum he was not accompanied by a political; the practice seems to be peculiar to India.

When speaking to Captain Stewart once about his father's career and success in life, I remarked how very modest, almost deprecatory he was about himself. His son said, " Yes, he is. Do you know that when he was appointed Commander-in-Chief (without having been consulted about it, by the way) he said he could not believe it, there were so many men better qualified for so important a post." This interested me and I suggested that he was probably one of the very few men in India who did not consider they held all the necessary qualifications and were only receiving their due !

I asked Sir Donald if it was true that he was with Lord Mayo when he was murdered on the Andaman Islands. " Yes," he replied, " I was quite a young man at the time, and had a strange feeling, a sort of intuition that something was going to happen, and begged the Viceroy to go about with a proper escort, but he would take no care. For this reason I kept as near him as possible, and so it happened that I was close to him when the deed was done, but as it all occurred in a flash, there was no chance of averting it; and I believe the gentleman intended to bag me too, but somehow this little surprise miscarried."

Many people have told me they thought Sir Donald gruff and bad-mannered : he certainly was very outspoken and at times looked rather fierce; this idea was conveyed by his bright eyes shining from under bristling and shaggy eyebrows, like untidy little haystacks. In reality he was kind-hearted, full of

humour and of a bright, happy nature, which made him loved by all his family.

It was he who inaugurated that happy plan and habit of never seeing anybody he passed on the Mall at Simla. In small hill stations it is most fatiguing for big officials like Viceroys and Commanders-in-Chief to be obliged to bow and scrape to everybody they meet, one perpetual taking off of their hats, and he thought it would be a saving of trouble for everybody concerned if he sailed along and saw nobody. At first this caused surprise and some heart-burnings. People did not like being passed by and no notice taken of them any more than if they had been little dogs wagging their tails, but they soon learned to be grateful to him, understanding the common sense of the idea.

When Sir Donald was appointed Governor of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, after the death of Sir Patrick Grant, I asked Lady Stewart if she was pleased, and if she liked the idea. The reply was "No! Everybody dies when they go there." It was difficult to find a cheering and suitable reply as it is true that nobody goes there until the end of their days, so to speak, this being the last compliment paid them in their lifetime.

Lady Stewart and I were comparing notes one day as to who had experienced the most adventures in our lives. I maintained I had and so did she. At first certainly hers were the most thrilling and her last experience threw some of mine into the shade, but mine made a bigger total.

Among the chief of Lady Stewart's adventures was one day early in her married life, her palanquin bearers put her down and ran away leaving her in the road, which is exactly what happened to me once, only in my case no smart young man came to my rescue. Lady Stewart was more fortunate, a kind and chivalrous youth, who happened to be passing in a carriage or buggy, immediately he saw her plight got out and placed the vehicle at her disposal, continuing on foot himself. It turned out to be Lieutenant

Roberts, late Lord Roberts, who, after this meeting, became a lifelong friend of the Stewarts.

Another of my friend's adventures happened when she was on her way home to England with some of her young family, in the days when travelling was most primitive. Several hundreds of miles had to be traversed in an open boat down a river full of rapids and dangerous rocks. They had the misfortune to be wrecked, and when rescued the mattresses, children and, I believe, Lady Stewart—then Mrs. Stewart—were all floating about in the barge, boat, or whatever the thing was. This sort of experiences is all very well when alone and nobody to think of but oneself, but with small children it becomes quite another story, most terrifying and nerve-shattering.

But the most alarming of all her mishaps was reserved for after her return to England. When on her way from Scotland, where they had been renting a shooting at Tarland in Aberdeenshire, Lady Stewart and her daughter, Lady Jenner, left the North by the Scotch Express on the night of October the 31st, 1892, I think. All went well and both were sleeping when towards morning, on nearing Thirsk in Yorkshire, they ran into a heavily laden goods train. The collision was so violent that the front part of the express was completely wrecked, throwing the line into dreadful confusion. The sleeping-car occupied by Lady Stewart and her daughter was completely telescoped by the carriage ahead, tearing one side of the coach bodily out and flinging poor Lady Stewart, mattress and all, on to the line, while her daughter on the other side remained untouched. It was marvellous that my dear old friend was not killed from shock alone; her spine and one leg were a good deal hurt, but with her usual pluck she made light of it and continued her journey home the same day, though feeling very ill, and had to remain in bed for weeks, never really making a complete recovery. I was sitting by her bedside one afternoon and asked her about the accident, but she could not bear to talk of it.

Sir Claude de Crespigny, speaking of Lady Stewart not long ago, pleased me by saying he considered her undoubtedly one of the most charming old ladies of her time, with which I entirely agree. I always remember with affection her many kindnesses to me, and regret she is no longer with us.

The Stewarts had a number of lifelong friends, which is not surprising; they were a most attractive family with their unpretentiousness and simplicity.

The two Sir Donalds in this family were rather confusing. Lady Stewart's husband, of whom I have been writing, was Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart, Bt., and his son was Sir Donald Stewart, K.C.M.G.; the latter being a brother-officer of my husband's in the 92nd Highlanders, and was wounded at the Battle of Kandahar the same day as my man, both being in hospital together. "Donny," as we all called him, was a great, handsome fellow and very strong. I have heard it remarked that he was one of the strongest men in the army; he stood about 6 feet 2 inches, was well set up and broad. Being popular and having a large heart and love for his fellow-creatures as well as sport, his finances were often a little strained. His father helped him once or twice, till at last "Donny" came to the conclusion the best thing he could do was to leave the service. He had been acting A.D.C. to his father when Commander-in-Chief before they left India.

I think he then went to America and for a time I lost sight of him, at any rate after a while a letter came from America telling me he was selling chickens off a barrow in New York. A friend of mine met him outside one of the big hotels there with a handcart laden with ducks and chickens. I tried to picture dear, beautiful, smart Donny selling his wares; it was amusing but incredible, especially as I am told he stood by his barrow in a battered silk hat, flannel trousers and frock-coat, without which peculiar kit no one could hope to do any business; as he amusingly

explained, he would have been regarded as no class at all amongst the other vendors. Donny's devoted mother used her influence with Lord Roberts on her son's behalf and in consequence he was appointed to the Police in West Africa, becoming political officer to the Ashanti Expedition, and at the time of his death from fever in 1905 was Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of the East African Protectorate. He practically died at the beginning of his career. There was no doubt he had considerable ability, and had he lived would surely have made his mark. He carried with him through his short life the same happy cheerful spirit that had made so many friends for his father. As a subaltern in the 92nd Highlanders, as A.D.C. to his father, poultry-farmer, political officer, Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of the East African Protectorate, he was hard-working, straightforward and always ready with a friendly hand to help anyone in trouble. Nothing could exceed his generosity and hospitality. Sir Claude de Crespigny had been staying in Kumassi with him for some time before he died.

Sir Donald, as my friend had now become on being appointed Chief of the East African Protectorate, had been ill for some little time from fever and a chill brought on by standing in water when shooting. Had not the doctors said he was going on quite well Sir Claude would never have left him, and he was greatly grieved and shocked on reaching home to receive a cable saying poor Donny was dead.

Several times I have been told that Sir Donald was one of the best, indeed some have said *the* best Commissioner East Africa has ever seen.

There is a medallion at Kumassi, let into the wall of the post office, that is a most excellent likeness of him, and Sir Claude de Crespigny caused a memorial brass to be placed in the crypt of St. Paul's to the memory of his old friend, on which is inscribed :

CAPTAIN SIR DONALD WILLIAM STEWART, K.C.M.G.,
GORDON HIGHLANDERS
SON OF FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DONALD STEWART, BART.
SERVED IN THE AFGHAN WAR, 1879–80.
SEVERELY WOUNDED.
TRANSVAAL WAR, 1881. SOUDAN, 1884–5.
BRITISH RESIDENT AT KUMASSI,
COMMISSIONER AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF,
BRITISH EAST AFRICA.
BORN 1860, DIED IN SERVICE AT NAIROBI, 1905.

This memorial is quite near the marble placed in the crypt to the memory of his father, the Field-Marshal, and near that of Nelson, and Charles Reade, the novelist.

When Lord Roberts unveiled the memorial to Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart, a pick-pocket during the ceremony took the opportunity to annex a gold presentation watch from young Sir Donald. I have heard that the latter was the only man to have all three bronze stars, Roberts, Ashanti and Khedive's.

CHAPTER XII

OFF TO EGYPT

My Young Brother as War Correspondent—The Great Savile Lumley—Off to Cairo— Landing at Ismailia—I Sit Amongst Horses' Buckets and Hay—Donkey Ride with a General—Shepheard's Hotel—Lord Hay of Kinfauns—Colonel George Harvey and His Wife—General Valentine Baker—His Daughter—Wounded at El Teb—The 10th Hussars off to the Front Salute Their Old Colonel.

A FRIEND asked me long ago which of all the countries I have been in I liked the best. There was no occasion for me to pause and think, even for a moment, for Egypt, that land of mystery and mighty dead, holds me in thrall. Egypt and Rome have atmospheres entirely their own, romance of the past and present-day civilisation intermingled, something that appeals profoundly to us, that defies speech. In Egypt especially we seem to feel that we are near some great hidden truths, some soulful discoveries, but cannot get near enough for touch, though in the twilight, when all is bathed in orange and gold, we sometimes creep very close.

One of my most thrilling visits to Egypt was in 1885, just after poor Gordon was done to death at Khartoum. My youngest brother was very anxious to see some of the stirring events, some of the great battles taking place in the Soudan, but not being a soldier did not know how it could be done. He and I put our heads together, and I suggested possibly it might be worked if we could get him on to some paper as correspondent. He jumped at the idea. I therefore wrote a little note to my kind friend Mr. Augustus Savile Lumley, the great Savile who always helped everybody and did not fail me. Within twenty-four hours my brother had in his pocket the magic card

that would act as a passport anywhere, but before going on our journey to Egypt I must acknowledge my indebtedness to my friend, and have a little parley about him, for he was a great character. His name was a thing to conjure with, and not to know this popular person was to label oneself unknown. When I first met him he was past the first heyday of his youth, and was struggling manfully to keep his figure in symmetrical proportions with the rather severe restrictions of Dame Corset.

When first I married nobody thought their ball could be a success without him ; he was *the* cotillion leader of the Victorian Era. People with daughters to introduce eagerly sought his help. If he assisted them their efforts were generally crowned with success, without it, the people wasted their time and money ; entertainers scrambled for his help, anybody fortunate enough to attract his attention was made at once, for he knew the game from A to Z, and thoroughly enjoyed it too. Nothing bored him.

I regarded him as one of the best of the butterflies of that period. He was the hero of many strange tales, and also had many to relate of other folk. He knew all the gossip from Court to kitchen and has amused me by the hour, yet never did I hear him repeat an unkind story or tell one in an unkind way, though he managed to relate endless amusing anecdotes of people and things. I liked him for four reasons : first, for his good-natured, kindly chatter ; secondly, for the amount of trouble he would take to help those who sought his aid ; thirdly, for the faultlessness of his attire ; and last, though by no means least, for his refined and ever dainty mode of speech ; his manners were most courtly at all times.

He told me a stern parent had put him in the Army when a youth, although it was not the profession of his choice. In many ways the rôle of Guardsman must have suited him admirably, but while an extremely good-tempered man, he was very determined, and when he held views not altogether in sympathy

with his colonel, was not inclined to give way. Therefore after a while he left the service and the First Life Guards saw him no more. He went abroad to study art and languages. While thus improving his education in Italy he was thrust into prison, being taken for a Prussian spy.

He had a distinct leaning towards art, and before the end of his reign painted a picture that was hung in the Academy. Perhaps what he loved best was painting portraits of pretty ladies. I thought the ladies rather liked it too. He certainly had a large field from which to make his selections of beauties.

Those who could count themselves his friends were lucky. He was loyal and would put himself to great inconvenience without a murmur to help those he cared for, be they man, woman or child. He was on intimate terms with kings, emperors, artists, actors, and society with a very big "S," Napoleon the Third, Metternich, the Empress of Russia, and other notable people.

At one time I believe he went into the City, which always sounds so mysterious and often is, though it is now quite the fashionable thing to do.

I wondered latterly how he could nip about so nimbly on the lightest of toes with such a wonderful waist. I have heard he used to go long walking tours, perhaps that was when his figure had other proportions.

He remained a bachelor to the end of his days, dying at the early age of 58 in 1887. Many will, I think, agree with me that he died much too soon, being one of those kindly, bright people who radiate some of their joy of life on those around them.

Now I must place my other memories of this good old friend somewhere for safety, and where I can find them again, and go on to Egypt with my brother Percy. He was anxious I should go with him, partly because the doctors wished me to be in a warm dry climate during the cold early spring months, and partly

because I knew so many of the people out there taking part in the Soudan Campaign.

Haste was my brother's primary object, so hurriedly throwing some garments into a dress-basket, I declared myself ready to start. As we drove to the station black-edged English papers were being sold in the streets in mourning for poor betrayed Gordon, whose death was that day announced. The whole country had been in suspense for some weeks, wondering if the splendid fanatic would be able to hold out until help reached him. He had been besieged five months, and we all knew the chances were against him, but we hoped, until it was no use hoping any longer.

We sailed in a P. & O., and hearing that some horses, hay and provisions were going to be moved from our steamer into barges in the Suez Canal and then landed at Ismailia, my brother asked the captain if he would allow us to be landed at the same time, so as to save days more travelling. He very kindly gave his consent, but told me he feared I should find it very rough work. Near Lake Timsah we anchored in a siding cut in the bank of the Canal, and the horses were lowered by a crane into the barges; poor things, it was no use protesting, and they must have felt horribly sick and frightened. I began to wonder if that treatment would be applied to me. I watched with much interest the horses being packed close together in rows in the barges and the huge blocks of hay being stowed away, wondering where I should be expected to sit or stand, for indeed there seemed no room anywhere. I was determined I would not ask any questions for fear it might be thought I was grumbling or ungrateful when the skipper had made the arrangement for us to go with these loads. The last three horses were being swung out over the barge standing longside, when orders were given for the gangway and ladder to be let down for me. I felt relieved, and after many expressions of regret at parting, and thanks for kindnesses had been exchanged

between us, the skipper and other passengers, I descended and found a bucket turned upside down had been placed for me to sit upon. I was painfully near the heels of some of my four-footed companions, but they were packed too tight to be able to do much harm. I observed with much more dismay the nearness of the water, which in such a heavily laden barge was fairly lapping the gunwale or whatever they call the edge of a barge, but I hoped for the best.

We were already in touch with matters of moment and interest that my brother could write about for his paper. I made mental notes, keeping one eye on the nearness of the water and the other on a big black horse towering above me as I sat on my bucket turned almost under his body.

Horses are generally friendly with me, and I soon ceased to be anxious, little knowing what was in store for me. On arrival at Ismailia a large place had been roped in where we were to land. I naturally wished to efface myself as much as possible so as to give no trouble or take up anybody's valuable time, so remained quietly on my bucket while the horses were all turned loose and the bales of hay, buckets and harness tied together in huge bundles were in turn thrown ashore. Horses are, as a rule, anxious to do all that is required of them if they only know what our pleasure may be, but when one man gives them a spank behind urging them to get out of the way, another puts his fist in their faces for being too pushing, and when clattering buckets are thrown in heaps on the ground close to their heads or heels, or occasionally on top of their backs, it is small wonder they become bewildered and wild.

I shall never forget that landing. I should probably have been killed by any other animals, but horses and I are good friends. My brother was anxious to tear off to catch General Arbuthnot, who he heard was starting away up-country at once. I told him to go on by all means, I would follow with the horses and the hay. A transport officer, perspiring and unshaven, khaki-

coloured from face to boots, informed me there was a little inn on the place where everybody was staying and I had better make my way there, warning me I should find it a weary tramp in the sand. It was no use grunting, there being no alternative.

I suggested that though I could not lift large trusses of hay I could certainly put some halters on the horses and could lead some of them, if by so doing I should be any help. I led the procession with my big black friend whom I had conversed with on the barge. He made no sort of protest, and most of the rest followed him meekly. Some of the poor beasties were looking rather sadly. I think they had suffered on the voyage, and the swinging on board the barges must have made them feel sick. Horses, I know, suffer much from sea-sickness, and are denied the relief permitted to human beings.

When we reached the little inn I found my brother there. He had seen the General, and had been told none of us could go on until the next morning, that the place was cram full of soldiers and more expected that night, and there was no chance of a bed for me, and not much prospect of any food. He also added there was not another woman on the place but myself, with the exception of the proprietor's wife, who was French.

Being most anxious not to take either food or accommodation required by the hard-worked and tired soldiers, I told my brother to try and get me a few biscuits or something to keep my body and soul together and I would sleep outside under the little verandah. It was evening and I walked round the little hut, for it was not much more. I saw through an open door the General and some officers of sorts sitting at a long wooden trestle table in a small parlour, only large enough to seat twelve people tightly packed. It was quite a squeeze for the men to get to and from their places. As soon as one had finished he got up and went away, when his seat was immediately filled again by someone else who had been waiting for his turn to feed. I observed the wooden and canvas paper-

covered walls or partitions bulging as they squeezed up and down.

All were gobbling away as if life depended on everything being eaten up in five minutes. There was no cloth on the narrow table formed of planks on trestles, in the middle stood a tin basin answering for a soup tureen. I did not see very clearly what was inside it, but it looked as though it might have been second cousin to the English Irish stew. All the hungry, tired-looking men had their eyes glued on their plates; while feeding themselves with spoons in their right hands, their left groped about the middle of the table for a loaf that was being passed up and down, from which each helped themselves in turn. I wandered on and found my brother helping to water the horses. He had captured some biscuits for me and a drink of water. I think they must have been dog biscuits. They were very hard, and had queer-looking odds and ends inside; in one I found a tin-tack.

Presently the landlady came with profuse apologies and regrets at my discomfort, assuring me that at any other time the best of everything should have been placed at my disposal, but now, well now she had not enough for the poor soldiers, and there was nowhere for me to sleep, unless I would condescend to occupy the bed usually used by herself and her husband. I told her I could not dream of doing that, but was at length persuaded, as she said she would have no time to go to bed. Various kindly offers were made of rigging me up a tent, but I would not hear of it, everybody had quite enough to do without bothering about me.

Having no luggage with me I gladly accepted my landlady's offer of some sleeping garments, and how thankful I was to get off my shoes that were full of sand, but I did not reap much benefit from this as the floor was sanded.

Although very tired I could not sleep much. The horses tethered outside were restless and soldiers tramped about nearly all night. At the first streak of

dawn I looked out of my window, which was a very small square like those seen at times in attics, only in this case near the ground. I wished to see who were the musicians with such unmusical snores. I found rows of soldiers lying asleep close under my window, in all their kit, just as I had seen them when watering the horses the evening before. I hoped so much they had found something to eat. As it grew lighter I observed a black rim round the skirt of my *robe de nuit*. On examination I found it composed of fleas, real ballet dancers, full of agility. Fortunately they do not like me, so I was not as annoyed with them as I should otherwise have been.

My hard-worked and harassed landlady brought me a cup of tea and piece of bread and jam, which I enjoyed in my room. Before long my brother came to say would I go with him to see the camels branded, as he wished to make some notes. I expressed myself as delighted to go with him if only I could get a basin and some water wherewith to wash. He laughed at me, saying nobody had washed, and I must do as others did, so I went with him unwashed, wondering what my landlady usually did, as there was no sign in her bedroom of anything in the nature of cleansing paraphernalia.

The camels were being branded in an enclosed place with high walls and big wooden gates. It was not a pleasant sight, and I found the smell of camels and native drivers overpowering on top of a dinnerless night and breakfastless morning. I told my brother I would wait outside the walls for him, and turned to carry out my intention, when I saw a camel wiggle its neck round like an india-rubber tube and, with one sideways sort of chew, take the top of a man's head off. I suppose matters were more or less balanced now the camel had been branded and did not like it, and the driver had been branded and did not like it, at least if he knew anything about it he would not have liked it. I was feeling so sick and ill I began to think I was going to make an exhibition of myself by fainting, but

managed to stumble outside the gates and there sat down under the shade of a few trees close to the enclosure to await my brother.

On returning to our hotel, shall I call it ? I was met by General Arbuthnot, who informed me it was time for us to go to the station, which was some little distance from our head-quarters, and he had engaged a donkey for me to ride and one for himself. He hoped I did not mind, but there was no saddle, and unless I rode or walked I should not reach the station, there being no other means of transit. Had I been in riding kit I should not have minded how I rode, but was hardly prepared to ride astride in skirts and their usual accompaniments in the face of hundreds of men watching the proceedings. Being determined to make no fuss I said it would be all right. My brother gave me a leg up and I started sitting sideways, balancing myself on the razor-blade back of my little white moke. We went away in great style. Presently the General, who was also saddleless, said, " If you are all right we will push on," and without waiting for answer he bouffed off at a brisk canter, developing into a gallop ; he wore spurs. My donkey of course followed suit, but I did not, for after falling first on its neck and then recovering myself, I fell off head first on the off side into the sand, and relieved of its burden the donkey did a sprint all on its own and disappeared in the direction taken by the General.

I picked myself up, spat out a little sand that had found its way into my mouth, shook some out of my hair and shoes, making up my mind to endure what had gone down the back of my neck. I now proceeded to follow my donkey's footsteps, but had not gone far when to my relief I saw coming towards me General Arbuthnot riding his donkey and leading mine. He was full of concern until he saw I was laughing. Then he explained to me his dismay when on arriving at the station and dismounting to come and help me to do the same he found my donkey without its rider. We both laughed heartily, and I told him I should cer-

tainly ride astride now and so prevent a repetition of my ignominy. This I proceeded to do, and confess it was not graceful, but nobody seemed the least surprised or shocked.

I feared after this delay we might miss our train. I was going to Cairo and my newly found friend to Suakim; but we were now informed there had been some delay and the train for Suakim would not be in for probably an hour or more, and the one for Cairo would be even later. The General had so exhausted himself with anxiety and fuss that he sank down on to a narrow little bench in what answered for ticket office, waiting-room, luggage and telegraph office, and fell asleep still wrapped up in his green gauze veil, blue goggles, and endless little contrivances hanging from him in all directions which he had explained to me were going to be a boon and blessing to him in the near future. There were field-glasses, spoons, knives and forks all growing on one stalk, a drinking-cup that did conjuring tricks, was a looking-glass one moment and a something else the next. They all looked forlorn and *dégagé* now hanging about the sleeping figure with his sun helmet sitting jauntily on one side of his head. I wondered he did not lie on the ground and rest himself instead of endeavouring to balance on a narrow bench, but perhaps that would have been *infra dig.* for a full-blown general. His slumbers did not last long. First one and then another soldier of sorts came to ask questions and have things signed. At last his train came in and I saw him steam away to do or die. I never met him again, and do not even know who he was beyond the fact that he had a most charming manner and gentle persuasive voice, absolutely devoid of any of the knock-you-down, thigh-slapping, feet-wide-apart, bullying manner so repulsive in some of those I have seen in high places, not of course to their equals but to the men. I observed General Arbuthnot once or twice speaking to young officers and men; he was dignified, reserved in manner, yet gentle and pleasant.

My brother and I went on to Cairo and Shepheard's Hotel. We had wired for rooms, and Monsieur Louigi did his best to make us comfortable. I wish all hotels had such obliging managers. The place was crammed with officers and some of their wives come to see them off, as well as a goodly number of visitors there for the winter and their health.

I had not been five minutes on the steps of the hotel before I met a number of men I knew, all in a violent hurry and full of business, for train-loads of troops were being despatched daily to the different fronts. Fortunately one of the first I met was General Sir George Greaves, whom I had known in India, and he took my brother under his wing, promising to give him all the information that circumstances permitted.

Cairo was peculiarly interesting at that time. Every other person we met was taking some active part in those stirring times. At dinner the first evening, in the large dining-room with every corner packed, I observed many faces I knew. As we were leaving the room, someone caught hold of my brother, saying, "Hullo, what are you doing here?" On turning to see who was speaking I found our old friend, Fitzroy Hay, at that time Lord Hay of Kinfauns, of the Egyptian *gendarmerie*, but formerly in the Black Watch.

My brother replied, "I am here as correspondent for one of the London papers." "Oh, are you?" replied Lord Hay. "I am here as co-respondent!" This amused us, as a short time before our arrival he had run away with somebody's wife, and she was, I believe, somewhere in the vicinity at the time.

We saw a good deal of this old friend when in Cairo. He kindly sent his piano into our room to amuse us. He was wearing the uniform of the Egyptian Gendarmerie, which was to him most unbecoming. The only person I ever saw in a tarboosh who looked well in it was Lord Kitchener. It made Lord Hay look quite plain, whereas he was really good-looking. It is the national Egyptian and Turkish head-dress, and nothing

I should have thought could have been more unsuitable, affording no sort of protection to the head from the sun.

I remarked on this once to Lord Kitchener, and he told me the reason it is adopted by Mussulmans, is because it allows them to touch the ground with their foreheads in prayer, which is part of their ritual. Any head-dress with a brim would interfere with this practice.

By the way, it was in Egypt I first met Lord Kitchener, but I must write of him in another chapter, there being so much that was arresting in his character, manners and ways.

I have to thank Egypt for many good friends. When I was left alone in the hotel after my brother had gone on with General Greaves and the troops, Colonel George Harvey and his handsome wife (*née* Craigie-Halkett) took pity on me and asked me to stay with them in their bungalow at Ghezireh, a little way outside Cairo, where their hospitality was unbounded, and I was glad a little later to be able to return it by lending them my house in town for the arrival of the first little Harvey. Colonel Harvey was in the Black Watch and present at the battles of Tel-el-Kebir and El Teb, where his brave deeds won him special mention, and the picture papers portrayed him doing gallant deeds. When he married he left the army and joined Valentine Baker's Egyptian Police. He it was who raised "Harvey's Blacks." He commanded the Sudanese Gendarmerie, and is now Commandant of Police, bearing the title of Harvey Pasha at Alexandria.

Their bungalow at Ghezireh was most artistic. The drawing-room, which was large and lofty, had a hand-painted dado of great depth running all round the room, depicting sporting scenes, from the brush of some artist. Many pleasant evenings have I spent in that room, both my host and hostess being adepts in the art of entertaining. It was during this visit that I drove with Mrs. Harvey to call on General Valentine

Baker and his little daughter. It was soon after the death of his wife and eldest girl from typhoid fever. They died at Shepheard's Hotel. It nearly broke his heart, for during all his troubles when he left the 10th Hussars, his wife had been loyal and would listen to no word against him, cheering him and showing the world no scandal shook her faith in her husband.

I had not seen General Baker since the early days of my marriage, and was hardly prepared for the change I found in him. It was evening in the short twilight when we were shown by a silent-footed Egyptian manservant into a large dim room. The General did not hear us as we entered. He was walking up and down, his hands behind his back, leaning forward with chin on chest, the whole attitude of this big man one of dejection, while his one remaining child, a little fair-haired daughter in short skirts and hair down her back, was sitting on a music-stool before a sweet-toned piano playing from memory some of Mendelssohn's little songs without words, which I think should be called prayers without words. Poor lonely motherless bairn, truly a tragic little figure, with large blue unhappy eyes, and a literally tear-stained face. She saw us first and stopped playing. This attracted her father's attention, and he came forward to greet us, with his sad gentle voice. Could this be the same Valentine Baker I had known in England, patron of the Prince of Wales' Theatre, and dashing cavalry commander, with bright eye and alert manner ? His experiences had indeed left a mark.

Lady Evelyn Baring, Mrs. Harvey and others tried hard to comfort the little Sybil, and have her with them as much as possible, but it was painful to see the child ; she was always with tears in her eyes and heart.

I thought my husband might like to be in the Egyptian Police as the climate suited me. Both General Baker and Colonel Harvey tried to arrange this, and it was practically settled. General Baker thought my husband might have been his private secretary, and I would have looked after his house

and chaperoned his daughter, but at the last moment a change of plans frustrated this nice arrangement, and the daughter went home to a relative to be looked after. Her father did not live long after this, and she then felt more lonely than ever, and in the dangerous position of a rich and unhappy orphan. In 1891 she came to tell me she was going to marry Sir John Carden of Templemore, Ireland. She died in 1911, having had a sad life. I do not think she ever recovered from the shock of her mother's and sister's death in Cairo. It quite upset her nerves and health.

General Valentine Baker, or Baker Pasha, as he was called latterly, died of angina pectoris at Tel-el-Kebir on November 17th, 1887, and was buried with military honours in the English cemetery at Cairo. In a despatch dated December 5th, 1887, from Lord Salisbury to Sir Evelyn Baring, the late Lord Cromer, his lordship expressed the regret of Her Majesty's Government at the news of his death, acknowledging the important services he had rendered to the Egyptian Government.

I have heard people who understand these things say his great military abilities were wasted on the command of a civil force. They were sufficiently great to have made a most brilliant career in our military service.

It was with the 10th Hussars under Colonel Valentine Baker that the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) received his first military training, the regiment being stationed at Hounslow, the Prince and his tutor making their home at the White Lodge, Richmond, meanwhile ; for thirteen years Valentine Baker commanded the regiment, becoming known as " Baker of the Tenth," bringing it to such a state of efficiency that it was the admiration of the whole army.

Being a really keen soldier he preferred learning from practical demonstration rather than from books ; for this reason he managed to be present at most of the great European campaigns. He was in the Austro-Prussian War, also as a spectator in the German-

Franco War, when for a time he was detained as a German spy. Quite a number of my friends and relations appear to have shared this experience.

In 1874 Colonel Baker was appointed Assistant Quartermaster-General at Aldershot, and he was away so much from his regimental duties that the Duke of Cambridge spoke to him about it. Then came the great misfortune of his life. A scandal associated with his name and a lady's, obliging him to leave the regiment he had been instrumental in making so smart, as the Queen had " no longer any use for his services."

There have been various opinions about the rights and wrongs of this case. His wife, whom he had married in 1865, never believed a word of the scandal, remaining a faithful and devoted wife to him up to the day of her death. The Prince of Wales also never forsook his old friend.

After leaving the Tenth he decided to go to the Eastern deserts, which had always had a fascination for him.

General Baker told me one of the greatest disappointments of his life was experienced at the first battle of El Teb, when his Egyptian soldiers either threw down their arms or surrendered to the Arabs.

It was during the second El Teb that he was badly wounded in the face ; he carried a deep scar to the end of his days, and I cannot imagine how he escaped losing his eye, the bullet wound was so close to it.

Well I remember the 10th Hussars leaving Lucknow when ordered to Egypt, nearly all Lucknow went to see them off and bid them au revoir. They were in grand spirits and delighted they were going to have a chance of fighting. The whole regiment had been popular, and although I had been informed they indulged in a certain amount of cheap swagger, I must confess I never saw any of it. The story of " The Tenth don't dance " may have been emblematic once in days long past, but they certainly not only danced but made themselves very agreeable, joining in every sort of amusement for the moment.

Baker Pasha did valuable work in Egypt, and was much missed after his death. I have heard it remarked that he was at times rather a thorn in the side of some of the military authorities, as he held very determined and pronounced views on certain points from which nothing would persuade him to secede, and being in command of the blackies he was more or less independent.

I find it is not generally known that General Baker was offered reinstatement in the English Army but declined it. Neither is it known, and I have been told it is a fact, that when Colonel Wood was commanding the Tenth in Egypt and came across his old friend Baker of the Tenth he ordered the regiment to march past and invited their old Colonel to take the salute.

CHAPTER XIII

LORD KITCHENER

Egypt—Dinner at the British Agency—The Coming K.—Captain Baden-Powell—Prince Blücher—Lord Kitchener—His Character—He Asks for Bucksheesh—And Gets It—Lord Airlie's Coat-of-arms—Lord Kitchener Loses His Cap—Finds It on a Subaltern's Head—Lunches at the J.U.S.C.—Meets a Friend—An Afternoon Call—Plays a Game of Soldiers—Becomes Frightened—Hides—A Lady Loses Her Chignon—Lord Kitchener Finds It—Gordon's Farewell to England—Lord Kitchener is Disappointed—His Death.

DINING at the British Agency in Cairo in 1885 with Sir Evelyn and Lady Baring, I found myself seated between two most interesting people, on my right Colonel Ardagh (later General Sir John Ardagh), at that time D.A.A.G.and Q.M.G. to the expeditionary force in Egypt, on my left Prince Blücher, with whom I had to air my best French. Our conversation turned on who would be the great men of the future. Colonel Ardagh expressed the opinion that Egypt held at that moment some promising young men, and he had noticed they seemed to come in waves and cycles. Looking across the table, he attracted my attention to a well-set-up, good-looking young man absently engaged in making bread pills, speaking seldom, but attentive to all that was passing and looking very dour. I was informed this was "young Kitchener," Colonel Ardagh adding, "There is the coming K. That man will make a mark, and so will Gerry Portal. They are both bound to come to the front. Another man of whom I expect great things is Baden-Powell." This forecast has all come true, thereby proving Colonel Ardagh a judge of character. The Baden-Powell referred to is the present-day Sir Robert, father of the Boy Scout Movement, one of the most useful and far-reaching

institutions of the age. Gerry Portal I shall speak of later. He was in the diplomatic service and working under Sir Evelyn Baring (afterwards Lord Cromer).

After dinner Captain Kitchener was introduced to me. We chatted like the folk in *The Hunting of the Snark*, about thimbles, ploughs and railway-shares. He was reserved and monosyllabic. Even in those early days I felt he was a lonely soul, not in the body, but in the spirit. In later years this impression increased. There grew a look in his eyes of perpetual loneliness. His personality was attractive yet in a measure repellent. He held all at arm's length. I think I gathered my impressions and what I wanted to know, not so much from what he said as what he did not say. His passionless, cold, steely-blue eyes were quite peculiar, one being rather different from the other. I used quite to forget what I was talking about while studying which eye was looking into mine and which at my hair. Not that I mean to suggest for a moment that he squinted or had any sort of deformity, only that his eyes were not equal, and his massive brow shading them gave him an arresting and uncommon appearance.

He gave the impression of being a hard unemotional man, yet I do not feel at all sure this impression is a correct one. He certainly was very canny, not easily taken in or likely to be turned from his own opinion; still less was he a man to be rushed into unconsidered situations. Being a hard worker by temperament he liked other people to keep pace with him. When they failed in this he was apt to be intolerant and looked upon it as shirking. One of his staff told me nobody dare even be ill who had to work with "the Chief" as they called him. His passion for work was one of the most interesting traits in his character, never happy unless studying something to assuage his thirst for knowledge.

Field-telegraphy was one of his first studies in the days of its infancy. Fortunately it did not meet with the same scorn that aircraft suffered when first introduced into this country. The first great work of

Kitchener's life was when he was asked to undertake some Biblical research and exploration in Palestine. This was after his own heart, an open-air life amongst the people who interested him more than all others.

It was difficult to get him to talk of himself, his work or experiences, but I found a way of circumventing his reticence. I had heard he saved the life of a friend working with him in Palestine, and the man's name was Condor ; so one day I said to him while trying to look very innocent, " What a wonderful story that is about all those people whose lives you saved when on your Biblical research work, one man's name was Condy, was it not ? Any relation to Condy's Fluid ? " At first the poor man looked somewhat puzzled, but when I mentioned the name of Condy it dawned on him what I referred to and I heard the story at first hand, but told in such a modest way I had to do a good deal of reading between the lines. Speaking of Mr. Condor he said, " Yes, I was once able to lend him a helping hand when he was in trouble while bathing, and again when the Moslems attacked and nearly throttled him. They objected to our poking our noses into their villages and prowling about amongst their tombs, and chose an opportunity when Condor was alone in his tent to attack him. I went to the rescue, and was only just in time."

From what I gathered the Moslems had the best of the argument, at first at any rate, though they were made to pay for it afterwards ; as both Kitchener and Condor were rather badly hurt. I think it was on this same occasion that the former had to run for his life from a furious and pursuing Sheik who he said had legs as long as his own and an infinitely better wind !

It was not given to everybody to see Lord Kitchener in his lighter moments, yet he enjoyed a joke, as the following will show. A relation of mine was with him in Egypt in 1885, when he reached 30 Mile Hill to meet the returning columns under Redvers Buller. A Greek merchant anxious to capture some trade before the troops reached Korti, went out with boxes

and bales containing many varieties of everyday requisites for sale. After making a number of purchases for the mess, Kitchener addressed the merchant, saying, " I think you now ought to give me some bucksheesh (present) after buying all these things," speaking jokingly of the native habit of always asking for bucksheesh. The Greek merchant, taking it seriously, presented Kitchener with a pot of apple-jelly for which he could find no purchaser. Kitchener was more pleased with that than all the other newly acquired possessions.

This story reminds me of another in connection with the same Greek merchant during that identical visit to the troops. The relation to whom I have already referred bought a small looking-glass as an aid to shaving off some of the overgrowth of the campaign. Lord Airlie of the 10th Hussars going into his tent picked it up, examining himself carefully and critically from right to left for some moments, then addressing himself, said, " Well, David, haven't seen you for some time now, had quite forgotten what an ugly beggar you are." I can well imagine Lord Airlie's feelings when he beheld in the glass his scrubby beard, and red blistered face compared with the neat and well-groomed reflection he had last seen. Poor " David," as his intimate friends in the regiment called him, died at Diamond Hill, Pretoria, in 1900. There could never have been any difficulty about identifying him, as nearly the whole of the upper part of his body was covered with his coat-of-arms tattooed. When I was told of this I thought what a pity it was such a work of art should be hidden from view.

Lord Airlie and I had some great arguments in Lucknow about the advisability of soldiers marrying. He said it was a mistake, that a man lost interest in his profession, and wives persuaded their men to retire from the Army just when they were growing useful. I did not agree with him, and was amused a little later to find he had taken unto himself a wife while still in the service.

Another story of Lord Kitchener, this time in South Africa. I have forgotten the exact details, but this was the gist of it. I presume it must have been in some mess.

A young and joyous subaltern, seeing Lord Kitchener's cap, helmet, or whichever it may have been, on the table, its owner being elsewhere, put it on his own head and proceeded to amuse the rest of the occupants of the room or tent by swaggering about pretending to be Kitchener, all in good part, but of course exaggerating any little peculiarities or habits, his audience rocking with laughter at a wigging being addressed to them from the would-be Kitchener. Meanwhile the real Lord Kitchener had returned in person to look for his cap. Seeing it on the head of the cheeky young subaltern, he quickly put the cap belonging to the acting youth upon his head, it being some sizes too small for the General, and waited until the pantomime should be over. Suddenly the laughter ceased and all the faces grew long, for they had discovered the smiling face of the Chief looking at them round the door with a rakish-looking cap perched on one side of his head. Could it be possible this was the strict and rather alarming commanding officer, looking as if he had been out for the night on a spree ?

A brother-officer who was in the Engineers with Lord Kitchener when first he joined, writing a short time ago about him, said, " He was not regarded as clever or forceful in character as a young man in my batch, but, of course, developed later. . . . A little interview I had with K. when he was at home on leave from the Governorship of Suakim seemed to me to reveal the development of his character. I was lunching at the Junior United Services Club when he came up and shook hands with me. After a time I asked him how he liked being at home, something of a ' lion,' rather fêted and so forth.

" ' It is pleasant enough for a time,' he replied, ' but to tell the truth I like to be in a place where,

when I am called in the morning my man says to me, "Is it your Highness's will that the world shall go round as usual to-day," and I reply, "Yes," whereupon he says, "Your Highness's word shall be obeyed," and it is so.' K. said this with a pleasant smile at himself."

I once saw Lord Kitchener look really frightened. He had come to call on me one afternoon in town and found me in the middle of a game of soldiers with a small son. We had cleared one of the tables in the drawing-room, set up many tin soldiers, and were firing with cannon and peas. Each had large armies and obligingly fired at one another in turns. In the midst of a heavy bombardment Lord Kitchener was announced, he looked on for a short time and then I persuaded him to take my army and fight my son. He declared he could not fight unless we let him have the camel corps which had fallen to my son's share when we drew lots for the soldiers. We let him have them, and learnt a lesson in placing our men so that one pea did not throw a whole regiment on their faces.

It amused me to watch this long-legged soldier shooting peas out of cannon at tin soldiers and looking as if he enjoyed it. I suddenly heard more callers coming upstairs; my son heard them at the same time and said, "Oh, bother, mother, there are more people coming to call, shall we have to stop our game?" Lord Kitchener looked scared at being caught playing soldiers and jumped up saying he must be moving on; but it was too late, the handle of the door rattled and without more ado he plunged headlong into a heavy velvet curtain that hung between the two drawing-rooms, making himself a prisoner, as there was no door out of the far room except through the one we occupied.

I had the greatest difficulty in greeting my friends demurely, indeed I think I must have had a most irritating grin on my visage most of the time they were with me. When the servants brought the tea and went through the curtain for the table I was

prepared for a *débâcle* of some sort, but all that happened was a sound as if a hiccup had gone astray from the butler.

From my son's face I could plainly see he was only awaiting a lull in the conversation to ask why Lord Kitchener was hiding, so I chattered incessantly, leaving no lull, and to make it more safe told my boy to go and have his tea and then come back and finish the game. How glad I was I had taught him he must never interrupt grown-up people when they were talking.

After what seemed an age my guests departed and Lord Kitchener emerged, still looking frightened. I asked him, amidst the laughter I was trying to control, why he had bolted ? He said he did not know, but thought it must have been because he was so upset at being caught playing with soldiers and had lost his head ! By degrees he recovered and joined in my amusement.

There is another story I promised faithfully I would never give away, but now as both the men who were actors in the comedy are, alas ! gone, perhaps I may not be doing wrong in relating it.

There was a lady in Cairo who had a great dislike to Lord Kitchener, and never lost an opportunity of running him down. She was under the impression he had tried to harm her socially : he in return had no tender feelings towards her, indeed I have heard them very rude to one another.

On Sundays the English Church was well attended by all the British Community in Cairo. On the particular Sunday of which I am writing, Lord Kitchener was three pews ahead of me and sitting in the end seat next the aisle. Sir Gerald Portal was one pew ahead and sitting next the aisle also. The service had just begun when Mrs. ——, Lord Kitchener's pet aversion, swaggered up, all sails set. As she passed where I was sitting she dropped her chignon, but sailed on quite unaware of her loss until she sat down in her pew and put up her hand to adjust her bonnet, which missed

its support. Not finding all she was accustomed to, both hands went up to search about, then scarlet in the face she turned round and glared at us all as if we had robbed her of it. She now arose from her seat, put up her parasol and, holding it over her head, marched out of church, looking right and left as she went, in hopes of seeing the missing coiffure : but Sir Gerald had witnessed its fall and quickly swept out one of his long legs, hitched it into his pew and kicked it under the seat almost at my feet. As she passed him going out of church he looked tenderly into her face as much as to say, "I hope you are not feeling indisposed," and as if butter would not melt in his mouth. He had been so quick I do not think anybody but myself had observed his action, and until the lady began groping round her neck and shoulders for the missing article no one knew anything was wrong. When she put up her parasol, however, there was no doubt something was very wrong, as it is not usual in church.

When Sir Gerald went his tour round the church with the offertory plate, I saw him shuffle the chignon on the end of his boot into Lord Kitchener's pew and continue gravely round the church. It was evident that Lord Kitchener was unaware of there being anything unusual in his immediate neighbourhood, and at the end of the service we all trooped out and stood chatting outside for a few minutes. Mrs. —— was outside the church with her parasol held well down to keep the sun off; she was waiting until the service was over to look for something she had dropped when she had to leave the church feeling faint ! While she was explaining this to me Sir Gerald told Lord Kitchener that someone had said he (Lord Kitchener) had left something on his seat in the church. Gerry then hurried away for fear of being sent to look for whatever it was. Thus it happened that Lord Kitchener arrived in his pew first to search for what he had left behind, followed quickly by his pet aversion. What happened we were never told, both maintained a dignified silence about the incident, but it was

observed they never spoke to one another again, and when she was speaking of Lord Kitchener a little later called him a "contemptible person." Lord Kitchener said she ought to be shut up! Rather like a game of consequences; and the world thought they had quarrelled.

Sir Gerald played his part so well that I do not think Lord Kitchener ever guessed the extent of his share in the mischief, and I faithfully kept my promise not to give him away, until now.

The two men who made Egypt were the late Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener. The former arrived in the country with an established, brilliant reputation, the latter as a little-known lieutenant of Engineers, yet he seemed to have been made for the country, he understood the people and sympathised with all their superstitions and fanaticism, and undoubtedly had a great influence over them. I could not say they loved him, but they showed him respect and trust, tempered with a wholesome fear.

The Soudanese have much to thank him for. He delivered them from a horrible tyranny and said that during the time he was reorganising the entire administration, he saw such shocking cruelties inflicted by the Mahdi's troops that he ever afterwards carried about with him a little powder of virulent poison to enable him to put an end to himself quickly if ever he should be unlucky enough to fall into the Mahdi's hands. Not many years before his death I asked him if he still carried the poison with him, and he showed me a tiny little flat envelope made of oiled paper lying inside the case of his watch, and another in his letter-case. He said probably both had long lost their savour, but they had been his companions for so long he could not make up his mind to throw them away.

There was much criticism and heart-burning when Lord Kitchener was appointed Sirdar through the influence of Lord Cromer, who, caring nothing for criticism, knew he had put his hand on the right man

to reconquer the Soudan. There was another popular officer who considered he had prior claims, he said little himself about his disappointment, but his friends voiced his grievances for him.

When Sir Ian Hamilton returned from South Africa, he said it was a pleasure to work under such a chief as Lord Kitchener. I think the latter might have said the same of Lord Cromer, for he played loyally into his hands from 1876 when he was lieutenant to 1911 as British Agent.

I have always wished poor Gordon could have known how whole-heartedly Kitchener worked to relieve him, he would then have felt and written less bitterly.

My mind travels back to the day in January, 1884, when Gordon left England at the request of the British Government, to try once more to save the Egyptians from the hands of the revolting natives, to clear and proclaim the country under Egyptian rule. I can see him now as I saw him then, standing by the railway-carriage door at Charing Cross Station, pleased and happy, with implicit faith in his countrymen to see him through. A number of people had come to wish him God-speed and shake hands in faithful friendship. The Duke of Cambridge, rotund and cheery, was to be seen talking to the square-figured little fanatic. Everybody wanted to do something for him. Lord Granville, at that time Foreign Secretary, brushed imaginary dust from off Gordon's coat collar, and almost ran to take his ticket before anybody else should think of doing it. Sir Garnet Wolseley carried his bag.

My young brother bought him enough papers and magazines to fill a seat in the carriage.

How often the poor man must have remembered that send-off, when he was deserted ; how bitterly he must have thought of some of those old friends.

That several times in his life Lord Kitchener had some bitter and mortifying moments no one who knew him can doubt. I know there were times when he thought his best endeavours for the good of the

Army in particular and the country in general had not met with the acknowledgment they deserved. I do not think he ever realised that he was difficult and at times almost impossible to work with. He felt it very keenly that posts of importance and trust he could have filled went begging.

On his return from India, where he had been Commander-in-Chief, he said he felt deeply that he should be standing idle when he saw so much of great importance waiting to be done.

To my lay mind, I told him, it did not seem as if there were many posts that he could be asked to fill after having been such an exalted person. In reply to this he mentioned one or two he considered would have been suitable; he might have been offered the Viceroyalty of India, though he would not have cared for it; he thought he might have been useful in the War Office, or better still British Agent in Egypt, adding, "The fact is I am considered an old fogy now, and no more good, and they do not want fogies either here or abroad apparently."

Shortly after this discussion my eye fell on an announcement in *The Morning Post* that the post of High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean had been offered to him. I felt sorry and uncomfortable, knowing what he would feel at being offered a post the Duke of Connaught had given up because there was not enough to do; and I was not surprised to hear he had declined it and gone for a tour round the world.

I asked a friend who is well up in military matters and holds high office why Lord Kitchener was not retained for the War Office, which seemed the place of all others where he might be wanted. The reply was, "We are all frightened of him, his determined arm might sweep us all off our chairs and leave us either out in the cold or on very uncertain shelves."

In July, 1914, when what Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener had so long prophesied came to pass, Kitchener was actually on his way back to his beloved

Egypt when he was recalled. He considered it his duty to stay and do his best at home, but he most bitterly regretted not being able to return to Cairo.

I have wondered many times that he should have been so hard on any signs of waywardness or lack of discipline in those under him, considering it was one of his own grave faults. He is supposed to have run away from Woolwich and joined General Chazy's Army of the Loire; this is in fact not quite correct, he had already left the " Shop," as it is called, and he enlisted in the French Army between that time and joining the Royal Engineers at Chatham. In his youth he acknowledged he defied all authority; if he wished to do a thing he did it, regardless of who might say him nay, also of the consequences. He maintained that some of the most useful lessons of his life were learnt while with the French Army.

He saw the army from the soldier's point of view, learnt that they do not resent hard work, hardships, discipline, rules or regulations, but most bitterly incompetence in their officers, unnecessary privations brought about through it, and injustice in any form.

During Lord Kitchener's career his life was several times in jeopardy. Lord Wolseley saved him once, one of his staff another time; yet after his many escapes he lost his life close to our own shores. When the dreadful news reached us on June 7th our breath was taken away, we could not believe it. My own thoughts flew back to the day I first saw him in Cairo. When we lose old friends we always seem to remember them as we knew them in their youth. In a measure I was glad that he died when he did, though not in the way fate decreed. The reason why I was glad was because there were already some heavy clouds hanging over his head ready to burst, and it would have been painful to see him torn limb from limb after so many years of useful work.

I should have liked him to die in Egypt, where he was happy and appreciated, and I know he would have liked it himself, for there his heart was enshrined.

It is curious the stories that are floating about concerning his death, some people believe firmly that he is still alive and will turn up again in the flesh when the war is over; these rumours often collect round anyone that has died, so that it is not possible to collect circumstantial evidence and place witnesses in the box under cross-examination to prove it. There are still people who believe General Hector Macdonald is alive, and we all remember the Druce case.

Lord Kitchener always kept a couple of cars standing outside the War Office day and night—in readiness to be jumped into at a moment's notice. The day before his last fateful journey, as he was walking into his office, he saw one of his chauffeurs standing near. He stopped and spoke to the man, saying, "You are married, are you not?" The reply being in the affirmative, Lord Kitchener continued, "Then I will not take you with me to-morrow, I will take Broome instead." So Broome and his car went with their master—and will be seen no more until the sea gives up her dead.

I doubt if anybody thoroughly understood Lord Kitchener, or if he understood himself. He has often been harshly judged. I have heard him called mean, yet his hospitality, both in India and Egypt, was memorable. I have heard him called hard and unsympathetic, even the gifted G. W. Steevens writing from Egypt referred to him, saying, "His precision is so inhumanly unerring, he is more like a machine than a man." Someone else, I forget who, said he ought to be made "Manager of the Army and Navy Stores," in consequence, I presume, of his organising powers and mathematical mind.

Yet I doubt if any man who is fond of and kind to animals can be hard, unsympathetic. Kitchener was kind and gentle with his horses, though not a great horseman, and when in South Africa a pet bird was ill, he thought it was moping for want of a mate and tried hard to find one for it, though it was at a time when he was overwhelmed with work.

After the memorial service at Khartoum he could

not trust himself to speak; again after the victory at Atbara he was in contrasting mood, laughed, cheered and ran about shaking hands with everybody. Can we justly call this man hard and unsympathetic ?

That he was deeply religious I know. I had several opportunities of judging this. Once in Cairo I had crept out of Shepheard's Hotel in the early morning when few were astir and gone to the little English church for the early service. In front of me knelt Lord Kitchener. He liked to begin each day with prayer and, if possible, in God's House.

I thought in later years that the wall he built around himself, the reserve and silence with which he fortified himself, the splendid isolation he had created, refraining from intimate human companionship, had become painful to him. In a way he resented it ; he felt something was wanting, that he was not necessary to anybody's happiness, and, while congratulating himself on his few obligations, felt lonely without them.

Losing his mother quite early in life had been a blow to him. I think that the amenities of home life have much to do with the making of fine men. I have always felt the one thing wanting for Lord Kitchener's happiness was someone to be devoted to him, someone he knew would be proud of him. Gratitude was a marked feature in his character. He never forgot even the smallest service rendered to him. He was certainly careful in money matters, yet loved collecting curios for the day when he should retire from responsibilities, fighting and strife, to settle down for a peaceful autumn and winter of his life, surrounded with all his collected treasures, china, curios and antiques, from all ends of the world. He had begun the arranging of them, a work of great pleasure, in his new home, Broome Park, near Canterbury, which he bought in 1911. He had been busy planning his new gardens to be filled with his favourite flowers, geraniums, when war broke out, and all had to be left for happier times, not vouchsafed to him here.

I am glad he lived long enough to see the British Army raised to the same scale as Continental armies. I wonder if Wellington could have called for 1,000,000 men and got them as Kitchener did in 1914 ?

I shall always carry in my heart a warm corner for Lord Kitchener. He was a kind friend to me, and no matter how busy he was, no letter asking for his advice or help was ever left unanswered. Very shortly, in fact only a few weeks, before his death I received a letter from him full of kindliness and sympathy, when my son came home from Flanders, probably winged for life.

India is congratulating itself on having a memorial of Lord Kitchener in the statue of him mounted on Lord William Beresford's old race-horse " Democrat."

A great and brave man on a good and plucky horse.

CHAPTER XIV

SOME EGYPTIAN EXPERIENCES

A Train on Fire—A Missionary Tries to Save Me—Uses a Soda-water Syphon as an Extinguisher—Lost Shoes—Blistered Feet—Undignified Entry into Alexandria—How a Bath was Secured—Mr. Melton Prior Amuses Us—He is Angry—My Double—Mr. Moberly Bell—I Blossom Out as a War Correspondent—Mr. Moberly Bell Interviewed—His Prophecy—His Death.

AMONGST other Egyptian experiences I include a railway accident, which sounds alarming, but was really amusing, except for the fact that it inconvenienced a train-load of sick soldiers on their way to what I believe they now term "Blighty."

I was on my way from Cairo to Alexandria to meet my husband, who was on a troopship coming from India on the way home, and our train-load of sick was to be picked up at our destination, Alexandria.

Various kind friends came to see me off from Cairo, and the people I had been staying with provided me with a large luncheon-basket full of good things for the journey, cold chicken, sandwiches, tomatoes, dates, a syphon of soda-water and other dainties.

The train was full owing to the number of sick soldiers, so Gerry Portal, who was amongst those come to see me off, asked one of the railway officials whom he knew if he would allow me to travel in his, the official's, reserved compartment. He kindly consented, and also took pity on a frantic missionary running up and down the platform unable to find room anywhere.

The official was introduced to me and I found him exceedingly kind and pleasant, but I regret to say I have forgotten his name, and was never quite clear

whether he was manager of the railway, chairman, or what ? But an authority, at any rate, and if he is alive now I again thank him for all his kindness on that occasion, and ask his permission to call him Mr. A. for the moment.

I had been feeling ill for some time, so made up my mind as soon as the train started I would lie down and try to sleep.

After many tender good-byes and the usual number of " Take care of yourselfs," we steamed out of the station. The day was hot and after a little polite conversation we all settled down to snooze. I lay full length down one side of the compartment. At my feet sat the missionary dozing, opposite Mr. A., doing the same. The luncheon-basket on the rack above the seat opposite to me. As soon as my companions began nodding I quickly kicked off my shoes underneath my dust-sheet covering and dozed also. How long we had been in dreamland I do not know exactly, when Mr. A. jumped up saying the carriage was on fire. This appeared to be true enough, smoke was issuing in some volume under the sleeping missionary. Mr. A. shook him, while assuring me there was no occasion to be frightened ; he could easily stop the train and all would be well. With this in view he put his head out of the carriage window, waved his white handkerchief and began shouting to the engine driver, two coach-lengths away. I sat up and began to look for my shoes preparatory to getting out ; the missionary was just alive to the fact that something was wrong and was making for me with arms outstretched, saying excitedly, " Oh, I must save you, I must save you."

I was vaguely wondering how putting his arms round me was going to save me when the whole carriage went down on one side where the missionary had been sitting, and I was shot down violently on top of him, while on top of me came the luncheon-basket, which had burst open, hurling the chicken into one corner, tomatoes here, there, and everywhere. The missionary was now really excited. Seeing a

soda-water syphon rolling about he seized it and began diligently squirting me and the fire. Poor Mr. A., who had nearly fallen out of the window as the carriage subsided, and had just wriggled himself back into the compartment and turned to tell us he had attracted the driver's attention and all would be well, when he was deprived of speech and breath by a forceful stream of soda-water from the syphon full in his face. The parson was still trying to save us by putting out the fire. The syphon was taken from him, not that it mattered now as it was empty.

The train stopped, the men jumped out on the high side of the carriage and I jumped after them, but without my shoes. I could not find them, probably they were amongst the things on the burning side of the coach. I know the chicken was ; I smelt it. We made all haste to get the sick and wounded occupants out of the rest of the coach and laid them down on the sandhills until we could pack them away somewhere amongst the other carriages. The burning coach was uncoupled, then thrown off the line, and the rest re-coupled. While this was being done we rearranged the sick soldiers, who were very worried at the delay, fearing the troopship might go on without them.

Everybody behaved very well, and the soldiers most patient. I wished the parson had not used up the soda-water as the men felt the heat and exposure, wanting water or something to drink badly. The missionary worked really well, and was most helpful in lifting and carrying the soldiers, but even in such exciting moments I could not help feeling amused, for at intervals he kept bursting into song. He would throw back his chest, brace himself up, hitch at his shirt-sleeves and nether garments (his coat had been thrown on to a sandhill), then as he stooped down to take one end of a stretcher or railway-seat cushion occupied by a sick soldier he would indulge in song. One moment I gathered he was "Far from his Heavenly Home," at another he was going to "Arise and go," I did not catch where to.

At last all was in order once more and we moved on towards Alexandria, hoping to be in time to catch the transport. We were now seated in the luggage van on top of all sorts of queer-looking, queer-shaped boxes and bundles. I wished so much we could move a little faster. We were travelling, as we had done the whole journey, very deliberately; but I feared if I made any remark on our speed the official might consider it a personal matter. We were on a single line and very few trains were running, so there really had been very little risk either of collision or from excessive speed, the only thing that mattered was the discomfort and delay for the sick.

While the three of us were perched on various pinnacles of baggage we examined our wounds. The parson's hand was bleeding but he smiled sweetly and could not say how it happened. The official put on his coat, mopped his brow and heaved sighs of relief, while I looked in dismay at my indecent, shoeless feet, now much blistered, and my silk stockings full of holes. Running about on the hot sand had not agreed with them. After a rueful glance at them hanging down over a pile of soldiers' bundles, I looked up and caught the eye of Mr. A. For a moment he became rigid as he glanced from my feet to my face, and my face to my feet, then the utter absurdity of the whole situation seized us simultaneously, and we became inarticulate with laughter. He began something about "so sorry" and could get no further, had to stop and wipe away his tears. I began "I lost them" and could get no further. The parson did not know what amused us but was sure it was very funny and laughed too.

In time we overcame our mirth and began explanations. There had been no time before. We were all so busy. The situation had burst upon us so suddenly, calling for prompt action. Mr. A. explained some part of the mechanism of the train, connected, I think, with the wheels, got hot and set fire to the woodwork of the coach, which caused the disaster. I assured my

newly-found friend that I really was in the habit of wearing shoes or boots and verily and indeed had some on when I started. The parson explained how anxious he had been to save us body and soul. None of us made any allusion to the soda-water syphon.

I feared my entry into Alexandria to greet my husband would not be dignified with my feet tied up in pocket handkerchiefs, but when the moment arrived I had no time to think about it, as the troop-ship was waiting and the men had to be taken on board as quickly as possible. For some time I ran about with my feet tied up in pocket handkerchiefs, but they worked loose and got in my way, tripping me up, so I pulled them off and ran about in what was left of my stockings. However, all is well that ends well, and the sick men sailed away for home.

I could not bring myself to journey home on a troop-ship. My husband gave me such horrifying accounts of the discomforts for ladies, and told me of such fierce quarrels amongst the women on board, that I decided to return by a passenger steamer a little later. I never saw the missionary again, and do not know where he went to, but had the pleasure of introducing Mr. A. to my husband, who thanked him for his kind care of me. I then returned to Cairo for a time until I could get a passage on a P. & O. After waiting some time and being unable to secure a berth, I decided to go by a smaller, cheaper line which shall be nameless, for its discomforts were great, and the provision of food small.

Happily a number of people I knew were coming home on the same steamer as far as Marseilles, all of whom had been soldiering at the front, amongst them Colonel Stanley Clarke, Lord Hay of Kinfauns, Mr. Melton Prior, Mr. Walter Ingram and Colonel Harrington.

We discovered there was only one bath on the ship, and that one repulsive. I made many attempts to secure it but always found it occupied and a queue of people waiting their turn. My endeavours had been

observed, for one evening when I was sitting reading, Lord Hay came up to me saying they had been arranging between them how to keep the bath for me and proposed that I should get up very early. They would come and knock at my cabin door, *one* knock ; and I must get ready to fly off when a double knock came. Five of them were going to stand outside the bathroom door as if waiting their turn. I was then to walk up calmly in front of them and usurp the leader's place, walk into the bathroom and leave them ejaculating. This little scheme worked splendidly.

There were days in my life when, to " run the gauntlet " of all these men and the many others awaiting their turn, would have been impossible to me in my demi-toilet, my hair all piled on top of my head out of the way ; but after travelling about the world for a while one learns how this sort of self-consciousness makes everybody uncomfortable and creates awkward situations out of what is meant for kindness, besides who cares what you look like ?

Mr. Melton Prior kept us amused on this voyage with his funny stories, mostly against himself, highly coloured on purpose, to entertain us, I think. One day at luncheon, which by the way consisted of " bouillon " according to the menu, but according to Mr. Prior it was the water they had washed the dishes in, the only other alternative being sardines and bread. But now for the story. Mr. Prior wished us to believe that on one occasion, when the Battle of Tamai was at its height, he became frightened. He had lost his head covering and he feared the baldness of his cranium might form a target for the enemy, so determined to run away. This he carried out, running as fast as his legs would take him, until he thought he must be out of danger's way, finding this was not the case he hid his head in the sand. As that did not help him much, and shells were playing little games around him, he came to the conclusion that the middle of the square was the best place for him and ran all the way back again.

None of us believed a word of it but we were grateful to him for amusing us.

I only once saw Mr. Prior angry. At Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo, a lady who did not know him to speak to, came up while we were conversing, saying, "Mr. Prior, I think?" he bowed and said he believed so, or something to that effect; she then said, "I wish, Mr. Prior, you would draw a little picture for me, I should so value it. I have a collection of autographs and I want you to draw a nice little picture for me to go with them, a battle scene I would like best."

I was very much amused, not so Mr. Prior, he glared at her without speaking, then turned to me still glaring through his spectacles and said out aloud so that she could hear, "That is the way we get shot, Mrs. ——, did you ever hear anything like it?"

I tried to turn it off by saying we would all like to have some of his drawings, and no doubt he was weary of being asked for them. I think the lady scented danger, she looked a little uncomfortable but put her head on one side looking archly at the, for the moment, unappreciative glaring Mr. Prior and said in a simpering voice, "I know you will, here is my name and address, I shall wait anxiously for it!"

I took the opportunity to move hurriedly away and speak to Mrs. Gramshaw standing near, but kept one eye on Mr. Prior. He stood for a moment after the woman left him, then dropped the card on which she had written her address and scrubbed it up and down on the steps of the hotel with his boot, then walked away talking to himself. It was such an astonishing piece of impertinence, I wondered he did not see the ridiculous side of the request.

The Mrs. Gramshaw referred to above was supposed to be my double. I could not see the likeness; neither could she, but at a party we were giving at the Lyric Club, when in Bond Street, some friends of my brother's he had asked me to invite, and whom I had met for the first time that evening, went up to her to say good night and thanked her in the usual stereo-

typed phrases for a pleasant evening, thinking of course it was I. Another time, one of my friends walked down Regent Street after her into the flower-shop she had entered and where she was making purchases, not finding out his mistake until he heard her voice, then bolted out again before betraying himself.

The Egyptian campaign was in the palmy days of the war correspondents. Melton Prior, Moberly Bell, Archibald Forbes and Cameron, are still famous names from that wonderful little band that went everywhere and saw everything with the armies of Europe in a way that is never permitted now.

It was in Egypt I first met Mr. Moberly Bell, correspondent to *The Times*. He had come back from the front with a crushed foot and a broken ankle, suffering a good deal of pain ; and worried about his work. I said to him one day, " I wish I could help you, don't you think perhaps I could ? " He smiled his kind, benevolent smile and replied, " It is very kind of you, have you ever written anything for any paper ? " I replied, " No, but I would like to." He then said, " Will you write something for me to see ? say one thousand words on any subject you like." I pressed him to name one, so he answered, " The present political situation ; Necessity is the mother of invention ; anything." I answered, " Very well," and went off to my room to see what I could do.

After an hour's mastication of the end of my pen, an essay of one thousand words on " Necessity being the mother of invention " was sent on its way to Mr. Bell. When I saw the invalid the next day he was kind enough to tell me my effort was " excellent." He then and there gave me a bundle of telegrams and some documents he wanted written up, giving me an idea of his views. When I had finished what he wished written he went through the manuscripts, making what corrections he thought necessary, and away they went. I loved the work and delighted in Mr. Bell. He was so well-informed, gracious and withal full of

imagination. In those days he had a big beard which suited him admirably. When he shaved it off later, it entirely altered his appearance, and was not an improvement. It was sad to see that great, fine, handsome man tied by the leg for so long, and I was glad to be able to help him even in a small measure. What struck me most, when first I saw him, was the benevolence of his expression and his courteous manners, he might have been an ambassador.

The day came all too soon when I had to say good-bye to Egypt and all my kind friends and return home. I hardly knew how much I had enjoyed my writing until the moment came when I had to give it up.

After my return to England I received a very nice note from Mr. Bell telling me he missed my help and enclosing what he called a small cheque (in return for my work) which perhaps would come in useful for some of my charities. This was the first and last time I ever received a cheque for services rendered as a war correspondent! It was for £60. I did not consider the cheque small at all, but newspaper proprietors I suppose deal with such large sums, it seemed small to him.

Mrs. Moberly Bell, who is still living, tells me she remembers her husband telling her about me and my writing.

Poor Mr. Bell, he was very patient with that bad foot, and suffered a good deal. It kept him a prisoner in hospital four months, and had no less than twenty-two separate operations on it, yet he would not allow a word of his misfortune to reach his wife, she being ill at home, and he feared she would try and reach him, which would make her much worse, so she was left with the impression that he had a sprained ankle, about which he wrote cheerfully.

Born in Alexandria in 1847 and having been in an Egyptian mercantile firm there for some years, Mr. Bell was well versed in the geography of the country and the habits of the people. This, combined with his knowledge of Arabic, made him very useful in Egypt.

He was on the *Condor* with Lord Beresford during the bombardment, and said he thoroughly enjoyed it. When the blue-jackets landed he acted as interpreter for them. He was also constantly with the troops in their different encounters near Ramleh.

One of the plucky things he did during those troublous times I am told was to shut himself in a village where cholera was raging because the Government had cordonned it. No supplies could get in, the inhabitants being in danger of starvation, but by being inside he could send telegrams more effectually until the cordon was removed ; this was in 1883.

In 1890 Mr. Bell returned to England to help Mr. Walter in the management of *The Times* in London, still lame from the crushed foot and ankle. This prevented him taking much exercise or enjoying outdoor amusements ; he now became more than ever an omniverous reader and wrote almost unceasingly. He was a determined man with a remarkably active brain. When I asked him what was his favourite amusement or recreation, he answered, "Work." It will be remembered *The Times Atlas* was the result of some of this favourite recreation, also *The History of the South African War.*

The establishment of the Times Book Club in 1905 was the work of the same brain, and caused a considerable flutter in the publishing and book-selling dovecotes. He thought the people of this country did not read enough and wished for books to be brought within the reach of everyone. There has been an enormous development in the book-selling trade in the last few years before the war, so perhaps he was right.

Mr. Bell's religious views were interesting. Dogma was abhorrent to him, also anything in the shape of priestcraft, yet he was not irreligious, but rather interested in all religions and in the various developments of them. By nature sceptical and keenly critical.

His views on the present situation as expressed by

him in September, 1909, in an interview which was printed in *The San Francisco Chronicle* is of interest. After giving Lord Northcliffe's views on the political situation in Europe he continued: "I do not think there is any doubt that there will be a war between Great Britain and Germany before long. The situation is very much as a French writer pictured that between France and Germany before the Franco-German War, when he said the two countries were like two railway trains rushing together on a single track.

"Germany is increasing her population beyond the limits of her country to support, and in looking about for new lands she finds, unfortunately, that the most available belong to Great Britain. In this situation it is only natural, perhaps, that Germany should seek some pretext for a quarrel, and quarrels that are sought are generally easy enough to find.

"If England should get into trouble in India, as is not unlikely, you would probably find Germany quick to take advantage of it, or if other conditions arise which seem to place England at a disadvantage, Germany would not miss the opportunity to strike a blow. She might, for excuse, pick a quarrel with France or with Holland, and England would be obliged to intervene. It is not that there is any alliance between Great Britain and France that could compel this, but Great Britain would not be willing to see France again defeated by Germany. France is too close to England's doors to make that desirable.

"Unless something occurs which makes it inevitable, in Germany's opinion, to provoke immediate war with England, it is probable that Germany will delay the conflict for a few years, until her navy is proportionately stronger than it is now, and it is significant that all the new German battleships are being built with very small coal capacity. As she has few coaling stations it is obvious that the German strategists contemplate a struggle at close quarters. In other words that the contest will take place in the

English Channel in a desperate effort to land a German army on English soil, under cover of the German fleet."

The paper then continues: "Germany at the present time occupies somewhat the same position in the eyes of Europe as did Napoleon a hundred years ago, namely that of a public enemy," is Bell's view of that country, as a result of the diplomacy of the Kaiser and his statesmen. "The German Emperor," he said, "is a strong and able ruler, but he is emotional and impetuous, and such men can never be depended on to pursue a steady policy. I do not believe that much popular hatred of England exists among the Germans at present, but the Emperor is a source of danger."

Mr. Bell was unwilling to hazard an opinion as to the probable outcome of a conflict between Germany and Great Britain, but he said that it is essential to the latter's safety that a system of universal military training should be inaugurated in England, and he expects to see such training compulsory before long.

The interview continues: "Raw material is not of great use in the first clash of arms, that was strikingly illustrated in our South African War. The volunteers who went out there, brave and enthusiastic as they were, lacked efficiency, because they lacked training. My son, then seventeen years old, was one of those volunteers. When he came to me and said he was going to enlist, I asked him what use he was going to be. 'Well at any rate I can die for my country,' he replied, and I said to him, 'That is no good, the question is, can you make some fellow on the other side die?'"

I know that in 1909 Mr. Moberly Bell said this war *must* come within five years, and his words have come true.

He died as he would have wished, sitting in his chair at *The Times* office. He was writing to the then Postmaster-General an amusing letter on a difference of opinion he had on some business point. His

secretary had just turned to get an envelope to match his note-paper when she heard him sigh. He had laid down his pen as if to think for a moment about his next sentence, and quietly and peacefully died on April 5th, 1911. He had been under the doctor's orders for some weeks for heart strain, and was believed to be quite well again.

CHAPTER XV

SOME GENERALS AND BATTLES

Sir John Ardagh—At the Battle of Gunnis—Looks after the Cooking—Drives an Engine—Works on the Line—Relieves Me of a Tiresome Charge—Marries—Director of Military Intelligence—Someone to Blame—Hague Conference—Advice in His Office—My Experiences in Alexandria—View the Battlefield of Tel-el-Kebir—Lord Wolseley has an Accident—Mr. Melton Prior Promises not to Tell—Mr. Walter Ingram Shoots the Nile Cataracts—Sir John Ardagh as Arbiter.

GENERAL SIR JOHN ARDAGH, who had such a number of letters of the alphabet after his name, and who prophesied that Captain Kitchener, Mr. Gerald Portal and Captain Baden-Powell would leave their mark in history, was one of those willing horses who habitually get worked too hard.

A reserved, silent man, unusually gifted, clever with brush and pencil, an architect, astronomer and linguist, able to speak and read French, German, Italian, Spanish, Turkish, Arabic and Hindustani, besides being a Greek and Latin scholar. He had travelled nearly the world over, gathering knowledge wherever he went.

I have heard his staff speak of him as "a perfect encyclopædia of knowledge and a lovable associate." He lived at a time of hard workers—Lord Kitchener, Sir Charles Douglas, to wit; both of these men were ceaseless workers, expecting others to do as they did, and having something to say if they did not. With Sir John Ardagh work was not so much a passion as a stern duty, yet at all times ready with excuses for those who failed to live up to his high standard, often doing their work for them.

He was an engineer of repute when first I knew him,

and had been for many years in the employment of the Foreign Office, Colonial Office and Treasury. It was very difficult to get him to talk about himself at all, which I regretted, as I have known few men who could have told more interesting stories. In Cairo, where he did so much useful work, he was not popular amongst the social butterflies, for he had no time to dally. Whenever he was seen outside his office he was going in haste to see some person or place of importance, or returning from them ; nobody could inveigle him into stopping for a chat.

I never think of Colonel Ardagh, as he was in those days, without picturing him wrestling with his eye-glass; when not to be found he was lost. It had an aggravating way of hiding itself, or becoming twiddled up amongst his buttons, being retrieved as often as not from dangling down his neck.

I have been told, at the Battle of Gunnis he was busily engaged discussing the situation with General Grenfell while looking through a telescope, their heads just appearing above a rock, when a bullet passed through his helmet, hurting his ear and making him deaf for a short time. The first thing he thought of was his precious eye-glass, and he began searching fiercely and desperately for it, finding the evasive monocle hanging down his back. He was then quite happy, poked his finger into the hole in his helmet to see the extent of the damage, and continued his work at the telescope.

Writing of eye-glasses reminds me of a story General Ardagh told me of General Dormer, at one time on the same staff with him. Perhaps, as there are several well-known Dormers, I had better give his full title, General the Hon. James Charlemagne Dormer, known amongst his friends as General Jim. Some bumptious boastful soldiers of the Mahdi were relating before General Jim all the wonderful things *their* chief could do. He listened for some time as though much impressed, then quickly unhitched his glass eye, threw it up in the air and popped it back again in its

accustomed place, saying, "Your Madhi can't do that!" They were subdued, for indeed he could not.

When General Valentine Baker was with the Turks in 1878, throwing up defence works south of Constantinople, Colonel Ardagh was one of the many friends who paid him a visit, being at that time on the Bulgarian Boundary Commission. He travelled over much the same ground that is being fought over to-day; and shared his tent with a Captain Chermside, who was working on the Commission with him. All went well save that their servant cooked so badly Colonel Ardagh felt something must be done, so said he would enquire into matters and try to improve them. I fear his stable companion was rather ungrateful as this is what he wrote:

> "There was a gay Captain called Ardagh,
> Who kept a sharp eye on the larder;
> When his servant was late
> Him he soundly did rate,
> When too early he swore at him harder."

Colonel Ardagh was in command of the Royal Engineers and in charge of the Water Works at Ramleh, near Alexandria, when I was out there in 1882. They were stirring times; I believe I was the first woman in Alexandria after the bombardment. The place was still smoking, the chief thoroughfares strewn with stones and debris of every description, guns, ramrods, barrels, ladders and many other less pleasant sights. A number of people were searching about amongst the ruins, Greeks and Asiatics chiefly. I was being taken by a doctor to visit a dying relative and was conducted into what had once been an hotel, but was then a very uncertain and unsafe-looking ruin. A Greek vendor of drinks had established himself with a tray balanced on heaped-up stones, and was selling sherbet. I indulged in some of this while waiting for the doctor to make the necessary arrangements for me, but I did not care for the look of either the vendor or some of his customers.

The room where I waited was open to the sky and

SIR JOHN ARDAGH

the walls bore evidence of the bombardment. I was standing drinking my sherbet near what I presumed had once been a window, when an officer came clanking by on a handsome grey Arab. When he saw me he told me it was not safe for me to be in Alexandria and still less to stand amidst the ruins. I was proceeding to explain my errand when suddenly close to where I stood came a sisse-ping, sisse-ping from a rifle bullet. The Greek seized his tray and fled, his customers all tumbling over one another in haste to escape; the officer on the Arab jumped off and flung the reins in my direction, saying, "Somebody hold this horse"; the only somebody left being me I made a snatch at them, succeeding in catching the curb rein. This, and the noise of firing and shouting upset the beast and he proceeded to back violently, dragging me along with him, my feet planted firmly, and holding back, but being scuffled along in the wake of my backing charger, its owner having disappeared in the direction of the firing and shouting. Once when near a low wall I tried to mount, but it was impossible, and I was dragged nearly down to the quay. I tried giving him his head, but then he only twisted round and tried to get away; a number of people were running past me, but all too intent on either seeing what the row was, or running away, to stop and help me.

Just when I was thinking I should have to give in, I heard a horse galloping behind me, and up rode Colonel Ardagh. He could not stop to talk, but took the reins from me and carried off the Arab with him, telling me hurriedly that there had been a little row as some of the enemy had been hiding in the ruins and had shot an English soldier and everybody had gone in pursuit—apparently. I made my way back to my ruins to wait for the doctor, who arrived shortly, and took me on board the *Carthage*, a hospital-ship that had been a P. & O. boat, now painted white with the Red Cross emblem. I tried to find out later whose horse had given me this exhausting experience. Colonel Ardagh said it was an Arab belonging to

Colonel Crealock. It may have been his Arab, but certainly the man who had been riding it was not Colonel Crealock, because I knew him well.

Someone else said it was Colonel Barrington Foote's mount, and he was doing galloper to somebody, I forget who; that again was a mistake, for I knew Colonel Barrington Foote and he was not the man.

During the bombardment a lady and her daughter, whose name I never heard, hid in the lighthouse at the mouth of the harbour for two days and nights, too frightened to come out. It was not a very safe place, and although only one shot actually hit the upper part of the tower, the walls at the base got a good deal knocked about.

The looting and murder at this time was considerable, but Lord Beresford soon put an end to that, giving notice that anybody caught at it red-handed would at once be shot. Numbers were caught red-handed, tried and shot, being made to dig their own graves and then stand in them while shot.

When next I heard of Colonel Ardagh he was working hard on the little single line of railway running between Ismailia and Cairo, endeavouring to repair the damage done to the line during the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, which had been fought over it, the railway departments having been decimated with the sun, not a thing to be trifled with in Egypt during the months of August and September. At all cost the railway had to be kept in working order to keep the army in touch with head-quarters, also the advance from Ismailia depended on it. The line was entirely broken up in places, and what was so harassing for Colonel Ardagh was the lack of mending material. When he thought he had succeeded in concocting something that would suffice, the heavy engines and laden trucks were too heavy for it. Thanks to his ingenuity and hard work it was patched up, and Colonel Ardagh drove the trains himself at one time when all other helpers failed.

Here again I believe I was the first woman to travel

over that line after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. We had to move very slowly for fear of kicking up the temporary lines, and I had plenty of time to see where the battle had been fiercest. The ground was still littered with dead beasts, gun-carriage wheels and all the sad sights of a battlefield, the little sand fortifications behind which brave men had done their bit and died, all was still eloquent of the great struggle. I have passed along that same line since, and close up beside it stands lone, yet peaceful, a little cemetery packed with white crosses where those who fell at Tel-el-Kebir are buried. Anyone in the train can plainly see them silhouetted against the miles of sand.

Colonel Ardagh told me that one of the most trying times of his life and one that told considerably on his health, was when in command of the base of the Nile Expedition. His duties and responsibilities were multitudinous, added to which, when Lord Wolseley arrived with a large staff, the officers already out there resented having their noses put out of joint and there was a good deal of friction. Some of those already there declined to help or work with the latest arrivals, until Colonel Ardagh succeeded in smoothing things over. He set a wonderful example of unselfishness and disinterestedness.

Some of the telegrams he received in the course of one day gives a fair idea of the comprehensiveness of his work. One asked for two hundred camels at the earliest possible moment, followed closely by demands for Swiss milk, blankets and coffins. Then came a note from Sir Evelyn Baring saying could he spare a few minutes as he particularly wished to speak to him? Could he collect all the things necessary and make the arrangements for Mr. Portal's Mission that was under consideration? Yet, not only did I notice, but several times had it remarked to me, that Colonel Ardagh was never even impatient, or answered irritably. He was not a man of many words at any time, and never other than courteous.

I cannot pass on from this Nile Expedition to the

rest of my memories of Colonel Ardagh without mentioning an account Mr. Ingram gave me of his endeavours to shoot the cataracts, for it was thrilling. I gathered that he had come out to see some of the fun! and joined Mr. Prior, who was on the paper belonging to his family (*The Illustrated London News*). He had brought out some patent sort of steam launch with him, but it was not a success, therefore he and Mr. Prior decided to travel up the Nile in a dahabieh, in the same fashion as the troops were doing.

On nearing the first great shoot of cataract about fifty feet wide, the water travelling at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, he and his companion rowed hard up to the shoot, then before they knew what was happening found they were swept along with the rushing water, dashed past a huge rock, expecting to be smashed to pieces but just missed it, being hurried along in their dahabieh, then an awful plunge under water, and they thought this must be the end, but found themselves spinning round in a whirlpool.

It seems strange that the guides down these rapids who must know every current are not able to manage better, the bumps the boats get are enough to knock them to pieces.

Mr. Ingram also told me a story of Lord Wolseley while journeying up with the relief force. He was riding a prize camel, which had been presented to him by the Khedive. The animal being a little above itself from mimosa or some such dainty, took the opportunity to unship its rider in full view of a number of the troops *and* Mr. Melton Prior. His Lordship was in an agony of mind thinking the next *Illustrated London News* would have a picture of the incident. Mr. Prior ran to his assistance and while helping him up remarked under his breath, " I did not see it happen, sir."

" Thank you, Mr. Prior," replied Lord Wolseley, laughing.

Colonel Ardagh was a man of many parts : at one time working in the Foreign Office in London, at another sitting on a Commission for the reform of the

SUSAN COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY—LADY ARDAGH

system of weights and measures in Cairo—on the Viceregal Staff in India—Secretary to Lord Lansdowne —A.D.C. to the Duke of Cambridge—Director of Military Intelligence at Home. During the first few years he held the latter post, he had what must surely be the unique experience, of advising the Government on no less than thirty wars and expeditions undertaken by the Foreign and Colonial Offices.

In 1896 he married Susan, Countess of Malmesbury, widow of the third Earl; they had known one another for many years though he was considerably older than his bride. The announcement took us all by surprise, we had begun to look upon Colonel Ardagh as a confirmed bachelor; he was now Sir John by the way, having been made K.C.I.E. on leaving India and the Viceroy's Staff in 1894.

Once when the Duke of Cambridge was having luncheon with us in Paris, Colonel Ardagh was among the guests we had invited to meet him; he was suffering from a bad cold, and the Duke told him he ought to have a wife to take care of him, teasing him about the number of ladies anxious to become Lady Ardagh and finally wound up with the question, " Why don't you marry ? "

" Because nobody will have me, sir," replied Sir John. We were rather amused, knowing well he had given nobody the chance. We also thought we knew one or two who would not have said him " Nay."

At the Hague Conference in 1899, when the Queen of Holland invited the twenty-six powers to meet at the " House in the Wood " at the Hague, Sir John was selected to represent England as Military Technical Adviser. It is interesting to remember that amongst the subjects under discussion was the forbidding of the use of submarine torpedo boats, and the throwing of bombs from balloons during wars !

Lady Ardagh thinks that what killed her husband was the South African War. He was at the time head of the Military Intelligence Department. The work was overwhelming and yet with his usual unselfishness

he allowed most of his Staff to go out to South Africa, and struggled on with the work surrounded with men more or less strangers to the subjects to be dealt with. Then followed what so often seems to overtake men who have given the best years of their lives to the service of their country, blame and abuse for other people's slackness and mistakes. The usual cry of it being all the fault of the Intelligence Department that we met with reverses, that Sir John had not told the Government how powerful the enemy was or that guns were being taken into the country in piano cases, etc.

The victim of these injustices made no reply, denied none of the charges hurled at him, thinking somebody other than the real delinquents must bear the blame and his shoulders would do as well as those of anybody else.

I am glad to say that Lord Elgin's Commission to enquire into the part played by the Intelligence Department in connection with the Boer War entirely exonerated Sir John, and he had the satisfaction of seeing himself vindicated.

I have been told by more than one who worked with Sir John that he set them all a magnificent example, that they would have been ashamed to shirk when he was working morning, noon and night. Being sensitive himself, Sir John was most particular not to hurt other people's feelings if it could possibly be avoided, and as he was a busy man and could not afford to waste time, and his work entailed seeing and conversing with a number of different people, he put up a notice in his office printed in large black letters on a white ground with this advice :

When you visit a man of
Tell him quickly your
Leave him to his
Go about your own
} business.

He found this little notice answered admirably and prevented him having to hurry people and so throw them out of their stride.

Sir John was much sought after as arbiter. Poor man, there was hardly any subject he was not called upon to decide at one time or another. Once at Simla he was asked to settle a friendly dispute over a bet between Lord William Beresford and a stout and sporting general. Lord William had bet he would carry the fifteen-stone general from the foot of the hill below Government House to the Club, a distance of a quarter of a mile or more; the general closed with the bet. A small crowd of friends collected to see the show. Lord William arrived to the moment punctual as usual, threw off his coat and rolled up his sleeves; the general smiled complacently.

Lord W.: "Now then, sir, are you ready?"

General: "Yes, and waiting."

Lord W.: "Then strip, please!"

General: "Then what?"

Lord W.: "Strip, please. I said I would carry you, I said nothing about carrying your clothes!"

There was a good deal of argument and friendly banter; Lord William claimed he had won his bet, as the general declined to strip, and Colonel Ardagh was called in to decide. The general paid.

Again in Cairo to his horror he was asked to decide a question of precedence between two very angry ladies; they came to me and I could not help laughing it was so childish. The elder woman's argument was she was much older than the "nothing but a child," and in addition to that her husband was a Member of the Privy Council, so of course she should go in to dinner first. The younger woman considered herself a bride in the first place, and in the second her husband was the younger son of an Earl.

The discussion was taking place in my private sitting-room at Shepheard's Hotel, the door of the room was open and I saw Sir John, who was then Colonel Ardagh, go past on his way to consult a big-wig in a room a little further down the corridor, so I called him in and asked him to decide. He puckered up his brow into many crinkles and listened. When the

parties had done talking (both at once), Sir John began by saying that in his own private opinion, weight should be allowed for age, and strongly advised the "nothing but a girl" not to insist on going in to dinner first as in that case she might find herself told-off to some old fogy like himself, for instance, instead of some of the younger and more amusing men. The old lady was pleased because she thought she had won the day, and the young woman was pleased because she was amused at Sir John's way of putting his views and because she had not thought that of course she would be sure to have elderly and dull people next to her at dinner if she went in first.

Painting was Sir John's principal recreation. I liked to see him with his brush, it was a great pleasure to him. I wondered when he died in 1907 what had become of his valuable collection of sketches taken in all parts of the world. Lady Ardagh now tells me he left nine hundred of them to her. She gave a good many of them to the Royal Engineers as they were of harbours all over the world. Besides being clever with his brush he was clever with his pen.

CHAPTER XVI

LORD CROMER AND SIR GERALD PORTAL

Lord Cromer in Egypt—In India—His Work and Difficulties—General Gordon Writes from Khartoum—His Death—Mr. Portal and Lord Cromer—Mr. Portal's Mission to Abyssinia—Experiences on the Way—Betrayed—Despair—Saved by a Mule's Sagacity—Late for Luncheon—How He was Punished—Made a K.C.M.G.—His Mission to Uganda—Interview with Angry Bishops—Death of Captain Raymond Portal—Lady Alice Bertie—Sir Gerald's Death.

IT was a happy day for Egypt when the mantle of its financial administration fell upon the shoulders of Sir Evelyn Baring, afterwards Lord Cromer. He was a great financier, coming from ancestors of finance and banking fame, and Egypt's saviour.

He first showed his talents for juggling with figures in 1858, at the age of eighteen, when he joined the Artillery. The mess had been in debt and badly managed for some time, and he was asked to tackle it and put it on a sounder footing. This he soon accomplished. How they discovered his genius for finance I do not know.

I first met the Barings in India, while Sir Evelyn was Minister of Finance, I think it was. He and his delightful wife were well-known figures in Calcutta and Simla. Both were rather stout, and used to eat the air regularly on fine weight-carrying cobs.

I have heard people say Sir Evelyn was a bear, with bearish manners, if so, I wish there were more bears like him. I have always found him courteous and exceedingly kind, often putting himself to great inconvenience to help a friend.

For a young man to attract the notice and sympathy of Sir Evelyn meant the making of that young man.

and all his life he proved himself a genius at discovering hard-working and clever people.

When first he went to Egypt that country was on the verge of bankruptcy and the Khedive in despair. Lord Cromer bought up the Khedive's interests in the Suez Canal for the British Government at a sum of £4,000,000 sterling. But his history is well known, and all the great and comprehensive work he carried out in the East.

After Hicks Pasha's annihilation with his whole army made up of funks and miserable material, in which I think he had no real faith, much of Sir Evelyn's time was taken up in arranging the abandonment of the Soudan, which another administrator spent more time in regaining.

A few years ago, when advertising for a butler, amongst the answers which I received was one signed Hicks, and purporting to be from the Pasha's son. If this was true, which I think it may have been, for the writing and diction were good, it seems a scandal.

Many unkind and some unjust aspersions have been levied at Sir Evelyn in connection with the relief of Gordon. It has even been suggested he was a party to leaving him to his fate in Khartoum. I happen to have known intimately several people in a position to explain to me the entire situation, Sir Evelyn's views, and his difficulties. While all must, and have, bitterly regretted the lovable fanatic's death under such tragic circumstances, it should be borne in mind that Charles Gordon had always been difficult to work with, and at all times impatient of control. When asked by the English Government to go out in 1884 to try and extricate the Egyptian garrison from the hands of the revolting natives, and proclaim the separation of the country from Egyptian rule, he was so certain of his power over the Soudanese that he would hardly listen to any suggestions of possible difficulties. He felt sure he had only to reappear in the Soudan and the followers of the Mahdi would rally round him gladly. Again, when leaving Cairo for Khartoum, he wished

Photograph by Russell

LORD CROMER

Sir Evelyn Baring to allow him to take Zebehr Pasha with him, the man having been virtually a prisoner in Cairo for some time as a notorious slave-dealer in the Soudanese traffic. It seems amazing that Gordon should not have realised that Zebehr was not friendly to him, considering Suleiman, the man's own son, had been executed for revolt five years previously by Gordon's orders, and that he, Zebehr, had been deprived of some of his property for complicity. Sir Evelyn was much against this man being set free to return with Gordon to Khartoum.

Arriving at Khartoum on February 18th, 1884, Gordon quickly changed his views, finding he could no longer influence the Soudanese, and he wrote to Sir Evelyn Baring saying the Mahdi must be smashed. Gordon's requests had to be carefully considered, as his wishes and views changed frequently ; one letter would say he was going to stand by those who trusted him, and nothing would persuade him to leave them, a later letter would be entirely personal and complain bitterly at being left to walk about day in and day out with sandled shoes like the natives, a virtual prisoner.

Sir Evelyn Baring had not only to arrive at some conclusion amongst these conflicting letters as to the best thing to do, but had the annoyance of having his advice misconstrued or neglected at home.

I have always passionately wished poor Gordon could have known how hard the British Agents and Lord Kitchener worked in hopes of relieving him, and of the desperate endeavour of every man in the relief force to hasten so as to be in time. The Government at home was alone to blame for what happened, and to have known this would have been a relief and a happiness to poor bitterly disappointed Gordon, who felt his friends were neglecting him.

Even as I write my kind friend Lord Cromer has passed away, died practically in harness. The last letter I had from him, written a few weeks before his death, told me he was very busy over the difficult work

of the Dardanelles Commission, which seemed to worry him a good deal.

I have seen Lord Cromer in many different moods, grave, gay, inscrutable, tender and affectionate; he was very homely and domestic in his own house. When his two little sons were very ill in Egypt, he would leave his office and creep on tiptoe to the door of the sick-room and ask if the children were any better, and if he could see them. At that time he was Sir Evelyn Baring, and when Lady Baring came to speak to him and give the latest bulletin, he would link his arm in hers and walk off with troubled face to console the anxious mother, and perhaps find some consolation himself. I never saw him other than most courteous and considerate to all his family, no matter what weighty matters were pressing for his attention.

He would shake and wobble with laughter when anything tickled his fancy. I remember once, when I was dining with him and Lady Cromer in Egypt, I was endeavouring to amuse Prince Blücher with polite conversation and stories, telling him about some Suffragettes who had been trying to blow up buildings at Westminster, and that it was a case of the biter bit, as some of them had been blown up themselves; adding that one who had ascended with her usual garments, came back to mother earth not much the worse, but minus her flannel petticoat. Not being able to speak a word of German, I was doing my best in French, and trying to think of some delicate way of mentioning the inoffensive article which in bald English sounds rather crude, but would be quite "comme il faut" if I could only think of some appropriate term in French. Suddenly I discovered Lord Cromer had been listening while trying to converse with somebody on the other side of him and he was evidently much amused, so I turned to him and said, "Do tell me the French for flannel petticoat, I can think of nothing but *jupe de flanelle.*" He burst out laughing and said he thought that would do quite nicely.

Meanwhile the Prince, all attention to hear what

was missing when the lady came back from her journey in the air, had grasped the gist of my story and roared with laughter, thus attracting everybody's attention, and I wished I were dead. I believe they all thought I had invented the story ; but I had really seen it in the papers a short time before. I was a good deal teased about it, and for some time afterwards whenever there was a pause in the conversation I was asked to tell one of my funny stories !

Prince Blücher was a fine well-groomed man with dark hair, heavily-marked eyebrows and rather squarely and closely trimmed beard, bright brown eyes, courtly manner, and polished address. Naturally I liked him, for when I apologised for my halting French, he told me it was perfect, and it was a very long time since he had met so pleasant and amusing a lady. The least I could do after that was to admire him.

With a merry twinkle in his eye he said he had been wondering *which* garment had been left in mid-air ; and when I asked him how he accounted for the disappearance of " la jupe " he said he was unable to assist me, as in his country they did not have " les femmes obstinées," and if they did would certainly shortly be wearing " la camisole de force ! " I said I was shocked, it was worse than my talking of " la jupe."

The Prince was much interested in the Egyptian Gendarmerie, and asked me many questions about them. I told him General Valentine Baker and Colonel George Harvey had been the making of them. He said he had watched the career of General Baker, adding, " Wonderful man, wonderful man. Any country would be proud of him."

Amongst the many people who have Lord Cromer to thank for making them, perhaps Mr. Portal owed him the largest debt of gratitude, for he was treated like a son.

Handsome, plucky, genial Gerry, at home everywhere, and liked by all. For nearly eight years he had helped Lord Cromer and was full of pride at being left

in entire charge for a few weeks during Lord Cromer's absence in 1886–7. While full of fun and jokes at his own importance in connection with it, he conducted affairs with considerable credit, Lord Cromer told me.

Lord Salisbury asked the British Agent in 1887 to recommend someone to him to carry out a special Mission to Abyssinia with a view to smoothing over a difference of opinion between King Johannes and the Italian Government regarding the occupation of Massowah. He appointed Mr. Portal, who was overjoyed at being given such an opportunity. The fact that another mission had undertaken the same journey about twenty years before and it had taken ten thousand men two years later to rescue them, did not damp Mr. Portal's spirits, for he loved adventure and responsibility and was full of pride at having a chance of showing what he could do.

It was while on this mission that he nearly died from thirst. I made him tell me the whole story from beginning to end, it was so wonderful that he lived through such an experience.

Briefly it was thus :

Having received instructions from Lord Cromer to reach King Johannes with all possible dispatch before any fresh complications arose, he at once set to work and collected all the necessary impedimenta, tents, mules, drivers, guides, interpreter, and all the hundred and one things necessary on expeditions of the kind.

The only other Englishmen of the party were Mr. Beech, a friend of Mr. Portal's, at that time in Cairo, and his own English servant named Hutchinson, who was most anxious to accompany his master.

All went fairly well until they left Massowah and the hospitable Italians ; then the real work began, and it was not long before difficulties arose. The mule drivers, six in number to twelve mules, either pretended they could not load the animals properly, or were really useless, and the hard work fell upon the shoulders of the three Englishmen. The interpreter turned sulky, and Mr. Portal had grounds for being

SIR GERALD PORTAL

dissatisfied with the two drivers whom it had been arranged were to act as guides.

These latter had promised to lead the party to a place where water would be found before nightfall. Night came but no water, and the guides confessed they had been mistaken, but a few miles further on they knew of plenty. The sun had been painfully hot, their faces, feet, and hands were blistered, and the animals much distressed. They journeyed a few miles further, but were again disappointed, for there was no water. Mr. Portal decided it would not be possible to go on without a rest, so gave orders for the water they had brought with them to be used, only to find this had either been already used or thrown away.

There was nothing to be done but make all lie down and rest for a few hours and then march again, when it was hoped they would reach Baresa about 6 a.m., where Mr. Portal knew there was water.

All were soon asleep with the exception of poor Gerry, who sat up and watched, being too worried and anxious to sleep.

At this juncture in the story I asked Mr. Portal why he did not return to Massowah and get more reliable guides, as it was evident they were treacherous, and I asked if it would not have been a good plan to make the new ones deposit some valuables, such as weapons or wives, as security for their good behaviour. He replied it would never have done for him to turn back at each difficulty, and he doubted if loss of wives or weapons would have influenced them much. The only thing to do was to go ahead and make the most of valuable time.

The second day's march was worse, far worse, than the first, for in addition to the heat the country was almost impassable, the horses and mules kept slipping down precipitous rocks and had to be rescued and loaded up afresh, the heat when they started again being 100° Fahrenheit though not yet daylight. The Englishmen walked to save the horses a little. Six o'clock arrived, but there was no sign of Baresa and

of course no water. Mr. Portal now stopped the caravan and decided to go alone with one of the guides, who swore he could find water a little further ahead.

After travelling about four miles the guide suddenly dashed off into the scrub and disappeared.

There was no longer any doubt about the man's treachery. Mr. Portal said he felt sadly discouraged and lonely, and tried to retrace his steps and rejoin the rest of the party. This did not prove easy, as some of the ground being rocky there were no foot-marks left as a guide, and all the mountains surrounding him looked so much alike. After plodding along wondering if he was going in the right direction or away from it he saw someone waving to him, and heard shouting from one of the mountain-tops; it proved to be his friend Mr. Beech, who with his field-glasses had been watching for him all the time after he left, feeling nervous on his account. On rejoining his party the rest of the men ran away. A consultation was then held as to what was the best thing to do.

Mr. Portal, who had been marching since midnight without food or water and had had none the day before, was suffering great pain from thirst ; they all felt very ill but they decided to unload the mules, leave everything where it was, and try and find their way back to Massowah. The animals relieved of their burdens would be sure to follow. So they began another weary march in perfect silence, for speaking was painful and they could not raise their voices above a whisper ; their tongues were swollen, lips black, eyes staring and figures bent.

After some hours of this agonising tramping Hutchinson became so very ill, it was necessary to halt until the paroxysm was over. Then it seemed almost more than they could do to start again, all wished to lie down where they were and die, but they made a great struggle. Mr. Portal was by no means satisfied that they were on the right track and doubted their seeing another day's sun. He also expected at any moment the men who had run away, might return

bringing others with them and murder the whole of the Mission.

By his pocket thermometer the temperature registered 108° in the shade. Now to his inexpressible relief he found they were on the right track; this was proved by the intelligence of one of the mules, which he observed now jogging along in front of them with nose to ground and ears cocked, evidently scenting their former tracks and knew they would lead him to water, other mules, horses and comfort.

All recognised the mule's leadership, and Mr. Portal was thankful to be relieved of that responsibility. At sunset they found themselves once more in sight of the Italian forts. All were unable to speak, but the Italians saw at once what was the matter and attended to their needs. A kind doctor sat up all night pouring cold water over Mr. Portal's head and bathing his body.

All agreed it was the mule who saved their lives, and Mr. Portal said he made it his business to see it had "all the corn in Egypt for a reward."

Next day in spite of feeling very ill Mr. Portal started off again to find the baggage and presents he had unloaded from the mules. The latter were sent by the Queen to King Johannes and naturally Mr. Portal was anxious about them. He found all as he had left them with the exception of some ammunition, and so continued his journey with fresh mules and men.

After many more thrilling adventures he reached the King who, while being very civil, would give no definite answer as to his future conduct, so Mr. Portal had to return without having the satisfaction and pride of having accomplished the object of his mission, but with a considerably enhanced reputation for pluck and determination. He was made a C.B. in recognition of his efforts. King John was killed later at the battle of Metemmeh.

Mr. Portal then returned to his duties at Cairo, being Chargé d'affaires in the autumn of 1888. His character

was a curious mixture of dignity and gaiety, full of natural humour, though the latter was at times tinged with irony. Nothing ever seemed to oppress him, not even his finances, which were often somewhat straitened. He told me he was always hard-up, but never felt really badly off unless the interest on the money borrowed exceeded his income! When we made him recount some of his experiences he always made them appear ludicrous. His knowledge and understanding of Eastern life and politics seemed to come to him instinctively.

Lord Cromer said he took great pleasure in training Mr. Portal, and hoped he might some day be his successor in Egypt. Undoubtedly the turn in fortune's wheel that took Gerry to Cairo to work under Sir Evelyn Baring was the turning-point in his life. Very early in his diplomatic career he acquired that air peculiar to the profession that wishes you to understand, "I know a great deal, but must not tell you anything." I used to tease him about it. I am afraid he got a little spoilt, accepting invitations and then not turning up, keeping people waiting for dinner, luncheon, etc. I determined to bring home this little failing to him the first opportunity I had. We asked hin to luncheon one day before going on to Hurlingham. We were only a small intimate little party. As usual Mr. Portal was late. We had been prepared for this and had given instructions a place should be laid at the side table. After we had been seated at luncheon about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour Mr. Portal put in an appearance, asking, "Am I late?" with wide-open eyes of innocent enquiry. I replied, "Yes, and as a punishment you must sit at the side table." He enjoyed the joke and sat down quite good and quiet, but would not allow the servants to remove anything from his table; as a cold pigeon pie, fruit salad and other good things were standing there awaiting our pleasure, this was disconcerting; but he maintained they were all his, and he would not have anything removed from his table.

When we told him if he was sorry he might come to our table he declined, saying he was having a very good time where he was. His was a happy sunny nature.

After our Hurlingham luncheon-party Gerry Portal said most good-temperedly, "I will not forget your wigging."

From April to November in 1889 Lord Cromer gave his protégé another opportunity, allowing him to become Consul-General at Zanzibar and, in March, 1891, permanently appointed him to the Agency there under the scheme of the British Protectorate then inaugurated.

On arriving at his head-quarters in Zanzibar, Portal found the Protectorate was more name than fact, the Arabs being most anxious to reap all benefits of protection, without the smallest understanding of its reciprocal obligations. He was keenly interested in his work and lost no time in tackling important considerations; slavery being still the order of the day amongst the populations under Mahometan law. Here he had to watch the interests of thousands incapable of looking after themselves.

Writing to me at that time he said the question of obtaining the control of the finances of the country was his first anxiety. This he managed successfully, built and organised a post office, run under English management, placing the army also under a British officer. The Sultan became piqued and restive as he saw his power disappearing, but patience and infinite tact on Portal's part brought about a successful issue.

It is, I think, remarkable that at the end of the first year's work there was a slight surplus of revenue. In the midst of all this interesting work he was called to undertake the important mission to Uganda towards the end of 1892. The death of the Sultan made it easier for other hands to carry on what Mr. Portal had commenced at Zanzibar on such good foundations.

For his services in these Islands Mr. Portal was made a K.C.M.G. and thus became Sir Gerald Portal. A

record for such a young man, Lord Cromer and his own initiative being to thank for it.

When Sir Gerald Portal came to tell me he had undertaken the mission to Uganda, I asked him to take pity on my ignorance and explain to me what it was all about. I was amused at his reply, " Missionaries, of course! They are the cause of half our troubles. They will go poking in where angels fear to tread, and then it is our job to get them safely home again."

As probably everybody knows the political situation at that time, this lucid explanation will be enough to explain the state of affairs when Sir Gerald undertook the mission.

I asked my friend if he had been expecting this honour, for as such he regarded it, and he said, " No. It was quite unexpected." I remarked he looked very happy over it and he expressed his delight, but wished he did not have to do everything in such a rush. There was so much to do and so little time ; the journey alone would take him three weeks and he had to buy all his medical stores, articles for barter, beads, cotton stuffs, coloured handkerchiefs, tents, rope and all the many things the want of which might cause vexatious delay.

Sir Gerald Portal selected a brilliant staff to go out with him, Colonel Rhodes, D.S.O., Royal Dragoons, of much distinguished service, Major Roddy Owen of the Lancashire Fusiliers, one of the best gentlemen riders of modern times, his eldest brother, Raymond Portal, as good-looking and popular as himself, also many others, all with their own particular work to do. His servant, the great Hutchinson, of course, who had shared his master's hardships in Abyssinia, again journeyed with him.

One of the things Sir Gerald was most proud of in connection with this mission was the fact that with this large staff, never for one moment throughout the long journey was there anything but good-fellowship amongst them all, not even a difference of opinion or jealous squabble.

I think a good deal of the merit of this must be attributed to Sir Gerald himself. He knew how to be cheery and hail-fellow-well-met with all his staff, yet had a reserve and dignity of his own not often met with in one so young. He had also a most assured manner, and gave his orders as though all were strangers to him and giving no reasons. Being a born diplomatist he realised the benefit of this, knowing his conclusions might be right but his reasons wrong.

Poor Sir Gerry suffered from sea-sickness the whole way to Mombasa.

When nearing Uganda, Major Roddy Owen was obliged to be carried in a hammock slung on the shoulders of native carriers in consequence of a bad leg ; to keep the sun off him, a blanket was thrown over a pole or stick. This gave rise to a story that preceded them to the effect that the Commissioner was bringing a wife with him. The whole of Uganda was full of excitement to see the lady, while the King Mwanga felt certain the English Queen had sent him an English princess, thinking she would be a suitable present.

Some of the camp-followers, native coolies or whatever they were called, were now and then seized with violent colic on the march, for which they threw themselves face downwards on the ground while some of their brethren pulled their arms and legs violently in opposite directions, and others walked up and down their backs to cure them. At first this looked as if it called for Sir Gerald's notice, but he found it was an established custom and cure for what they termed " Tumbo." In England I think we call the same complaint tummy-ache, perhaps it originally came from " Tumbo."

The Commissioner formed the opinion that the King Mwanga was weak and highly nervous. When talking he seized anybody's hand close to him and squeezed it. Captain Raymond Portal summed him up as " not much count."

The most dreaded of Sir Gerald's tasks, he said, was trying to arrange diplomatically all the miserable

religious quarrels between the Catholic and Protestant bishops. He was most anxious to get them to come to some agreement whereby the Catholic and Protestant missionaries would no longer follow on one another's heels planting missions in the same districts, with the inevitable result, war and scandal. Speaking of his meeting with the two bishops, one named Tucker and the other, whose name I forget, he said, "We were at it hammer and tongs from 9.30 a.m. till 2 p.m." At last after quarrelling fiercely they decided to let Sir Gerald decide the whole matter as he seemed so just and yet sympathetic. He told them plainly if he did this they must accept it as final. There must be no discussion, no more questioning, and he should if necessary see his ruling carried out by force. He then drew a map of the territory he allocated to each as he considered it proper and just. This he tried to persuade them to sign, and swear they would use their best endeavours to see the agreement peacefully carried out. Eventually he got them to shake hands and sign it. The way he told this story was very amusing, winding up with, "May I never again be shut up with two angry bishops acting as diplomatist, peace-maker and interpreter."

During this mission Captain Raymond Portal died from sunstroke and fever, nearly breaking his brother's heart. They were much attached to one another. I never heard a soul say an unkind word of Captain Portal, the high and mighty, the poor and lowly, all loved him.

In November, 1893, Sir Gerald came home, having accomplished his mission, receiving congratulations from all, very proud, pleased and happy, but his health had been undermined with all the hardships of his two missions, when he had stood face to face with death more often than falls to the lot of a man of his years. While shooting, I think with Lord Rendlesham, soon after his return, he caught a chill which he could not throw off, fever set in and his strength could not meet it. He died at the early age of thirty-six, on

January 24th, 1894, a very short time being allowed to him in which to enjoy his triumph and congratulations.

Laverstoke Park, the Portals' home in Hampshire, is a beautiful old place. The mills where the Bank of England notes are made lie close to the main road. The family have the exclusive right to manufacture the paper for those useful articles. Gerry used to say that under the circumstances he thought it a great shame he was not able to have as many as he wanted.

It was a terrible blow to Lady Charlotte Portal losing her boys Raymond and Gerald so early in their lives, both men of promise, Gerald the younger of actual achievements. Lord Cromer spoke of Gerry's death as a loss to the nation, and I know felt his loss very keenly. Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery said the country had lost a valuable servant.

CHAPTER XVII

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S STORIES

Mr. Melton Prior—Some of His Stories—What Knocked Him Over—Narrow Escape from Being Drowned—A Stampede of Horses—On Majuba Hill—The Prince Imperial—Nearly Starved—Mr. Cameron of *The Standard*—Mr. Prior Does a Sprint—Camels and Their Character—Father Stanton of St. Albans—His Sermons—His Parishioners' Views.

I CANNOT leave the Egyptian environment without referring again to Mr. Melton Prior. In my mind I picture him mostly in that country, but indeed I seem to have met him everywhere, no matter in what part of the globe I travelled there was Mr. Prior with his bald head, spectacles, cheery disposition and kind heart. In Russia, South Africa, Burma, America, at Royal weddings, here, there and everywhere.

Thirty years he worked for *The Illustrated London News*, and during the time of his active service only spent one whole year at home. He told me he kept duplicates of everything for wear or use, one lot always stood ready packed in his front hall so that he could start away at a moment's notice for any part of the world.

What struck me most when I first met Mr. Prior was his naturalness, he spoke his mind, enjoyed telling good stories against himself and never posed. He was not at heart a soldier, hating battles and wars, they never thrilled him, to use his own words he was " in a beastly funk " all the time. Then indeed he must have been courageous, for he was in most, if not all the big and little campaigns from Ashanti in 1873 to the Russo-Japanese in 1904, and with the besieged in Ladysmith. He told me many times in a battle he

Photograph by Elliott & Fry

MR. MELTON PRIOR

vowed to himself it should be his last, he would "sooner break stones on the road" than go through such alarming experiences any more; yes, he would certainly "chuck it up." Nevertheless none worked harder or took more pride in it than he did, and no one got their work through quicker to the paper, or stuck to it more faithfully.

He may have had the dumps sometimes, but I never saw him anything but cheerful; I remarked on this to him once, and in his own funny way he said, "You should have seen me when I lost my sketch-book in South Africa, I sat down on the ground and cried."

The two things that seem to have made an everlasting impression on him were the appalling smells at Coomassi and the sights he saw four months after the battle of Isandlwana when he was allowed to go over the ground where the battle was fought.

I asked if the former of these lasting impressions had been caused by decaying vegetable matter, as I had met one or two fairly powerful in the jungle in India and in marshy land in other countries. There is a certain moss that has a most unpardonable smell, I have made its acquaintance several times; but Mr. Prior told me the smell that "knocked him over" came from the blood of human beings killed in the King's private slaughter-house, kept entirely for humans. He also assured me it was a fact that under the palace there was a dungeon full of men and women awaiting their turn to be sacrificed, and that when Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived and the doors were opened for the prisoners to go free, they at first declined, saying, "No," they were waiting their turn to be killed—evidently so accustomed to the idea it had ceased to be a terror.

His vivid impressions of Isandlwana were gathered four months after the battle when General Newdigate gave him permission to revisit the scene of that disaster. Mr. Prior could hardly bear to talk about it and assured me at the time it quite unnerved him. There still lay the skeletons of the battalion of the 24th

Regiment, the ground still strewn with the tender things that means the last straw to the beholder who cares.

I wonder what Mr. Prior would have to tell us if he was with our troops now in this Great War ?

His art was not perhaps of the highest order, but eminently graphic. He worked in black and white with marvellous rapidity. I was watching him once filling in and finishing a battle picture in the Soudan and remarked on the celerity with which he used his pencil; he replied with one of his usual jokes, " Oh, the same battle picture does for them all. I only put in a face or two suitable to the occasion." He belonged to the adventurous school of correspondents, Mr. Archibald Forbes being another of the same spirit.

At all times an amusing companion, full of anecdote, embroidering his stories a little, especially when they were against himself. Whenever anybody wanted to start him off for their entertainment they brought forward the subject of missionaries, that set the ball rolling for any length of time. Amongst other remarks of his on this subject I remember his saying a Kaffir, who had not made the acquaintance of a missionary, might be trusted, but after being converted was a certain thief and liar.

During his career he had many narrow escapes of losing his life. While sketching the burning palace at Ashanti, he was so engrossed with his work he did not notice all had withdrawn and he was left behind, practically cut off from them. It would have been too tragic to have been burnt up by the fire he was sketching. I forget how he escaped.

In Egypt he was nearly drowned, indeed the news reached us one evening, when we were all standing about the steps and terrace at Shepheard's Hotel, that Melton Prior had been drowned while shooting a cataract up the Nile. We all shook our heads, recounted his many virtues or otherwise as they recurred to different people. Next day came news that he

was still very much alive and going strong. He did, however, have "a very narrow squeak," as he called it, having been wrecked; he was in the act of jumping from the wreckage on to a big rock, missed his footing and fell into the rushing, swirling water. After being submerged for a time he was fished out by a boat-hook, or some such thing, applied to the seat of his trousers; his friends kept him upside down until all the water ran out of him and then laid him on the bank of the Nile to dry. While this saving process was in full swing, we in Cairo were trying to remember what we had said the day before, some folk trying to hedge and qualify their previous statements.

He told me a good story of a fright he once had in South Africa. One night something frightened the Artillery horses and they stampeded, coming down like an avalanche in the direction of his tent; he felt it was useless with his short legs to endeavour to compete with the madly galloping horses; while if he stayed in his tent they would wreck it and bury him underneath it; he said if he had owned any hair on the top of his head it would have stood on end from fright; fortunately he was spared by some brilliant brain conceiving the idea of sounding the feeding bugle, when all the horses wheeled round and galloped back to their normal places when waiting to be fed.

I asked particularly if those confiding and trusting animals were rewarded with a feed, and was glad to hear they were not disappointed.

At Majuba poor little Mr. Prior was knocked down; he told the story thus at a little reunion dinner of old Cairo friends in London.

"It had taken us ten hours to climb Majuba Hill the day before the battle, the soldiers being heavily weighted with ammunition and so forth, it took us ten minutes coming down again; I got knocked down while friend and foe took the opportunity to run over my prostrate body; when they had quite done with me I was cast into prison, but liberated later when it was proved I was a non-combatant."

After being nearly drowned in the Nile, he thought he had done enough to justify his existence and would prefer the ship of the desert in future, but after ten hours' ride on one came to the conclusion he had not struck oil but wished he had! This was between Wady Halfa and Dongola.

I sympathise with Mr. Prior. After a three hours' journey on a camel I thought my back must be broken in at least three places. I longed to lie down somewhere—anywhere—flat on my back and not get up again for a week.

The Illustrated London News artist was the last or possibly one of the last to speak to the Prince Imperial before his death, and one of those who went to search for him. He had much of great interest to tell me of this time that I had not heard before and have not heard since. According to his account the blame (as usual) was laid on the wrong shoulders. The story as the public knew it ran this way. When the Prince was found he was covered with wounds, all his clothes gone, but a fine gold chain remained round his neck from which was suspended the portrait of his father Napoleon III. The Zulus had been afraid to interfere with this thinking it was a charm and might bring them bad luck. The story of who was to blame for this poor lad's death had better be left buried in the past.

The first sketch of this melancholy scene which reached England came from the pen of Mr. Prior.

In Dalmatia Mr. Prior endured great hardships and was nearly starved. He was telling me about this one day when we were camel-riding in the desert. Mr. Cameron of *The Standard*, whom I think he liked better than any other man of his acquaintance, was riding the other side of me and said, "Don't believe him, Mrs. ——, nobody knows better how to take care of himself than our friend, or knows how to travel in greater comfort."

I tried to steer a middle course by saying war-time comfort was not very great at any time. Mr. Prior

now entered into a wordy argument about all he had endured, and told his friend it would be better if he took a little more care of himself, adding, "Or you will be getting killed one of these fine days," and so he was, at the battle of Gubat, the same day as Mr. Leger Herbert of *The Morning Post.*

Mr. Prior and the other correspondents carried them to their graves. During the battle Mr. Cameron kept exposing himself unnecessarily, though Mr. Prior begged his friend to be more careful and keep behind the camels and biscuit-tin barricades, but Mr. Cameron said he knew he was going to be killed that day; he felt it, and would take no care.

It was during the Turkish War in 1877 that Mr. Prior said he did *the* sprint of his life, running away from a Turk who had insulted him. I cannot picture Mr. Prior sprinting, nothing about him looked like it.

This clever artist had been two or three times round the world. His last campaign was the Russo-Japanese War, where he was much worried at being allowed so little scope for his work. The day was just dawning when correspondents were to be put on the shelf.

At the age of sixty-five Mr. Prior died in London in 1910, the wonder is he lived so long, his life had been one of prolonged adventure, full of hardships and danger.

I was staggered when told the sum of money he had to spend in connection with his work; truly correspondents are an expensive luxury.

He said he would pay anything that would enable him to get his "stuff" through at the earliest possible moment. Once in South Africa he was very anxious to find the means of getting some information he wanted, and also something to ride or drive to carry it to a place about forty miles away. By dint of a handful of loose coins presented to some dirty Boer children, he softened the heart of a hitherto scowling parent, and she was persuaded to converse with this lover of children. He heard what he was anxious to find out and succeeded in buying a lame old horse and

Cape cart for thirty pounds. With this he galloped until the horse had had enough, he then after some bribery hired another horse for seven pounds, this he had to ride. Various people *en route* had to have little presents to prevent them being too inquisitive and avoid delays.

This he explained was quite a modest day's expenses.

In Egypt he once paid £100 for the *hire* of a camel, by this means he was first with some important news.

I feel that camels, so little understood by English people, need a little notice; they have been good friends to me and interested me not a little. The horse is a friend of man, not so the camel; he resents any attempt at friendliness, makes strange guttural bubbling sounds suggestive of disgust. He is a natural grumbler, very reserved and asks for no affection. Flattery and blandishments are entirely lost upon him. Yet there is something about a camel that always makes me feel sorry, he seems so desolate, a thing apart, taking his pleasures sadly, looks as if he was thinking of and regretting the days of the Pharaohs, as though he felt the indignity of working for infidels and people from the West. His under lip is like that of a spoilt child on the verge of tears.

To make a camel happy it is necessary to keep him always on the move, there is nothing he resents more than camp life. The oppression and desolation of the desert, silent and mysterious, has taken possession of him just as it does of us. He is only happy when sailing over the desert with his head in the air, his soft, gentle eye, partly from endurance, partly in protest, gazing far away at something we do not see, possibly the Mecca of his dreams.

I have felt when travelling over the desert sands on the back of camels something of their unrest and yearning. When far from the haunts of man, and after days and nights spent in the great oppressive yet speaking silence, a little of the mantle of the East descended upon me, a little of their longing to keep on the move until reaching the Mecca of my dreams.

I have even felt as though I must speak in Biblical language, all others seeming out of place and sympathy with the surroundings.

All the movements of these animals are dignified, yet they are silly fellows as well as grumblers ; they cannot even decide for themselves what is good for them to eat and what will upset their interior economy, therefore they are rather an anxiety when travelling and have to be watched. I wonder if they see some of those beautifully cruel mirages that no matter how we pursue them are ever far away with mocking smiles luring people on until they give up the struggle and lie down to die.

How bitterly and sadly we think of all the gallant promising men those sands have swallowed up.

> "Of those who fought and those who fell
> And those who bravely died,
> Of those who bore our banners high
> And battled side by side."

The Arabs call the mirage the Devil's Sea—"Bahr esh Sheitan."

Camels have little tricks of their own which it is well to know ; it prevents our hearts from sinking into our shoes unnecessarily. When they are tired and have done enough, they lie down and wish you to understand they are going to die ; it is just as well to accept this attitude for a time without argument, but do not believe it unless they stretch their heads out backwards, then it means real business and all is indeed up.

My memories carry me back to Town, *the* town—our town London. Writing of the religious feeling that belongs to the East and which seizes you whether you wish it or no, reminds me of my religion at home and some of the great preachers that have impressed me. I have listened to many, none have so carried me off my feet with religious emotion as Father Stanton of St. Albans, Holborn ; at one time so much before the public eye. Mr. Haweis of St. James's, Marylebone, interested me, but more of him later. Cardinal

Manning of Westminster made me feel I wanted to write poetry. Cardinal Newman of Oxford fame made me feel I wished to renounce the world and join the "Silence Sisterhood," but Mr. Stanton, known as Father Stanton, made me feel I wanted to be good, useful, bright, try and radiate joy wherever I went. His well-bred, handsome and refined face was attractive; then he was a lover of humanity, a powerful preacher, and full of gentleness and pity.

He held very decided views of his own, not altogether pleasing to the elect rulers of the Established Church of England, and told them at intervals he did not quite agree with their views or their ruling. It was then suggested to him some other Faith, the Roman Catholic for instance, might be more to his liking, but he was sorry he could not oblige them.

He was a comparatively young man when first I met him, full of energy born of health, blessed with the gift of speech, intelligence and money, all of which he spent lavishly in the service of his Master. I think he must have been about thirty when first I knew him. He gave me a most interesting account of the services he and Mr. Mackonochie held when first he went to St. Albans in 1862. They were held in an underground basement; I am not sure it had not been a coal cellar, at any rate the only daylight that reached the place came from the pavement somehow. While the service was being conducted they were greeted with cries from the street above of "Halleluiah," "Oh Jerusalem," "Go it strong" and other encouragements of the same sort. When we remember St. Albans from 1876 to 1886, with its music, candles, vestments, incense and ritualistic services, it seems wonderful that in such a short time so great a change could have come over the people, and a beautiful church be built.

Many living people must remember what a commotion there was about Mr. Mackonochie and his ritualistic practices at St. Albans; his curate Mr. Stanton, of course, sharing the obloquy.

Mr. Tait, at that time Bishop of London, warned Mr. Stanton if he went to St. Albans he would never gain much recognition by the Established Church, and this proved to be the case ; notwithstanding this advice he went to St. Albans, and the one thing I could not quite understand and which I regretted in Mr. Stanton's life was the way he cared at being passed over for preferment ; it really hurt him. This seemed strange to me who knew him fairly well ; in the first place, he could not expect it, he had been told so plainly ; secondly, I thought he was above caring for anything of the kind.

Once when staying with us many years later, he told me of all the wondrous dreams that filled his brain and heart when he stood on the threshold of life, of the great things he meant to do ; the world was going to be a better place as the result of his work ; the same ideas so many of us start life with, yet he like the rest of us suffered disillusionment from the desperate realities of life. At the end of his first year's work, all his rose-tinted imaginings had died violent deaths.

Mr. Stanton's first difference with his ecclesiastical superiors took place while holding a Mission Service for soldiers. The Chaplain-General fell out with him, forbidding him ever again to preach in a Garrison church or chapel, as he considered his preaching and teaching Popish.

I think in 1886 Mr. Stanton's vicar was put in prison for defying the law with regard to ritualistic practices, the result being a notice was fastened on the door, stating the services were prohibited as they wished to hold them, and advising their congregation to go to a neighbouring church where services were held in the same manner as those forbidden at St. Albans. Acting on this advice all trooped off to a neighbouring church.

Mr. Stanton was a delightful person to have staying in the house, being bright and gay, full of anecdote and fun, more like an overgrown schoolboy, except

that he was always dignified, there was nothing sanctimonious about him.

I remember as a girl hearing the St. Albans affairs and the Purchase Judgment much discussed, Mr. Purchase being a Brighton clergyman, and the decision over that case apparently formed a rule to be followed by other churches; if I remember rightly it was all a question of ritual and what should be worn, in the way of vestments.

Some of Mr. Stanton's stories of his experience were amusing, and he told them well. One parishioner, wishing to speak kindly, suggested it was not wise to use incense and processional lights. He replied, "Did you say not wise?"

Parishioner: "Yes."

Mr. Stanton: "There are only two people called 'Wise' in the Gospels, the 'Wise Men' who offered incense, and the 'Wise' Virgins who carried processional lights."

Another man who attended the church said he disliked the "smell of incense." "Well," replied the parson, "there are two stinks in the next world, incense and brimstone, and you've got to choose between them."

Then there was an old woman amongst the poorest of his flock who was bed-ridden, he often looked in to see if he could do anything for her, and one day found her in great pain. He suggested that a poultice might be soothing and hurried off to buy some linseed; he returned to make the poultice, thinking it a simple thing to do. The patient was feeling too ill to take much notice of what he was doing, he had hoped she would have given him some instructions as to the usual mode of mixing linseed poultices. He looked about and found an unsavoury-looking saucepan which smelt of many things, into this he poured the linseed bodily, adding enough water to float it. There was a glimmer of fire which a neighbour occasionally looked in to keep alight; this he stoked and put the saucepan on it.

He had no idea it took so long to make a poultice, and as it looked rather liquid he poured off some of the water out in the street as he could find no other suitable place; this expedited matters and at last he thought it must be warm enough, it was steaming; but now was confronted with the problem of what was he to do for a rag to place it on, he could find nothing, not even a newspaper, so sacrificed his nice clean pocket handkerchief, and turned the contents of the saucepan upside down in the middle of it. There was too much linseed, it threatened to swamp the handkerchief, so he picked up the corners quickly and told the old lady to prepare, he was coming with a nice warm poultice; a good portion of it fell out on to the floor with a plop *en route*, the rest the old lady said was cold and no use, she pushed it away from her. Mr. Stanton said he himself felt it was not altogether a success, it did not look like the poultices he had been accustomed to, and he had made a horrid mess, there was poultice on the floor, adhering to the sides of the saucepan and on his clothes. There was nothing to be done but go and find a charlady to come and put all to rights, this he did and bought some firing and other comforts for the old sufferer. A few days later when he went to enquire after the woman's health, he received a considerable wigging for having spoilt her one and only saucepan; he had to go and buy another for her. After this he thought it wise to have a lesson in poultice-making.

How the name of Father Stanton attached itself to him I do not know, perhaps from the children who loved him so well, with whom he used to play, and walk along the streets holding their dirty, sticky little hands.

Father Stanton's preaching was remarkable, almost jocular at times, and some of his similes so homely it was impossible to help smiling.

On one occasion when he had chosen the text "Fishers of Men" after a prolonged pause as though thinking deeply, he continued, "and what queer fish we have caught!"

Another evening after a most impassioned address about seeking God's help in our daily lives, living with him at our side, he stood still for a moment at the back of the pulpit almost exhausted after throwing his arms wide in eloquent entreaty to us, his black hair tossed and falling over his white face, voice tired and husky after raising it in almost beseeching exhortation, then slowly moving to the front of the pulpit again, he leaned far over it until I feared he would fall out, clasping his hands tightly together without speaking a word he turned his head looking at the whole congregation from right to left, then in almost a whisper, " Let us go home and ask God to put us to bed ! " It was surprising but very telling.

At times he quite took my breath away. Once instead of giving a text out of the Bible he chose an epitaph from a tombstone he had seen in Brittany, which he translated for the benefit of his congregation thus, " Born a man and died a grocer." I think he delighted in surprising and perhaps shocking people into attention.

At one time there had been an animated discussion between the Vicar of St. Albans and the Authorities over carrying the Cross in front of the procession from the vestry to their seats in the chancel ; they might process as much as they liked but must not carry the Cross in front of the choir. During the usual procession the hymn was sung :

> " Onward, Christian soldiers,
> Marching as to war,
> With the Cross of Jesus
> Carried on before."

So Father Stanton quite solemnly altered the last line to " Left behind the door ! "

Sunday was not the only day Father Stanton preached, but on Monday evenings as well and with neither choir nor ritual, only prayer, a hymn sung by the congregation, and then his sermon. I have many times seen the church so packed that people were standing right up to the altar and glad to stand

through the whole service to hear him preach, crowds waiting outside in the hope of finding room. The New Year services at St. Albans were things to remember for the rest of our lives, it seemed to be a special service for the poor, they had asked for it. There was going to be no midnight service, but some of the lowliest rang the bell of the Clergy House and asked him to see the old year out and the new one in with them in church. The Vicar gave his consent and ever after the midnight service seemed more especially their own. Up to twelve o'clock he talked to them of the past and the many mistakes made by us all, a few minutes before twelve he told us what to pray for and how to pray, on the stroke of twelve we all knelt down and I think all prayed, when the last stroke of twelve had died away he rose from his knees in the pulpit and exhorted us in words of encouragement to "try again."

I have been told that at the end of one of these services when many of his congregations wanted to see their favourite come out of the church, one poor woman who had been most attentive and who had already had more than was good for her pressed up to Father Stanton and pushed sixpence into his hand saying, "Father, you must be dry, go and get a drink." He put the money in the alms-box at the church door.

I heard him preach a begging sermon once ; he did not like doing this and very seldom would do so, but when he did was successful. Men turned out their trousers pockets searching for silver, women took off their rings and bangles and put them into the plate, he asked for nothing in vain, not even souls, for he gathered in many.

One New Year's Eve which happened to fall on a Saturday, as soon as Father Stanton began to preach, a woman who was seated astride on the back of one of the seats and also had been refreshing, shouted out, "You ain't no preacher, come out of it," to which some of the rough men near said, "You let the gentle-

man alone or we'll knock you silly"; she was led out of the church by one of the curates and was heard running through her vocabulary as she went growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

I wonder how many clergymen would have said, "You must not come to church tipsy, you must not talk, you must not sit astride in the pews"; there was no rebuke from Father Stanton, he wanted them to come anyway, anyhow, he wanted the sinners, drunkards and thieves and he got them. He did not want them to wait and wash and dress in Sunday clothes, but to come as they were.

After fifty years of work amongst the poor, Father Stanton died.

His funeral was wonderful, there is no other word to describe it. His coffin was wheeled on a low bier, followed by Boy Scouts, Postmen, Watercress-sellers, Dukes, Duchesses, Sisters of Mercy, Clergy of many denominations, the Rev. R. J. Campbell from the City Church, Rag-pickers, Orange girls, Hawkers selling his memorial card on which was written, "The blessings of the poor follow him, for he was their best friend for fifty years."

The procession was over a mile long. The poor are so respectful to the dead.

The words Father Stanton wished written over his grave are, "God had made of one blood all nations of men."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE TENNYSONS AND OTHERS

The Rev. H. R. Haweis—Calls on the Tennysons—His Reception at Farringford—Theatrical Ladies in His Choir—Magic Lanterns in Church—Tennyson the Picturesque at Afreton—I meet Mr. Parnell—He Asks a Question and Receives an Unexpected Answer—His Views on Ireland's Viceroys—His Funeral—Sir West and Lady Ridgeway—Lady Ridgeway's Pluck—Three Ridgeway Brothers—A Ghost in the Under-Secretary's Lodge—The Duke of Clarence's Illness—The Child She-Bear.

THE Rev. H. R. Haweis was quite another stamp of man and most interesting; at the time I knew him when at St. James's, Marylebone, he attracted crowds to his church, men predominating, which is unusual. He was even more surprising than Mr. Stanton, but in a different way—being of an artistic temperament and music mad, if I may use such an expression. Music, the violin in particular, was the joy of his life. I used to think he would have made his fortune on the stage.

As a boy he had been delicate, suffering from hip disease, and Sir Benjamin Brodie expressed the opinion he would not live long. His father sent him to Brighton for his health, where he grew much stronger. He was then sent to a tutor at Freshwater in the Isle of Wight, at that time a very quiet little spot. Not being able to play games like other boys he mooned about with books and his beloved violin.

He told me a story in connection with this visit to the Isle of Wight. The Tennysons were at Farringford House, and he was most anxious to see the poet; with this in view he wandered about the lanes and woods near the house, but never caught a glimpse of him; he then went regularly to church, thinking that might be a find—but no, Mr. Tennyson did

not go to church in the Isle of Wight ; he now made himself quite miserable, being in a far advanced stage of hero worship. At last he decided he would go to Farringford House and ask to see Mr. Tennyson. Yes, that was what he would do. Why not ? Most simple.

Having quite made up his mind on this point he felt happier, and not until he had rung the front-door bell did he feel any qualms, but the clanging of the bell as it echoed through the house filled him with alarm and it occurred to him for the first time that his visit might appear presumptuous ; and he had no idea what he was going to say, or what reason to give for his visit. He meditated running away ; too late, the door was opened and a demure maid stood in front of him, so he asked if he could see Mr. Tennyson, being told in reply that Mr. Tennyson saw nobody ; this he already knew quite well, but having got so far he was not going to give in without a struggle, so he asked if Mrs. Tennyson was at home, perhaps she would see him ; the maid said she would go and enquire, returning shortly to say " Yes," would he walk in.

With hat in hand and heart in mouth he followed the maid into a pretty drawing-room, it was empty ; he was trembling from emotion, for was he not in the house of the great man, actually treading where he had trod. There was a picture of the poet in the room (or photo, I forget which), he went up to it and was indulging in raptures when Mrs. Tennyson entered the room. He bowed, she bowed, and waited some explanation of his visit, what he wanted to see her for. He was sorry he did not know ; he stuttered and stammered, then said, " I want to see Mr. Tennyson."

Mrs. Tennyson : " But I am afraid he is too busy."

Mr. H. : " Oh, but do ask him to see me." Then thinking she certainly took him for a lunatic, he launched forth all about his admiration for the poet.

Mrs. Tennyson listened while he explained the state of his feelings and his desire to behold the hero of his dreams.

At last the kind-hearted motherly Mrs. Tennyson

took pity on the youth and went to see if her husband would come and be seen. After she had left the room Mr. Haweis became so nervous he almost hoped the man would not come, for he had no explanation to give for his visit that did not sound mad; he listened anxiously for footsteps, presently he heard a man's voice outside the door say, "Is he an impostor, do you think? What does he want?" Oh! how he wished he could fly away before the door opened, which it did almost at once. Mr. Tennyson entered; Mr. Haweis was speechless. Could this ordinary looking man possibly be the poet, no lily in his hand, no laurel wreath on his head; what was the proper thing to do, should he fall flat on his face, go on his knees, or what? Mr. Tennyson looked suspiciously at him, spoke a few not very cordial words, and went out of the room again, leaving Mr. Haweis standing, as far as I could gather, in a stage-struck attitude.

Mrs. Tennyson talked kindly to him while he recovered himself a little, he then begged her to give him some writing or a signature of her husband's; she took up an envelope lying beside her addressed to herself and gave it to him. He went away delighted and now quite happy. I wonder whether it really was Tennyson's writing or a stray envelope she took up just to get rid of him.

This visit was paid while Tennyson was writing *Maud*, which the critics cut up so mercilessly, that of course helped to sell it.

When telling me of the Farringford story Mr. Haweis said he had blushed many times since at his daring, his "impulsive cheek," and that he had met the Tennysons somewhere years afterwards and had asked them if they remembered his impertinence, but they had entirely forgotten all about it.

When in 1856 Mr. Haweis entered Trinity College, Cambridge, he was given an introduction to Dr. Whewell (the master), whom I have always heard spoken of as a most disagreeable and rude man. Dr. Whewell sent for Haweis and asked him what were

his aims and ambitions in life. Haweis replied he had none, but loved the fiddle.

Haweis regarded Dr. Whewell as an intellectual monarch, but owned he himself did little work while at the University beyond writing a number of newspaper articles on all sorts of subjects, starting a University Magazine called *The Lion*, quickly followed by another called *The Bear*, which was clever, and owned by Mr. George Otto Trevelyan, who had lately come up from Harrow and who filled its pages with good-natured parodies and banter on articles appearing in *The Lion*. The poor Lion expired after three numbers had been circulated. Somebody suggested another magazine should be started entitled "David who Slew the Lion and the Bear." Mr. Haweis' views of the University training agree with mine, my experience having been that those amongst my relations and friends who have been there have learnt nothing more than they knew when they went up in the way of educational knowledge, but a good deal not quite so desirable. Mr. Haweis said all the knowledge that had been any real use to him he acquired after the University had proclaimed him Master of Arts; the knowledge had enabled him to make money with his pen, write books, preach sermons, give lectures, organise parishes, edit journals and so forth; and this was not what the University training imparted, discouraged it rather than otherwise.

I remember there was a great commotion when Mr. Haweis introduced magic-lantern pictures during his services in Marylebone. I think he must have been the first to use them in his church; it was considered very wicked in those days—unheard-of secularity. Then he played his violin in church and had theatrical ladies in his choir, which set everybody buzzing; his idea was to make his services attractive and he certainly succeeded, his church used to be crammed; at first they went out of curiosity and remained because interested.

His first rise towards fame came when he was curate

at St. James the Less, Westminster. Dean Alford (Dean of Canterbury), editor of *The Contemporary Review*, gave him some work to do, asking him to write a page or two for him on a couple of volumes of Mozart's letters. This was his first remunerative work, and the article he wrote attracted so much attention his literary fortune was made. The following week more volumes arrived for review.

Amongst his intimate friends were Mendelssohn, whose *Songs Without Words* are to be found in almost every home, Piatti, prince of violoncellists, Joachim, who played Bach's Chaconne so beautifully at the early age of fifteen or sixteen, poor Chopin, dying of consumption, playing in the drawing-rooms of the rich nightly, and many more. Music was the joy of Mr. Haweis' life ; he had a theory that it is a great healer, and nerve soother, that it should become a powerful and acknowledged therapeutic. Certainly we are often told our illnesses are due to disordered nerves, so if music would cure us what a charming remedy. Mr. Haweis said there was the stimulant of music, and the lubricant, each to be applied in their different ways.

He preached on this subject once, saying that music was the discipline of emotion. I remember him throwing out his arms in his theatrical way and saying :

" What is the ruin of art ?
What is the ruin of life ?
What mars happiness, destroys manliness ?
Sullies womanhood, spoils success ?
} Ill-regulated emotions.

" If there is one thing more important than knowing self it is governing self."

He then pointed out how music was to regulate the emotions.

I think some people could have told him it did much the reverse !

There is, however, no doubt Mr. Haweis was a man of considerable musical ability. He died in 1901 at the age of sixty-three, leaving a number of books he wrote at one time and another during his life; his *Music and Morals* had a great sale.

The man was an artist and everything he said and did was for effect. I do not think people always realise that Art is not always spontaneous, but the result often of hard work and considerable thought. Yet this has been proved many times when we chance to catch glimpses of the private documents of great men.

There is a well-known advocate living to-day who marks his briefs down the margins to remind him where a little theatrical effect will be helpful to press a point. Thus—" Angry—angrier. . . ."

There was once a clergyman who preached a sermon that moved his congregation to tears. A bed-ridden parishioner told him she regretted so much not having been able to go and hear it as her son had told her it was " most beautiful," so the parson said he would lend it to her to read, quite forgetting his marginal notes of " Voice must tremble with emotion here," a little further down " Cry here."

A certain newspaper correspondent I have met, when being sent abroad for his paper, made out his line of campaign before starting on the back of an envelope, thus : " Exciting journey." " Must be lost here." " Reward offered." " Found suffering from privations." All nicely arranged before starting from his home ! Surely this is Art with a very big A.

Mr. Haweis' story of Tennyson reminds me of the first time I saw the poet when dining at Afreton, Mr. Ben Cotton's place at Freshwater, during the time he was Master of the I.O.W. Hounds.

It was summer, and when we came out from dinner we found the whole grounds illuminated with hundreds of small Chinese lanterns of many colours, hanging from trees and shrubs, as well as arranged along the edge of the lake in front of the house, quite a fairy-

land effect; I wonder it did not inspire Tennyson into writing an ode to it, but perhaps it did. The French window of the drawing-room at Afreton opened on to the lawn. I was half in the room and half out when Mr. Tennyson, who had been to fetch his hat and cloak, came to talk to me. What an artist he was to the finger-tips, every movement of studied grace, he looked a poet and felt a poet. As he approached me he threw one end of his cloak over his shoulder, leaned back against the window-frame, the subdued light from the drawing-room falling on his face, the background of the creeper-covered house, and beyond, the fairy lamps amongst the shadows of the trees. The picture was perfect and Tennyson knew it, felt it. The way he dressed his hair, the way he wore his beard and moustache combined, made an artistic frame for his thoughtful eyes, lofty brow, and benevolent nose.

His clothes added to his picturesqueness, though I must confess I have longed at times to adjust his tie, turn his collar down comfortably; there was always the wide flap of his coat, lapel, I think tailors term it, crumpled up and trying to squeeze from under his cloak or greatcoat, yet none of it appeared studied, on the contrary quite natural.

I have heard it stated that he was disagreeable and inclined to snub people. I am glad I never saw that side of him if it was there. I thought him charming and refined, and he loved gardens, trees and birds, as I do. We used to enthuse over them. I feel I know the mood he was in when he wrote those lines,

> "There seemed no room for sense of wrong,
> The woods were filled so full of song."

Yet at times after talking to Lord Tennyson I have wondered if he understood himself or his poetry. Someone once said it is a mistake for people to be famous in their lifetimes. If they live long enough the world begins to think they are not half such fine fellows as they thought they were. This rather applied to Tennyson. Before he died he was a little out of favour, one heard it suggested he was not as great as

had been imagined. He felt the way the critics cut up his *In Memoriam,* the work that was so much liked by the public.

Looking back over the number of people I have met at one time and another I am glad to have known Charles Parnell, the inscrutable Parnell who was so prominently before the public at one time.

I think it was in 1889 a friend asked me if she might bring Mr. Parnell to one of my Sunday afternoons in London as he wished very much to meet me. I gladly consented; that was the first of many visits. I came to the conclusion he either wanted me to do something for him or to find out something from me. A relation of mine was Under-Secretary for Ireland at the time, so I scented danger. He seemed to think I must know a great deal about Irish happenings, and what was going on at the Castle. As a matter of fact I did not know much, and if I had, I should naturally have held my own counsel.

During either the second or third call he said, "You know Lord S., do you not?" I replied I did and had been dining there a few evenings previously. Mr. Parnell then said, "Do you happen to know whether he personally thinks I was in any way connected with Burke's murder? and what his opinion is about these forgeries?" Now it so happened there had been considerable discussion on these subjects; the Parnell Commission was sitting at the time if I remember rightly, to inquire into these forgeries, and the general concensus of opinion had not been in Mr. Parnell's favour, Lord S. had spoken rather severely. I therefore turned from a direct reply, saying, "His lordship did not tell me any secrets, but offered me a golden crown if I would bring to him your head on a charger." He looked amused and grasped that pumping me was no use. Mr. Parnell could not laugh, and I mistrust all who cannot do so; the nearest to a real laugh I ever saw or heard from the Irish leader was on this occasion.

We had various little fencing matches after this. I

could never quite convince myself that Parnell was really sincere in his love for the Irish, their rights and wrongs, nevertheless I liked to hear him talk of what he called the "cruel injustice" from which they suffered. His eyes, which were soft and plaintive-looking at ordinary times, became the yellow-red-brown of a burnished chestnut when angry or excited.

Although not quite convinced of his true feelings concerning the Irish, I was never in any doubt about his feelings for the English. He hated them all. At heart a Tory, and loving a fight, he could not endure cringing or flattering. Mr. Parnell's appearance was striking, he carried himself well with dignified bearing and had charming manners. There was no mistaking him for anything but a gentleman, and I should have said a self-respecting gentleman if it had not been for his habitual untidiness, his hair was always unkempt, looking as if it had been accidentally overlooked in the morning's toilet, while his clothes might have been put on with a pitchfork; this did not seem to me to run kindly with self-respect.

For sheer audacity he would have been hard to beat; the Irish loved him for it, they went wild over him, but he never became passionate either when speaking or during great moments. A relation of mine was travelling with him from Dublin or Athlone once during the zenith of his success. A large crowd came to the station to see him off, handkerchiefs were waving, hats thrown up in the air; and there was every expression of affection and approval. Parnell looked on quite unmoved, until someone pointed out to him a young woman who was so carried away by her feelings and having nothing handy with which to illustrate them, waved her unhappy baby backwards and forwards in the air—a sort of dot and dash signal business. He was obliged to smile, a gentle relaxation of the muscles of his mouth. The people were so amused they rocked with laughter. I have been told Mr. Parnell laughed heartily but I have my doubts,

and my relations did not hear it, but there are other versions of this story.

While so composed outwardly, I believe inwardly Mr. Parnell was consumed with intense feeling, an ever-abiding excitement, and that was what made him always in a hurry ; he could never wait for anything ; to wait for a train was anguish to him, he would have liked a special always and to travel at the rate of sixty miles an hour. He never wrote letters if he could help it, but sent telegrams, bundles of telegrams. In the same way if people wrote letters to him they were laid on one side, possibly forgotten, but a telegram was attended to on the spot. I once received three telegrams from him in as many hours, and none of them of any consequence.

It was difficult when talking to Mr. Parnell to believe he could be the cruel man that I fear he was. His voice was gentle, his speech cultured, yet there was no getting away from the fact that he was responsible for the cattle maiming and torture of dumb animals in Ireland. I dared to say something of this to him once when he was stating his love for animals. He stoutly denied being a party to it and said the people were excitable and got out of hand, nobody deplored the sufferings of the maimed cattle more than he did. This did not satisfy me, as it was at a time when one word from him would, I believe, have put an end to it. Besides, the responsibility rested with him if the people did get out of hand, he must have known, if anybody did, the temperament of the people, and when he founded the Land League and suggested boycotting and agrarian outrages, what they might lead to.

Talking to me one day, not long before the end of his life, when he was in a very bitter and dejected mood, he gave me at some length his opinions of Ireland's Viceroys during his time. He said Lord Aberdeen in 1886 (I think, if I remember the date correctly) was the only man who knew anything about Ireland or cared anything about her. I asked, " What of Lord Londonderry ? "

"Oh, he is no use at all, but has not enough brains to do much harm, a child could see through his little schemes."

"And what of Lord Spencer?"

"Deceitful old liar, thinks if he hides his head behind somebody else that we cannot see his legs."

"Then I am afraid you have not a very exalted opinion of any of them?"

"I do not look for brains amongst the inbred aristocracy; the rising generation may be an improvement, a few have been bold enough to break away from the old family traditions and have married clever American women. The ordinary education of English gentlemen's sons at Eton and Oxford is not calculated to turn out brilliant statesmen. One I know at the present moment is a brilliant example of an hereditary legislator, when writing to me the other day spelt barracks with one 'r' and no 'c'! While one of your leading statesmen confessed not long ago that he had not been taught geography and did not know where the Philippine Islands were."

"But Eton and Harrow, Oxford and Cambridge have turned out some of our greatest statesmen, soldiers and sailors," I replied.

"In the past yes, not much was asked, nothing questioned, but that will not do to-day, the people are educated and interested."

Parnell died hopelessly in debt and no longer the idol of the Irish people; they could not forgive his lapse and more especially his being found out over the O'Shea matrimonial trouble.

The attitude of the press and of Parnell's friends amused me when the divorce case came on. The Irish people felt aggrieved, they had been deceived, had received a cold douche. One or two papers stood up for him saying his private life had nothing to do with his politics, another remarked perhaps there were more members who had not kept all the commandments. Gladstone said he had done with Parnell, and henceforth washed his hands of him.

Parnell told me Gladstone was a " canting old fool," I also gathered he considered it had been a got-up case all through and he was utterly disgusted with everybody concerned. Of course it was the end of his political career.

As soon as it was possible after the divorce Parnell married Mrs. O'Shea and five months later died suddenly at Brighton, some say of inflammation of the lungs, others say by his own hand. I cannot say which, but lean towards the latter, for he was ruined politically, ruined financially, and possibly, as has happened time and time again, the woman who has been the means of ruining a man's life ceases to hold his heart-strings when able to marry. Besides this, certain things he said led me to the conclusion he no longer wished to live or thought it possible to do so.

I was in Dublin staying at the Under-Secretary's Lodge at the time of Parnell's funeral. I wanted to go and see it but was told it was not considered wise for the Government liveries to be seen for fear it might lead to disturbance. The funeral procession and service passed off quite quietly, there was no sort of demonstration. He was buried in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin.

While staying at the Under-Secretary's Lodge with the Ridgeways I asked if it was true that the grass would not grow on the place where Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered ?

Lady Ridgeway said yes, it was quite true, but because the crowd of people who went to see the place trampled it so much, that the grass had no chance of growing. This rather threw down my mystic romance, as I had been told the grass would never grow on the place and remained bare in the shape of a cross.

Ireland was anything but settled even when I was there on this visit in 1891. I think I felt quite as nervous of the Irish Police walking up and down and around the Lodge for our protection as I did of the Fenians. I asked Lady Ridgeway if she ever felt nervous, she said no, but she had felt uncomfortable

once or twice. One evening she was sitting in the drawing-room reading in an arm-chair close to the fireplace with her little dog on her lap. She was quite alone, as Sir West was staying at Barons Court with the Abercorns. All the servants were at supper far away at the other end of the house. The conservatory opened out of the drawing-room and had a door at the far end leading into the garden. All was very quiet. Presently there came to Lady Ridgeway the curious feeling we have when people are looking at us, and she raised her eyes from her book in time to see a man's dirty hand holding back a little corner of the blind that was hanging between the drawing-room and the greenhouse. She never moved, but held her book up as if still reading and quietly pressed a finger on the electric bell close to her by the fireplace. When the butler answered the bell she said, " I think there is someone in the conservatory, will you please look ? " The butler moved towards the blind, when there was a great clatter of falling flower-pots, a scuttling of feet, and the door at the far end slammed to violently. Lady Ridgeway never knew for certain who it was, but had a shrewd guess. I really think she was very brave.

One dark November night, the butler came in after dinner to say a man who looked very rough and common wanted to see her ladyship and would not go away ; the man was most insistent, what should he do ?

Lady Ridgeway said he was to ask what the man wanted. This he had already done, only to be told he would not see anybody but her ladyship.

She then said, " Bring the man here to me and wait outside the door. If I want you I will touch the bell."

After waiting a short time the servant returned ushering in a big, rough, dirty-looking man in workaday clothes. He seemed very agitated, and coming fairly close up to her, said he wanted her to go and see his wife who was dying. Lady Ridgeway asked a few questions as to where his wife lived and what was the

matter, etc. At first she thought it might only be a ruse, but eventually decided to go, for the man said he was very anxious, fearing his wife might die without seeing the lady. So putting on some wraps, she told the man she would go with him. The butler implored her to let him go with her as a protector, but she declined, saying that would be the way to make trouble, she would rather go alone and trust the man. This she did, being led down narrow, dark alleys with rough-looking people standing at their doors, and passing remarks.

At last the man stopped in front of a house in a row of shabby buildings. He struck a match to show her the way in, and led her up a narrow staircase to the bedside of a woman evidently very ill, whose whole face lit up when Lady Ridgeway entered the room. The poor woman said she had often seen Lady Ridgeway driving about in Dublin and admired her sweet, pretty face so much. She had never seen anybody so beautiful and had longed to see her near and speak to her, and now she would die happy. After sitting by the woman for some time while a crowd of relations and friends looked on and used up every vestige of air that was sadly needed by the sick woman Lady Ridgeway left, saying she would send all the nice things she thought would do the patient good, and descended the rickety stairs on her return home. The husband, waiting by the door, escorted her on the return journey, gruffly thanked her for coming, refused any offer of money to get dainties for his wife, and left Lady Ridgeway safely at her own front door, where the household were gathered together holding conclave as to the best steps to take to find her possibly murdered body. Lady Ridgeway is dead now. I think she was one of the bravest women I ever knew, and always without any sort of fuss.

Once when her married sister was very ill and staying with her people, Lady Ridgeway, at that time quite a girl, on returning from a ball in the small hours of the morning looked into her sister's room as she had

promised to do, and was asked if she could fill an india-rubber bag with hot water to save calling the nurse who was asleep in the next room. The light was very low and Lady Ridgeway was very short-sighted, but she managed to fill the bag from the kettle boiling on the hob, kissed her sister good night and went away. Not until the next day did anybody know that she had seriously scalded her hand and arm, necessitating a doctor being sent for to dress it. Yet she had made no sound nor dropped the bag, for fear of alarming her sister.

She was a pretty girl, a beautiful woman and a devoted wife and mother.

Sir West Ridgeway was, and is, a clever man, one of three clever brothers, all self-made men from their own ability: Fred Ridgeway is the present Bishop of Salisbury, a good preacher in his own line; Charles Ridgeway, Bishop of Chichester, a most eloquent preacher, with great charm of manner, who, while treading the straight road according to the Established Church of England's ruling, has not been deprived of his personality or become narrow-minded, so unsanctimonious and natural has he remained that I should hardly know him to be a bishop but for his frills and sleeves.

Of all the professions when they get to the top of the tree I think the Church is the most pompous and priggish. I once asked the Rev. Charles if he was a great stickler for dogma, if he was narrow-minded, and if he allowed there were more paths than one to heaven? He replied, "I am careful to see the foundations of the Faith are soundly laid, the superstructure may take different styles of theological architecture."

He was one of the founders of the Church and Stage Guild, at one time so much criticised, and is glad that the principles he upheld are generally adopted in the Theatrical Guild as it now exists.

His views on temperance are rational. He says nations cannot be made sober by law, temptations may be diminished, and the public-houses so improved

that they are not only drinking houses, but places where wholesome food and recreation may be found.

He was selected preacher, Cambridge, in 1890 and 1907, Golden Lectureship 1900. Amongst other high-sounding titles he is Grand Chaplain of Freemasons, Scotland 1883 and England 1899, and author of various theological books.

Sir West Ridgeway has had many important posts and is a born diplomatist. Of his many appointments the place where Lady Ridgeway was happiest was in the Isle of Man when her husband was Governor. I have always thought the time when he was Governor of Ceylon caused the final breakdown of his wife's health. She was not strong enough either for the climate or the amount of entertaining it entailed. I noticed in her letters after our present King and Queen, then Duke and Duchess of York, were staying with them that she spoke of always feeling tired, there was so much to do and so much to arrange.

Rather a thrilling ghost story was told to me by Lady Ridgeway of certain extraordinary occurrences while she was at the Under-Secretary's Lodge in Dublin. I should not like to say I am a believer in ghosts, neither dare I say I am not, for fear I should see one; I am a great believer in spirits being near us, especially of those we have loved, but ghosts! I don't know what to say. At any rate Lady Ridgeway was neither a nervous nor imaginative person, and she told me the story herself, so I accept it.

She slept in the room where Lord Frederick Cavendish had been brought after he was murdered. Nothing unusual occurred until the time I have already spoken of when Sir West was staying at Barons Court and Lady Ridgeway had not been well enough to go with him. While he was away she arranged that her maid should sleep in her room in a temporary bed arranged at the foot of her own. As nearly as I can remember the story, she was suddenly awakened one night by her bedroom door bursting open with considerable violence as though some gale of wind had done it,

which could not have been the case as there was no wind. After the door had been burst open, steps were heard going down the passage; the maid got up and looked down the passage to see who it was, but saw nobody, and they went to bed again, locking the door. The next night they locked the door to begin with, the same thing happened, so the next day it was arranged that one of their private detectives, considered necessary while in Ireland, should sleep in the dressing-room opposite, where he could watch the door and see if anybody came along the passage. All was quiet until early morning, when the door was burst open with such violence that the detective rushed to see what had happened and followed the footsteps along the passage up the servants' staircase to an attic over their rooms. Every corner was searched, even empty boxes turned inside out and upside down, but nothing was ever found to account for it. The servants heard the footsteps, the nervous ones gave notice, the brave remained.

Up to the time I was told this story I had been under the impression ghosts were the outcome of heavy dinners or suppers and poor digestions; but now, hearing this story, I have been more reserved in my judgments.

The detectives were unable to make anything out of it but were certain of the occurrence.

When the Duke of Clarence was taken ill it was feared at first that some oysters eaten when dining with the Ridgeways had been the cause of the mischief; this worried them very much, but it was afterwards proved beyond doubt that they were eaten elsewhere. I asked Colonel Stanley Clarke if he thought Queen Alexandra was quite satisfied on this point, and he said "Quite."

On Sunday afternoons in Ireland Lady Ridgeway used to play for her daughter and her little friends to sing their favourite hymns, each choosing the one she liked best. When it came to the turn of one of the children staying there to name the hymn she

desired the number could not be remembered, but the child said she knew it was about " Child She-Bears." This puzzled the accompanist, who could not think of any hymn that referred to anything of the kind, but at last it dawned upon her it was the hymn that has a verse in which the following appears :

" Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare ? "

The child who asked for this hymn was one of the Dundas's, I forget which, but think it was the present Lady Fitzwilliam of Wentworth-Woodhouse.

CHAPTER XIX

MR. JAMES LOWTHER

Mr. James Lowther, His Father's Valet—Member for York—Of Jockey Club—Stockton and Redcar Races—His Best Horses—Their Triumphs—Gimcrack Speeches—A Row—Lord Durham and the Bishop—Mr. Lowther's Tailor—The Hon. Jim Orders Trousers—The Tailor Offended—A Tiff With Sir William Harcourt—Befriends a Lady in York—Sir George Wombwell at Balaclava—The Ferry Boat Accident—Saved by a Friend—Sir Joseph Pease—His Wealth—Workmen—Misfortune.

OF my old Yorkshire friends, I think I have missed James Lowther more than any. He was my prop and stay in all business matters, ready to help at all times with suggestions in connection with farms, tenants, investments, quarrelsome relations, and any such-like workaday matters.

After meeting him I always felt as though I had been at the seaside in a strong breeze which left me refreshed. I have several nice photographs of him, but none picture him so naturally as the gifted "Spy" of *Vanity Fair* fame. I think this one of "The Hon. Jim" is among the best, it exactly portrays him as I have seen him hundreds of times. The reason I sc often like *Vanity Fair* cartoons in preference to photographs is that "Spy's" gift of catching the little intimate peculiarities of people is most happy. No photographer could hope to vie with him; in the first place they would not have the opportunity of catching their clients at the right moment, in the midst of their pleasures and pursuits; and in the second place, none look their best when told to smile and look pleasant.

I rather wish "Spy" had pictured Mr. Lowther riding in the Row, as I have ridden with him many times, not in smart breeches and boots, but in Oxford

shoes, socks innocent of suspenders and drooping over his shoes, flannelly-looking trousers riding up his leg, coat-tails flying, and hat well on the back of his head. I cannot remember the time I did not know him ; his people lived near us in Yorkshire. His father, dear old Sir Charles Lowther, was blind, with quantities of snow-white hair, and a saintly character which was written on his face.

In his innocent way he would express himself curiously at times, causing people to smile, but quite unconscious that he had said anything odd, and of course, knowing nothing of the smiles. When I was a little child he used to hold my hand with one of his and pat it with the other while speaking, in rather a fascinating way, and he never lost this habit, even after I was grown up.

Perhaps to the blind we never do grow up. Both Sir Charles and Lady Lowther were gentle-voiced, quiet-mannered people. Their youngest son James was loud-voiced, genial, jovial, rough-mannered and astoundingly cheery as I have already indicated, albeit unassuming and natural, no side, no cheap swagger.

Sir Charles had a valet who went everywhere with him, standing behind his chair at dinner-parties to cut up his dinner and look after him generally. The man was of curious appearance, but an excellent servant. He had neither eyebrows nor eyelashes, which gave him a scraped look, and he wore a wealth of wig. Of what colour shall I say, I wonder? for I never saw anything quite like it. Perhaps the nearest I can get to it is a cross between buff and red. As children we always used to hope that something would happen to knock it off or disarrange it. One day something of the sort did happen. There was a big luncheon-party, the valet stood behind his master's chair, and in the hurry of servants passing backwards and forwards someone cannoned into the man and shot his wig sideways over one eye; we nearly shouted with joy.

My mother sometimes took me with her when she was paying calls. I always found it rather dull at

Wilton, as the Lowthers had no young people anywhere near my own age. If Mr. James Lowther was at home he took me to see the horses in the stables and paddocks, or into the garden to eat fruit. If he was not there, I was either sent into the garden by my lone self, while the old ladies talked secrets, or I sat and listened to their conversation. I could not always understand what they were talking about; whenever my mother asked, "And how is Mrs. George Lowther?" the answer never seemed to vary, "Oh, thank you, she is a little busy just now." I wondered what she was always so busy about, she did not seem a very strenuous person. At last I discovered, when a little older, that it was Lady Lowther's delicate way of explaining that the family was being augmented, time after time, in the hope a son would put in an appearance, which in time he did, so all was well. It has now become quite a family expression—"Being a little busy!"

Jim Lowther was a man of considerable ability, but not highly educated. One of those naturally idle men who worked very hard, always in a hurry, yet never excited, indeed particularly level-headed. Whether his education was inferior, or his powers of imbibing information deficient, I do not know, but at Winchester and Cambridge he did nothing brilliant; however, thanks to ability, which he showed when he chose to exert himself, kind relations and some ambition, it was not long before he was doing useful work. At twenty-five he was returned as Member for York, where he was exceedingly popular. A bold speaker, rough and original, listened to with respect, and a strong Conservative, he soon made a name for himself, and occasionally rapped out a successful epigram.

In the racing world, Mr. Lowther was a great man, a few more like him are badly needed. He was elected a member of the Jockey Club when thirty-seven and in 1883 served in the capacity of steward during the time the present Duke of Richmond (then Lord March) and the late Lord Cadogan were also in office,

a grand combination of great sportsmen. It has often been averred that the Turf never saw Mr. James Lowther's equal for conducting its affairs, yet he never seemed to fall out with anybody. As an owner of race-horses he never held very high order. Perhaps his best horses were "King Monmouth," "King Olf," "Cheroot" and "Thuringian Queen." The first of these won for him the best three-year-old race his colours were ever successful in, namely, the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York in 1885. He never won a classic race, which, however, did not disturb him in the least. He loved the sport and thoroughly enjoyed the quiet little meetings he had done so much to establish at Redcar near his home—Wilton Castle, which stands in full view of the high road a few miles from Redcar. As a child I thought it exactly like the castles on the gingerbread we used to eat, and I think so still.

There used to be great parties at Wilton and in all the country houses of the neighbourhood for Stockton and Redcar races. We should all have felt something was wrong if Mr. James Lowther had failed to put in an appearance at either of them. Lord Londonderry at Wynyard, Lord Zetland at Marske and the Lowthers were the making of these two meetings, which provided the country-side with an excuse for sociable merry-making. Everybody wanted to capture Mr. Lowther for luncheon, he was so cheery. People used to speak of the "Yorkshire Autumn Tour" when referring to the meetings at Redcar, Stockton, York and Doncaster, and a very popular tour it has always been.

Mr. Lowther bred a few horses at Wilton, but none of them did anything great. Not being a rich man he could not afford, nor would he have cared, to give long prices for them. He would dearly have liked to win a Classic with a horse of his own breeding, but to buy a horse and pay a long price for him to win one of those races would not have appealed to him at all, he told me so more than once, but he always hoped that one of his own breeding might, one day, distinguish itself.

He always declared he was not a ladies' man, but I do not think I quite agree with him. He did not often go to dances certainly, although I have seen him doing his duty in the " Square " dances of those days sometimes, not knowing one figure from another and having to be pushed to get him through.

I do not quite know what constitutes a ladies' man, but he appreciated beauty, and still more wit, and he had many friendships among the women of his acquaintance, and one great attachment which lasted nearly all his life. She was not good-looking but very charming and witty. Although he never gossiped and seldom said anything unkind, he loved to hear all the " on-dit " repeated to him, they amused him.

There used to be a number of very handsome women at those North Country meetings. Lady Londonderry, now the dowager, dark and handsome : Lady Zetland, with such wonderful colouring it earned her the soubriquet of "The White-heart Cherry." Mrs. George Lowther tall and handsome. Mr. Lowther fluttering about amongst them all.

One of the curious things about him was that while he was fond of horses and always mixed up with them and their performances, he was not a great horseman. His hands were carried somewhere near his chin, elbows flopping up and down, and his stirrups often too short.

As far as I can remember, the chief races won by Mr. Lowther were : the Grand Yorkshire Stakes in 1885 ; the Ebor Handicap, 1889 ; the Yorkshire Handicap at Doncaster, 1889 ; the Northumberland Plate, 1890, and the Ascot Stakes, 1891. " King Monmouth " was considered Mr. Lowther's best horse, but it was " Cheroot," " Thuringian Queen " and " King Olf " that placed the racing halo round their owner's head in Turf history, as they won for him the noted Yorkshire Gimcrack Stakes as follows :

1877, " King Olf "—Archer.
1884, " Thuringian Queen "—Watts.
1888, " Cheroot "—Woodburn.

And the first-named inaugurated his entry as member of the Jockey Club.

Being Member for York when he won his first Gimcrack, this gave extra weight to the victory. Fred Archer being in the saddle made it still more popular.

Some dinners after the Gimcrack wins gave birth to speeches dealing with the question of curbing the jockey's betting, and some other little indiscretions that have a way of creeping in when £ s. d. is plentiful. These speeches by degrees grew in volume and fervour ; ending in personalities and a lawsuit, Sir George Chetwynd versus Lord Durham. Sir George objected to certain remarks and the kettle called the pot black, the pot returned the compliment. In this case the tact and justice of Mr. Lowther was displayed ; at all times a splendid arbitrator, weighing both sides with the utmost care, sifting patiently until he gained the exact truth, then expressing his opinion very lucidly.

Considering the amount of racing Mr. Lowther did, and it was seldom that he missed a meeting as far as I could judge, it was astonishing how he always managed to be in his place in the House of Commons at question time. Between politics and the Turf, he put in a lot of useful work.

Mr. Lowther was a beautifully ugly man, I feel I ought to give a photograph of him in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes so that his trousers may be viewed, one of his peculiarities being his trousers. To look at these garments one would have thought he had worn them for a year without their having seen the trouser-press. He really owned an unconscionable number, all absolutely alike ; this he insisted on, so his tailor—a man called Miles in Bond Street—kept a large roll of the cloth always in stock. Vainly Miles used to try to introduce a new pattern, but could find little opportunity of expatiating on the merits of material and patterns as Mr. Lowther gave him no time. He would pop his head inside the door saying : " Oh, Miles, I'm off to Goodwood next week. Send round

a couple of pairs of the old pattern, not later than Monday. Don't forget as I can't go without them."

Now Miles was a typical tailor turfite, full of conversation and pride, having seen "Blair Athol" win the Derby, but the summit of his pride lay in the knowledge that "Jim Lowther" was one of his customers: not on account, certainly, of the number of clothes he ordered, but to think that he actually made trousers for a member of the Jockey Club, and at one time senior member! This indeed filled the sporting tailor with joy and gladness: made him feel a man of repute—the envy of other tailors. He never tired of telling people how well he knew "Jim Lowther." The following true story is rather amusing.

Miles was having his hair cut at a famous hairdresser's in the same street, and was indulging in a little chat with the operator explaining that he had just been talking to a Steward of the Jockey Club, who had been in ordering clothes for Goodwood. Now these blasé hairdressers, themselves accustomed to the "highest society," had heard these stories so often from Miles that they concocted a dreadful plot.

"Indeed! is that so?" replied the hairdresser innocently in accents of surprise: "Then I take it you must be Mr. Miles?"

"That is so"—proudly and with unction.

Hair dresser: "Well, as he is going in for cheap clothes, it surprises me that he does not go to your other shop in Whitechapel, as when I was passing there this morning I observed outside your door the notice:

GOING AT ONE POUND
MILES
TROUSERS REDUCED AGAIN

The tailor jumped up using naughty words: "Sir! *that* Miles is no relation of mine. Do you think a

gentleman like Mr. Lowther, a Steward of the Jockey Club, would deal there? I will *never* have my hair cut here again!"

Mr. Lowther was walking down Bond Street one morning with Sir William Harcourt, they drifted into rather a heated political argument, the former having the best of it, which ruffled Sir William, who on passing Truefitt's thought he would end the interview, saying suddenly, "I want my hair cut," and bolting into the shop leaving Mr. Lowther surprised and amused. He indulged in one of his boisterous and at times aggravating laughs. Sir William slammed the door to. His temper was a trifle ruffled and seeing a hatless man handling some bottles at one of the counters addressed him with, "I want my hair cut"; the individual replied, "Yes, you do!" He likewise was waiting to have his hair cut.

At York during one of the election times Mr. Lowther happened to come into Samson's the bookseller's in Coney Street where I was making some purchases; we left the shop together. Just in front of us was a stout middle-aged lady struggling with the door of her brougham, which Mr. Lowther at once opened for her. As she stepped into the carriage, full of smiles and thanks, she dropped something; for a second Mr. Lowther stood back viewing it, then picked it up and handed it to its owner, saying, "I think you have dropped something." I saw a look pass over the lady's face of doubt as to whether she should acknowledge the ownership or repudiate it, but she had no time to frame any diplomatic inexactitude, so meekly said, "Oh, thank you," and threw the thing on to the floor of the carriage. It was her bustle, and a very inartistic one.

When Mr. Lowther returned to me I said, "How could you! Why did you not pretend you did not see it?"

He replied, "My charitable feelings got the better of me, I thought she might catch cold without it."

We were having luncheon in the station refreshment-

room a little later and Mr. Lowther joined us. We had not been seated long before the door opened and the lady whom he had so lately befriended walked in, but the moment she caught sight of Mr. Lowther bolted out again. He said she was an " ungrateful woman ! "

Mr. Lowther died on the 12th of September, 1904, aged sixty-six. Everybody knew him, and everybody liked him. Yorkshire especially mourned his loss.

Another well-known Yorkshireman was Sir George Wombwell of Newburgh Priory. The smartest of smart men ; consumed with self-importance. I liked to watch him walk down Piccadilly, it was hardly big enough for him, yet his side was not offensive, on the contrary it was rather amusing, and he was as far removed from a snob as it was possible to be. There are two kinds of snobs ; the one who knocks you down with his money—" My friend the Duke " and " My friend the Prince," and the other, who is such a snob that he is afraid to mention his friends or relations by name, or any of their possessions, for fear of being thought snobbish.

Sir George Wombwell was neither the one nor the other, but perfectly natural. Possessed of an hereditary dignity, he carried his head high, and walked through life as though he were a person of importance, as indeed he was, being in a position to do many kindnesses and help many a lame dog over a stile, and he did not forget to do so. His friends and acquaintances were not chosen from any one set ; being cosmopolitan in taste : he numbered among them members of all the professions, not forgetting the theatrical. Perhaps he was inclined to think all his geese were swans.

I have seen him at shows jump on to a horse he did not think was being shown to the best advantage, and ride it round himself, and what is more, with conspicuous success. He was naturally a good horseman, his figure and weight being an asset. After leaving Eton, he joined the 17th Lancers and was with them in the Crimea. Lord Cardigan appointed him his A.D.C.

and he rode beside his chief in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. Two horses were shot under him, and he only escaped by his alertness. I am told Sir George was the Cornet who sounded the trumpet for the Balaclava charge (they were called Cornets in those days), but his brother the present Sir Henry Wombwell tells me this was not so, Sir George always gave him to understand it was the trumpeter to Lord Cardigan who did so. The same trumpeter after he left the service was for years a messenger at the Horse Guards.

There are many still living who remember the terrible accident in 1869 at Newby Ferry. Sir George was out with the York and Ainsty that day. I was not there, but have often been told all about it. Hounds were running hard, and crossed the river close to Newby Hall. A crowd of followers, including the Master and Sir George Wombwell, packed into the ferry-boat, which was worked by a chain. Thirteen horses and eleven men were in the boat and all might have been well, had not "Saltfish," the horse ridden by the Master, kicked at Sir George's mount, which tried to return the compliment. "Saltfish," not liking the look of things, promptly jumped overboard. The river was in full flood, and in their efforts to save the Master, all rushed to the side of the boat, which capsized. Men and horses were thrown struggling into the water. Sir George was picked up, when nearly exhausted, by Mr. Henry Vyner, who had succeeded in reaching the upturned boat, a kindly current having washed his friend near to him, but the Master was drowned.

One year, when the Prince of Wales attended the Royal Agricultural Show at York, having heard of a famous horse dealer named Kirby, who lived in those parts, he asked Sir George Wombwell to introduce the man to him. Kirby was sought, found and led into the Royal presence. He stood timidly with hat in hand while the Prince congratulated him on his success with his horses. Kirby stood dumb, wonder-

ing desperately what was the proper way to talk to princes. At last, deciding that something with a touch of easy grace would be best, he blurted out: "'Ow's your Mother?"

A certain amount of flutter and excitement was caused at one time by Sir George asking some of his theatrical friends to stay in Scarborough, where he entertained them. The very prim and proper, to whom the very name theatrical was like a red flag to a bull, said they were shocked.

The last time I saw Sir George Wombwell was at Homburg, standing in his favourite attitude talking to King Edward; elbows stuck out, hand on side.

The York and Ainsty hounds were hunted by him at one time, and they were turned out very well. It was his pleasure and his glory that they should never have been "done so well." He rode boldly to hounds, yet with judgment, was fond of racing but never betted. Nearly always wore a brown and white tie—his racing colours being brown with white spots and a white cap. I have heard stories of foxes having been shot on the Newburgh country, but I cannot believe Sir George knew anything about it, he loved hunting.

He married in 1861 Lady Julia Villiers, daughter of the 6th Earl of Jersey; and lived to the ripe age of eighty-three, keeping his figure to the end, and looking extraordinarily young for his years.

There are many more Yorkshire people I should like to write about, but space forbids. I cannot pass on, however, without mentioning Sir Joseph Whitwell Pease. I should not know the Cleveland hounds without him. He was nearly always out with a large party of sons and daughters, all well mounted. I wish for no cheerier companion to ride home with than that interesting man. Both he and the entire Clan Pease were Quakers. I loved to draw him out on the subjects of temperance and Home Rule—either of them set the ball rolling. He was an admirer of Parnell and a worshipper of Gladstone. He voted for the Home Rule Bill on the occasion of its defeat.

The name of Pease in the North used to convey the idea of riches. At one time Sir Joseph was a very rich man, and I could never quite understand how he got into such trouble. As far as I can remember there was some difficulty over a trusteeship. At the time I remember him he was in the hey-day of his success as a vast coal and iron master. He employed five thousand workmen and took interest in their lives, establishing science classes for their benefit. He was a kindly man, with rather a patronising manner. He had great interests in the railways of the North, and trade generally of Durham. I used to wish I could travel about as he did, without a ticket. His pretty, gentle wife, to whom he was much attached, died before him. I am glad she did not live to see the crash.

CHAPTER XX

VICTORIAN WORTHIES

A Shooting Expedition—Amateurish Cooking—The Quarrel—Strawberry Jam and Wild Goose—Sir Edward Bradford—Tiger Shooting—And the Duke of Clarence—As Commissioner of the Police—Dissatisfaction in the Force—Three One-handed Men—Sir Howard Vincent—At Sandhurst—Writes to the Duke of Cambridge—A Soldier War Correspondent—At the Criminal Investigation Department—Protects Bigwigs and Royalties—Some "Abject Funks"—Mr. Gladstone Tiresome—Sir William Harcourt Impatient—Arrest of Irish Agitator—His Exciting Drive—Sir William Harcourt's Fish Dinner—His Disappointment—Sir Howard Vincent's New Word of Command.

ONE shooting expedition I went with my lord and master in India remains indelibly impressed on my memory. My cooking powers were put to the test and we very nearly quarrelled over our arrangements. The fact is there is a great art in preparing game and poultry for the table, an experienced person does it in a minute, while the inexperienced take a long time and when finished there are such strange holes and gaps in the edibles under discussion that they are hardly recognisable.

Everything went wrong on this jaunt from the beginning. The servants had been sent on ahead with tents, provisions, and such comforts as we allowed ourselves when shooting and on the march. We arrived at our first day's halting-place expecting to find dinner ready and tents up. There was no sign of anything of the kind, not a servant in sight. Here was a pretty kettle-of-fish. I was tired and we were both very hungry; having been riding for six hours.

My husband said if we waited the servants would probably turn up, so we unsaddled our ponies and tethered them where they could feed. Night came

and no servants, there was nothing for it but to sleep under the stars, our saddles for pillows. The ponies had plenty to eat, we had nothing but some mangoes, the common kind that taste of turpentine. There were some native huts not far away, but that did not help us much, though my husband promised unheard-of presents to the inhabitants if they would go and find the servants. The natives all ran off in different directions to search, but my own private opinion is they did not go far. So under the stars and a glorious moon we lay down to sleep, if we could.

It did not take my husband long before he was fast asleep. It took me some time, the horses fidgeted and I heard strange noises and footsteps.

In the early morning our servants arrived, with a small crowd of natives from the huts each claiming the promised present, declaring they had been the means of finding our servants. My good man grew exasperated and taking up his whip began using it right and left. The result of this was a good many ran away and we saw them no more, so now we had to continue our journey with three only. My good man was refreshed after his sleep. I was a sight, as either from the damp or many mosquito bites I could hardly open my eyes. My whole face was distorted and when I tried to laugh my appearance was so peculiar it nearly threw my man into convulsions. But it is no use taking notice of trifles of that sort when out for sport ; it is all part of the show.

All went well after this until there was another row. As we reached colder climes the servants were discovered rolled up in the ponies' blankets.

This was certainly annoying, as proper warm clothing had been provided for the servants to wear when we reached higher altitudes. What they *said* was their warm things had been stolen. Now we were left with two servants who swore their caste forbade them touching game or food for us to eat, and we were far from haunts where we could get more servants. We had some tinned provisions and my man's gun had to

do the rest. One day he brought in what looked like a wild goose. I was requested to cook it. I said I would be charmed if it was prepared for me, but as the servants would not touch it, it was against their caste, and it certainly was against mine, what was to be done ? I suggested hanging it up on a tree. We both thought it would be better for hanging awhile !

That goose got on my mind. I could not tackle its insides even if I succeeded in pulling its feathers off, how I wished some kind animal would come in the night and eat it up.

At last my husband became aggressive over it and we quarrelled. I declared nothing would persuade me to touch it until it was prepared for me, and he told me not to make a fool of myself, but "go ahead and cook it." I said, "Certainly, if you do not mind it being cooked with its insides in," but warned him it might taste a little strong in places !

At last with the air of an exasperated martyr he seized the bird and disappeared with it behind the tent somewhere.

I heard some strange language and things being kicked about.

Something in the air seemed to tell me what was taking place, and I thought a little walk further afield might be pleasant and refreshing. On my return I was met by a tired, hot-looking husband who exclaimed, " There's the damned thing ! "

I thanked him politely and went to see the result of his endeavour ; he followed me at a respectful distance twiddling his moustache and trying to look everydayish.

When I beheld the bird, to keep a demure face was beyond my power of self-control, but I kept my back to my husband so that his feelings should not be hurt, and he should not see my mirth, but something gave me away and he said angrily, " Well, what are you laughing at, why didn't you do it yourself if you could do it so much better ? "

I tried to draw him towards me while I was shaking

with laughter; I could hardly speak my amusement was so great; but he would have none of my blandishments and wriggled away, so I followed and put my hand into his saying, "You have done it splendidly, but you must allow it looks ve-r-y f-u-n-n-y!" At last he laughed too and we mopped our eyes between furtive glances at the bird, which presented the appearance no bird ever presented before. The wings had been chopped off close to its sides, little bits of feathers here and there stood up like islands between strange gashes and gaps; while its neck had grown yards long. It was lying on a packing-case, with its head and lengthy neck hanging over the edge in a zigzag pattern. I gathered he had fastened its head with a box which he weighted while wrestling with its feathers and insides—he must have pulled very hard!

As we only had one stew-pot of any size we decided it would be well to cut up the pathetic-looking bird and stew it.

This being accomplished I thought I had better wait and see to the cooking, the natives not being in love with the dish, and it would be a pity if it should be spoilt after my husband taking such pains with its preparation.

It stewed for a long time but looked and tasted uninteresting, it required something to make it piquant, red-currant jelly perhaps, but I had none; but there was some strawberry jam which I used, it was the saving of that dish and was pronounced "not half bad."

Once in Scotland long ago, when shooting in an out-of-the-way place, it fell to my lot to have to cook a rabbit. It was prepared for me by the keeper, it looked blue and horrid, I hastily slipped the thing into a saucepan and shut the lid down quick. Oh! it was amazingly slippery. I tipped some water out of a jug under one side of the lid so that I should not see the thing again and put it on to cook. After a time I summoned up courage enough to peep at it, and was delighted to find it all curled up and comfortable, looking white and nice.

Since those days I have learned to cook and be useful, every woman should know how to do these things, especially if fond of sport, for it has a way of leading us into odd places and throwing us on our own resources.

Sporting expeditions remind me of one when Colonel Bradford lost his arm, while tiger shooting at Dilanpur, about seventy miles from Agar. Many people in London will remember the smart one-armed little man who rode about the streets attending to his duties while Administrator and Commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police. The way he lost his arm is a thrilling story which has often been told but not always correctly. Hearing there was a man-eating tiger in the neighbourhood which greatly alarmed the natives, Colonel Bradford and some friends went in search of it, each selecting a line some distance apart, and the beating began. The Colonel seated himself in the fork of a tree too near the ground, the tiger happened to come his way and within range, he shot it, the animal then charged and the sportsman fired his second barrel, but a twig of the tree got into the hammer preventing the shot being effective, there was nothing now to be done but jump down and rush for a ravine or nullah as it is called out there, which was near, hoping that if he dived into the water he would escape the tiger's claws.

Unfortunately the water was not deep enough, it only came to his knees, and the animal sprang at him, to save his throat and chest he thrust his left arm into the animal's throat, which it was crunching when help came in the form of a plucky sportsman named Dulla, Colonel Bradford's gun-bearer, who took aim while close to the beast, the Colonel shouting, "Mind you shoot the tiger and not me!" Then followed the long journey, jolting along through the jungle in the heat of an Indian May day on a stretcher improvised for the occasion. A camel sowar was sent off in haste for a doctor, and they pushed on with the wounded man all through the night. About ten o'clock next morning they met the surgeon galloping towards them. Finding

mortification had set in, an immediate operation became necessary. Dr. Beaumont, who was afterwards Deputy Surgeon-General, performed the operation of amputation at the shoulder, while a blanket was held over the patient to keep off the scorching sun. There was no chloroform or convenience for such an operation and it was performed with only a pocket case of instruments. Dr. Beaumont said the shock would have killed most people, and it was Colonel Bradford's pluck that pulled him through.

Having lost one arm it might be imagined sport was over for him, but this was by no means the case, he had many enjoyable days pig-sticking afterwards, catching hold of the reins with his teeth when nearing the pig, thus freeing his arm for the use of the spear.

At home he was a follower of the hounds in Leicestershire and Oxfordshire ; being a light weight he was easily mounted.

Thirty-four years of his life were spent in India holding various posts of importance. Starting at the age of seventeen in the Madras Cavalry, he was in time to take part in the Mutiny, receiving the medal and being mentioned in despatches. A soldier par excellence but compelled by the circumstances of the times in India to become a politician ; though for ten years he gave abundant promise of a brilliant military career : his men had confidence in him, appreciating his charm of manner and admiring his horsemanship.

He was a trifle below medium height, with blue eyes, a gentle voice and manner. It would not have been easy to guess from his appearance that he was possessed of such courage and physical endurance. As a boy he had been so delicate he was unable to remain at Marlborough and obliged to have private tutors.

Sir Edward Bradford was in charge of the Police in Bombay when in 1875 King Edward VII, at that time Prince of Wales, went a tour through the North-West provinces. Sir Bartle Frere, a former Governor of Bombay, was chief of the personal staff of the Prince of Wales and recommended the appointment of Major

SIR EDWARD BRADFORD

Bradford, as he considered very special precautions were necessary against fanatics, and he knew no one so capable of dealing with this feature with less fuss and worry than Major Bradford. Sir Bartle Frere therefore suggested he should be in constant attendance on H.R.H. and never leave him throughout his visit in India. The way he carried out his duties throughout this visit proved Sir Bartle Frere's confidence had not been misplaced. The quiet unobtrusive little figure kept a close watch on all the huge crowd at one time and another approaching His Royal Highness.

Ever after this the Prince took an interest in Sir Edward, looking upon him as a counsellor and friend; this was proved later when in 1889 King Edward sent for Sir Edward and asked him if he would accept the responsibility of accompanying the Duke of Clarence to India. Adding kindly, "I should feel no anxiety about my son's safety if I knew you were by his side."

Sir Edward therefore accompanied the young Duke, and on his return the Queen made him one of her A.D.C.'s, as an expression of her appreciation of his services.

In 1885 Colonel Bradford was knighted and in 1887 returned to England to take up the Secretaryship of the Secret and Political Department of the India Office, and in the spring of 1890 was appointed Commissioner of Police in the Metropolis, which he held for thirteen years. He took office at the time when the police were dissatisfied about their pensions, resulting in a strike amongst them. This had been brewing before Sir Edward took office, but it soon came to an end, for he acted promptly, dismissing the thirty-nine men who had refused to go on duty, and then turned his attention to remedying their grievances.

The law and order of London and the safety of the Royal Family rested in his hands on several great occasions. There was the Diamond Jubilee in 1897,

after which the Queen sent for him to thank him for the able way he had carried out his duties. Then there was the funeral of Queen Victoria in 1901. And the Coronation of King Edward VII in 1902.

On each of these occasions he rode at the head of the procession, a picturesque little figure with one empty sleeve. The public were always interested and had a warm corner in their hearts for him, the English people love a plucky sportsman.

Anxious times arrived with the relief of Mafeking and Ladysmith ; the rejoicings of six millions of people all in high spirits and out to enjoy themselves required some management, to safeguard them from their own frolics.

It was about this time I met him one afternoon at a crush in Eaton Square. He asked me if I was walking, and if so might he come part of the way home with me. I was charmed, and we had just crossed over from St. George's Hospital to the Park side of Piccadilly when we saw thundering towards us a runaway horse in a hansom cab. Two very frightened-looking men inside, and the driver nearly on top of the vehicle in his endeavours to stop the horse. We stood for a moment to see what was going to happen as the road was covered with traffic. With an awful crash the horse ran straight into the refuge in the middle of the road, where it fell down amidst wreckage of sorts.

The two men inside the cab executed the most wonderful somersaults and arrived one each side of the refuge on their feet, each with a black bag in his hand, and each without his hat. It was like a well-rehearsed pantomime trick.

Sir Edward had dashed to the assistance of the man nearest to us, who was looking very dazed, and tried to relieve him of his bag and give him a hand to the pavement. This was fiercely resented and Sir Edward seized by the collar and told he was a thief and a few other things. I was so taken up at first looking at the poor horse and seeing what I could do to help it, I did not see half the amusing scene between the late

hansom-cab occupant and the Chief of the Police, who was being handed over to the charge of one of his own constabulary for trying to rob the man of his bag.

A few days later I heard from Sir Edward that the two men were lawyers and had their bags full of important documents, and it was much to their credit the way they stuck to the bags through such a toss; and we had a good laugh over the whole incident.

In 1892 Sir Edward was made a Baronet, and in 1903 retired. He was then appointed Equerry to King Edward, acting in the same capacity for King George in 1910.

When on his way home from India he was wrecked in the P. and O. *Tasmania* off Corsica and was ordered into the boat with the women and children but refused to go. He clung to some of the wreckage for hours with his one arm, being eventually picked up by a yacht and taken to Ajaccio.

Sir Edward Bradford had great personal charm and I quite agree with my old friend Sir Owen Burne who said, "Nothing can spoil Bradford, he is unspoilable"—and it is a privilege to have known him.

It is wonderful what resolute plucky people can do with one hand. One of Sir Edward's greatest friends in India was a one-armed man—a Mr. Lane, he happened to be one of the tiger-shooting party when Sir Edward lost his arm. Mr. Lane had lost his when only nineteen years of age; notwithstanding this he finished his education for the Civil Service and East India Company, passed his exam. and went out to India, being magistrate in the N.W.P. through the Mutiny, and did such good service that he was rewarded with the Mutiny medal.

Another one-armed man was General Sir Henry Hardinge, grandfather of the late Viceroy of India. The General lost one hand at the battle of Quatre Bras, just before Waterloo, and had his arm injured by a French cannon-ball. I think he was the only one-handed Viceroy India has had.

Sir Edward died quite suddenly from angina pectoris on May 13th, 1911.

Sir Howard Vincent had retired from the Criminal Investigation Department before Sir Edward Bradford was appointed as Chief Commissioner. I think Sir Howard Vincent, who was plain Mr. when first I knew him, was one of the most astounding people I ever met; full of feverish activity, a determination to make his name, never happy unless hard at work, interested in everything, gifted with a wonderfully tenacious memory, and a charming way of establishing definite and intimate relationships and friendships after a comparatively short acquaintance.

The annoying thing was nobody would take him seriously; I think it was because he felt he was not appreciated that made him so restless, unable to stick to anything for long.

One of his most delightful characteristics was his unswerving devotion to his parents; all his life he made a habit of writing on Sunday to either his father or his mother, not scrappy bits but long epistles telling them of his doings, hopes and fears, and withal so naïve, holding nothing in reserve, pointing out his own ability, his charity, how devoted to him certain people were, his financial prospects—in fact laid bare his life to them, often asking their advice.

His audacity was really profound. When a youth at Sandhurst he wrote a letter of complaint to the Duke of Cambridge about certain matters he considered required attention and improvement; after he had sent it off he worried himself nearly into fits wondering what the Commander-in-Chief would say. Happily no answer was received. After Sandhurst, he joined the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and said he found it hard to make both ends meet with the small allowance his people were able to give him, he could not afford to do as many of his brother officers did, but he did not mind that, he was determined not to spend more than he had got.

Whenever he could get leave he spent it learning

languages, he actually asked for six months' leave to enable him to go to Italy for that purpose, he did not receive much encouragement. That was a time when it was not the fashion to encourage initiative or study in young officers. Nevertheless he was a great linguist.

I wish I had space to recount the story of how he became War Correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*, it was a fine piece of what the schoolboys call " cheek." All the preparations were made and the paper arranged for him to be attached to the Crown Prince of Prussia's Staff when war broke out between Germany and France. To his bitter disappointment at the last moment he was not allowed to go, the Military authorities at home feared as England might be drawn into the row every officer ought to be at home at his post.

Sir Howard was always so full of anxiety to repay his people for all the money they had spent on his education. My own opinion is he educated himself, he was always studying something. Nothing, however, made him downhearted, he now returned to his regiment and wrote articles for a number of papers exposing the wrongs and injustices of the Service according to his views. It makes me tremble to think of the audacity of a young subaltern writing to the papers in this way. I should have imagined he would have been suppressed once and for ever.

Mr. Vincent had an unusual way of telling amusing stories against himself that was most refreshing. He was a curious mixture of modesty and self-confidence. I never met him without hearing of some scheme he was full of. At one time when in Ireland with his regiment, he was in a ferment over a scheme he had conceived for settling the Home Rule difficulties to the mutual satisfaction of all parties ; being so carried away with fervour that he made some injudicious speeches on the subject. The Irish people were delighted with him and the local papers printed his utterances, amongst which appeared part of his wonderful scheme, and the expression of his belief that the

Irish people had just cause for grievance and discontent; that the British parliament undoubtedly neglected their interests. Amongst other things by his scheme there would be no Lieutenant-Governors of Ireland, he saw no use in them, but instead he would have a Prince of Royal Blood reside there permanently.

Out hunting next day Mr. Vincent was pained and surprised that Lord Spencer cut him dead. At the moment he was a little upset about this, but soon settled the matter in his own mind, and owing to the little unpleasantness decided to leave the Service.

There was some friction and disturbance at Scotland Yard about this time in connection with the Turf Fraud Scandal. Mr. Vincent felt certain this would lead to a new appointment and thought he would try for it, so hurried off to Paris and other capitals and studied their detective systems. This combined with his knowledge of many languages he hoped would "win him the trick," and it did, with the assistance of some of his friends whom he looked up; he now blossomed out into Director of Criminal Investigation, drawing £1100 a year.

I remember the amount of witticism, criticism and chaff that flew about when the announcement of this appointment appeared in the daily papers. Mr. Vincent was most good-tempered over it, he never resented criticism.

He once gave me an amusing account of his endeavours to protect people. He was always most anxious when foreign Royalties were staying in England and knew no rest until they were safely away from our shores again. He said the Queen (Victoria) was always nervous on Constitution Hill, having once been frightened there in 1850, and that many high personages he knew (and he gave me some names), while pretending to be very brave and fearless were "really abject funks." But Mr. Gladstone was tiresomely fearless, and he had to implore him for the sake and credit of the Force to be careful. Once when Mr. Vincent had received word that the Prime Minister's life was to be

taken, he wished to warn the proposed victim, but knowing his dislike of being accompanied or taking any sort of care, and how snappy he became when any such suggestions were put forward, Mr. Vincent asked Sir William Harcourt, then Home Secretary, to speak to him and tell him there was a plot against his life. Sir William, however, was not inclined to do anything of the kind, and said, "Tell him yourself," and this he had to do. Mr. Gladstone was cross, and asked, "What *do* you want me to do?" Mr. Vincent succeeded in extracting a promise not to go about unaccompanied and that he would drive instead of walk for a time; but in a very few days he lapsed again, and went about as usual, walking and alone.

During the time Mr. Vincent held this appointment from 1878 to 1884 there were some momentous occasions for him to deal with. The terrible murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the arrest of Davitt and many others. Mr. Vincent's account of the Davitt day was most exciting and he seemed to have enjoyed it thoroughly.

He had given orders for Davitt to be arrested in Ireland just before the train started in which he was to travel. All went well and Mr. Vincent had a carriage and guard of honour awaiting the arrival of the train at Willesden Junction with police officers in plain clothes hiding in a place near, mounted men in plain clothes round the corner, all armed with revolvers and ammunition in case of a row.

I should think poor Mr. Davitt had the drive of his life, for he was bundled into the carriage and all galloped madly to Bow Street, where an equally excited magistrate awaited them. In a few moments the necessary business was transacted, and Davitt then had another mad gallop the whole way to Millbank; the agitated agitator, well shaken up, was safe in prison at last. It was all very exciting and Johnny Gilpinny.

I once asked Mr. Vincent if he found Sir William Harcourt (at that time Home Secretary) pleasant to work with. The following was the reply.

" Speaking generally he was very pleasant to work with, but at times *difficile* and very impatient. If things did not work quite smoothly and come off at the expected moment he would turn and rend me, saying, 'Then what use are you? What are the police for?' He also was inclined to worry too much about details, he wanted to know what I was going to do and how I was going to do it, when often it was quite impossible to give an exact answer as it must depend on the circumstances arising, which could not be altogether foretold."

I think Mr. Vincent had a sincere liking for Sir William, who was not a very popular person. There is a story about him and eight Cambridge undergraduates who gave a little dinner at Greenwich, each saying they would ask the man they disliked most in the world. When the evening arrived only one guest put in an appearance; all had asked the same man, Sir William Harcourt!

I can understand Sir William not being popular, for at times the Harcourt manner was unbearable, at others nothing could have been more charming and polished, but the elder brother Edward Harcourt was the pleasantest, though he too was rather lordly. Once when driving me from the Alexandra Hotel in Knightsbridge in a landau with a pair of his horses, which by the way were very badly coupled, untidy and slipshod looking, he suddenly said, " I believe one of the horses is lame? Do you notice it? "

I replied, " It certainly is." To this he remarked in an angry voice, " Then I shall discharge the coachman." I laughed and asked how that was going to help matters. Still indignant he said, " If the horses fall down or go lame I discharge the coachman, if the cows give no milk I discharge the dairymaid," adding, " I do it on principle."

I then asked if he found it answered and he replied, " Admirably! "

It was curious that the two brothers Edward and William Harcourt should be of different political

opinions, the eldest a Conservative and the younger a Liberal-Radical. At one time I thought Sir William really was above party politics, and once made this remark to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain; he smiled a calf-like smile and said nothing. A little later I changed my views when I saw and heard how bitterly disappointed Sir William was at not being made Prime Minister in 1894. After which he did not support Lord Rosebery as might have been expected, for which reason it is stated Lord Rosebery resigned.

Mr. Vincent was knighted in 1896.

There are many reasons why we should all remember Sir Howard Vincent with gratitude. We have him to thank for the passing of the bill which gave powers to the Police to send for a veterinary surgeon to put poor animals out of their pain when injured in the streets; after which we were saved the horrors of seeing poor horses struggling to get up with broken legs and other injuries. Both Sir Howard and Lady Vincent were lovers of animals, as most gentle, nice-natured people are.

Another good work we have to thank him for, was the appointment of the Public Trustee.

If I had the space I should like to write of the very many kind things I have known Sir Howard do, his goodness to little children, to the sick and anybody in trouble. His simple faith and many charities.

He never lost his affection for soldiering, he loved the uniform, sword, glitter, band and emotions they evoked; he acknowledged this himself, often laughing at his own expense. During the latter part of his life he took much interest in the Westminster Volunteers, which corps he commanded. Although doubtless a very gallant soldier he was never able to recollect the regulation words of command; fortunately he and his men understood and liked one another, or there might have been difficulties. He was especially proud of a new word of command he coined one field day when he had received orders to move his men to some spot without being seen by the enemy. After rapidly running over in his mind all the words of command

he could remember and finding all inappropriate to this emergency, he delivered himself thus :

" Now, you fellows, you have got to line that ridge over there, CREEP," and they crept.

Sir Howard died at the age of fifty-nine. I think the activity of his brain killed him, for he worked so unceasingly that his poor body could not keep pace with his brain.

I never met a sweeter-tempered man or one with a kinder heart.

When I read day after day of the splendid achievements of the French army in this great war my mind travels back to the days when I saw the raw conscripts being trained at Villefranche on the road between Nice and Monte Carlo. The parade ground lies close to the road, and I used to go with a small son and sit on a low mud wall at the side of the road and watch the French conscripts being drilled. This was an unfailing source of joy, it was all so different to what I had been accustomed to see at home.

One day part of what had to be practised, was a certain movement of arms, then a run of about thirty yards and jump over quite a low mud wall, that any of them could easily have stepped over without much exertion but which presented terrible difficulties to the raw conscripts who were not athletes. They were shown how it was to be done by their instructors, and it looked so easy. Then the men were set at it again in fours; anyone accustomed to hunting or schooling horses could tell in a moment those whose hearts were in it, and whose that were not. Some went at the jump fiercely, gave a mighty jump with legs well apart and arrived sprawling, but proud at the other side. Others would start well, then a certain doubt and falter made itself apparent in their stride. The sergeants, or whoever their instructors were, shouted words of encouragement to them; thus braced the men meant to do or die in the attempt, but at the last moment tucked their toes in and threw their hearts over, their bodies remaining this side of the jump.

At last to my utter astonishment the instructors in exasperation slapped the men's faces ! after which they were so inspired they all got over this thing about the size of a footstool and looked round anxiously to see the enormous amount of ground they had covered. Yet now probably those very men are doing wondrous brave things daily and have forgotten all about those first days of soldiering.

One day while we were watching the drilling, a carriage-load of tourists drove up and unblushingly began to photograph the soldiers, but a gendarme was on the spot in a moment and told them it could not be allowed, was *défendu*. . . . I do not think either papa, mama, daughter, or maiden aunt, which is what they looked like, understood one word of what was said to them, but gathered perhaps they had better move on.

I often bicycled and walked along that road to Nice. There was a most picturesque old beggar who was daily to be found sitting at the roadside, where he collected alms in his big brigand-looking felt hat. The man was French and had snow-white hair and heavy beard ; beside him was his little carriage, which consisted of part of a packing-case with the sides cut away and mounted on old perambulator wheels. This was drawn from and to Nice every day by two handsome well-cared-for dogs, who slept beside their master until time to go home. Many people stopped to give the crippled old man and his dogs money and food, for which they received much thanks in well-chosen words, and were told the story of how the great English Queen (Victoria) had stopped her carriage as she drove past and had sent him some money by one of her attendants and asked for a photograph of him, which had been taken at once, and the Queen had taken the picture of him and his dogs sitting on the roadside away to England with her. Then a precious much-folded and creased newspaper was produced giving an account of the meeting and showing the Queen in her carriage near the old man.

This splendid but pathetic-looking beggar said he could only crawl about to harness his dogs and get into his quaint carriage. I watched him do this one day: at a word from the old man the dogs almost harnessed themselves, and stood in their places while their master hitched their leather traces over a couple of big nails and climbed into his seat, where he sat cross-legged as he did on the road.

I was rather surprised one evening when I was in Nice rather late with my French maid, who was leading me down some back streets to find an old curio shop she knew of, to see my friend the beggar rattle up with his dogs and chariot, step out at the door of a respectable almost bettermost house where a servant was awaiting him and led away the dogs, while another attended to the gentleman who had been a cripple all day.

I was told afterwards that the man was well off and had made it all begging. He was fond of his dogs and good to them. The Chaplain had made enquiries about the case and found out all about him.

CHAPTER XXI

LORD ROBERTS

Lord Roberts as "Wee Bobs"—In the Mutiny—His Private Secretary—Sleeps in a Cape Cart—Inspecting 60th Rifles—Breaks Down—Helps to Save a Young Officer—Dislike of Cats—His Death—Sir Neville Chamberlain—Wounded at Kandahar—Seven Years in Kashmer—Inspector-General of Irish Police—Executor to Lord Roberts—A supposed Governorship—A Dancing Lesson—General Park—On Wagon Hill—Thanked by Sir George White and Sir Ian Hamilton—Account of the Battle—Congratulations—Prices in Ladysmith During the Siege—General Park Sees a Boer General's Wife Off by Train—The Way She Says Good-bye—His Death—Funeral at Exeter.

"LITTLE BOBS" was the title of affection that descended upon Lord Roberts very early in life. The first time I heard it in connection with him was from Sir John Ewart, he told me that during the storming of the Dilkusha Park at Lucknow during the Mutiny, when the 93rd were endeavouring to get inside the walls, "Little Bobs" galloped up in advance and nearly lost his life, as a shot from one of the enemies' guns either in the palace or behind it, I forget which, struck the horse he was riding, cutting the horse in two just behind the saddle. All fell in a confused and ghastly heap. The men of the 93rd said, "Plucky wee Bobs is done for," but "Wee Bobs" was by no means done for, and as he was seen to issue from the carnage, on his feet again, the Highlanders gave him a cheer. I have been told by some people that it was not the horse Mr. Roberts was riding that was shot, but that of an Artilleryman near, whom he went to assist. I adhere to Sir John Ewart's story, I would always take the word of a Scotsman against the rest of the world, they may be prosaic, but are nearly always exact.

I first met "Wee Bobs" in London when he was General Sir Frederick Roberts. I have already mentioned his kindness in telegraphing and writing, when my husband was wounded; on many other occasions he has gone out of his way to help me, always showing that consideration for others which endeared him to the hearts of the British public.

Lord Roberts attributed his success as a soldier, to a great extent, to the kindness of the late General Sir Donald Stewart, who gave him the chance of his life in the command of the Army which marched from Kabul to Kandahar; and he endeavoured to show his gratitude by chivalrous attention to dear old Lady Stewart in her declining years.

That Lord Roberts had favourites, no one can deny, but most Generals have, only they don't admit it. He had a very kindly feeling and admiration for the Highlanders, and said he was proud to have one on his coat of arms as standard bearer.

The two names amongst my own friends that I associate most closely with the old Chief are the present Sir Ian Hamilton, always a great favourite, and Sir Neville Chamberlain, who was a second son to the old man. Both these men have particularly charming manners and are dear old friends of mine.

When the second Afghan War broke out in 1878 General Roberts was appointed to command the column which was to advance via the Kurram Valley, and he appointed Mr. Chamberlain to his personal staff; he always speaks with the warmest affection of Lord Roberts, in one letter I have from him after the General's death he says: "I owe any success I may have achieved in life to him, and to his personal example all the many years it was my privilege to be closely associated with him, and that was from the time I joined him in 1878 to the day of his death in November, 1914."

For true kindness of heart, it would be hard to find the equal of Lord Roberts, it was apparent in his every action, and he shared with our late King Edward VII

SIR NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN

that happy genius of remembering faces and names, even remembering their relationships. It was natural to him to wish to give pleasure, and in Afghanistan when he went round outposts, he would stop and speak to a native officer in command of some picquet and after a brief conversation would say, "I know your brother—Subidar X—— of the —— Punjab Infantry, and your father served with me at Delhi." Small wonder the men loved him.

The Mr. Chamberlain I have already mentioned, now Sir Neville Chamberlain, acted as Private Secretary to Lord Roberts in South Africa. When they reached Kroonstadt in their advance to Pretoria, one of the Staff had been sent on ahead to secure a house for the Commander-in-Chief; there were many vacant, but a large one in the centre of the town which seemed suitable was occupied by the family of a Dutch clergyman. They were asked to move into one of the smaller empty houses near which would have accommodated them, so as to leave the larger one for General Roberts and his Staff. It was late in the evening when Lord Roberts arrived and found the good people preparing to evacuate their premises. He was much upset and would not hear of the household being inconvenienced on his account. It was then too late to make other arrangements, so he bivouacked for the night in his small Cape cart by the side of the road, along which clouds of dust were blowing as mounted and other troops were passing through most of the night.

Sir Neville says he can answer for the dust, as he slept in inches of it on the ground at the foot of the cart—and he added, "I believe he (Lord Roberts) was probably the only officer on the various staffs of any rank who was not comfortably housed that night."

Next day a suitable dwelling-place was found.

One of the charms of Lord Roberts was he was courteous and polite to *all*, it was not possible to detect the slightest difference in his mode of address when speaking to the last joined subaltern, non-

commissioned officer or soldier, or officer of the highest rank.

We can all remember when the sad news came telling Lord Roberts his only son in the 60th Rifles, a smart, good-looking, promising young soldier, had been killed, the bravery of the old man with his broken heart sailing for South Africa in response to his country's demands to take supreme command. When he reached Pretoria he inspected the 60th Rifles, and tried to address them, but completely broke down, his voice failed him, all he could whisper was "My poor son . . . my poor son. . . ." Sir William Pitcairn Campbell linked his arm into the old warrior's and led him off the parade.

We can also well remember how often Lord Roberts tried to save England from "The Surprise" of 1914, how persistently he tried to awaken those who did not wish to be awakened. When the crash came, he must have longed to say, "I told you so," but was too generous.

The public life of Lord Roberts is too well known to bear repeating, but hundreds of his private kindnesses remain unwritten.

Here is one instance known only to myself and the few concerned.

A well-known Yorkshire family living not far from our home in the North, had a favourite son in whom all the hopes of the family were centred; he was in one of the crack regiments that served several times with distinction under Lord Roberts. As it was a question of his having to leave the Service in disgrace, the lad's people felt it acutely, and asked me as I knew Lord Roberts if I would speak to him about it and ask his advice. I wrote to the General, who happened to be in England at the time, and he replied at once saying he would like to talk to me about it, and would come and see me if I would suggest a convenient time on one of two days he mentioned. Not only did he give me advice that would be comforting to the lad's people, but promised to see what could be done. The

young officer's mother came up to town to be near if wanted, and became very ill from shock at an hotel; when Lord Roberts heard this he offered to go and see her to try and relieve her mind; she joyfully accepted his kind offer.

In the end there was no flagrant scandal, the boy left his regiment by sending in his papers and went abroad where a billet was found for him, but where I hear he is not doing very well. His mother is dead now. This is only one instance where Lord Roberts has tried to give a lad a second chance, and had soothed unhappy parents.

During the whole of Lord Roberts' life he had a great dislike to cats, something more than a dislike, for he instinctively felt when one was near him, even though he could not see it, not only did it make him feel uncomfortable but at times quite ill. Once at a dinner-party when a cat rushed into the room and rubbed itself against his legs, he nearly fainted.

With some people this might have been considered affectation and absurd; but no one could suggest anything of the kind in connection with the brave, plucky old warrior, he would have been the last person in the world willingly to make himself conspicuous in such a way. Again while on board ship he was walking up and down talking to a friend, and suddenly became uneasy, looking about him right and left, quite unable to attend to his friend's conversation, at last he could stand it no longer and left the deck.

It was found the ship's cat had taken the opportunity to go for a stroll on top of the awning over the quarter-deck. Lord Roberts had not seen her, but felt she was near.

I have noticed that Generals often seem to have an excellent idea of how to be comfortable. Lord Roberts was no exception to this rule. For instance, he was never without his pint of champagne for dinner, even in the most far-reaching and protracted campaigns.

I expect he regarded it as a duty to take care of

himself as, of course, his health was of great importance.

It was a splendid death for this fine old warrior, to die among the soldiers with whom his whole life had been associated, and who had always responded so nobly whenever he had special work for them to do. His body was brought back to the old country, the "England that to me has been so much; England that to me has done so much." His spirit must surely be still in Flanders with the troops.

Sir Neville Chamberlain missed his old friend sorely. Sir Neville is another of the lucky ones, well favoured by Dame Nature in looks and disposition. He has always been popular with men and women and has never become the least spoilt. Always the same "so glad to see you" manner. His career is remarkable for a man so young as he was when he began to hold posts of trust and political bearing. In 1873 he joined the Devonshire Regiment in India, three years later the Central India Horse, a crack Bengal cavalry regiment. When in the happy intervals, which in those days existed between drills and routine work, the officers of the regiment used to have their tiger-shooting parties, excellent training for active service for both officers and men of the regiment, a number of the latter being skilful shikaris. Many other well-known men have served in the Central India Horse since, Lieutenant-General Sir Montagu Gerard, a keen soldier and a great tiger slayer, who died while serving as one of the British representatives with the Russian Army, in the Russo-Japanese War; Colonel Algy Durand, who was British Agent at Gilgit during the Hunza-Nagar campaign; General Townshend, the gallant defender of Kut; Sir Edward Bradford, of whom I have written, and others, the regiment has either attracted good men or made good men.

Sir Neville counts it good fortune to have been present at all the engagements fought by the troops under Lord Roberts' command in Afghanistan; and was one of the wounded at the Battle of Kandahar.

In 1889 Lord Lansdowne, then Viceroy in India, appointed him, at the request of the Kashmer State to put their Army on a sound financial and administrative footing ; for seven years he carried out this work, and these British trained " Imperial Service Troops " of the State served with distinction in Chitral and quite lately one of His Highness' regiments has gained a high reputation for bravery and efficiency in the fighting during this Armageddon.

Then followed various other appointments in India. General Sir William Lockhart, who had succeeded Sir George White as Commander-in-Chief, now selected Sir Neville to command the Force in the Khyber Pass with political charge of the Tribesmen there. All that summer of 1899, block-houses were being built along the Khyber Pass.

After this he was in South Africa as Private Secretary to Lord Roberts, and then the important post of Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary, which he held for sixteen years. During his tenure of office, there were many interesting episodes. The missing Crown Jewels, the Wyndham Act in 1903 which facilitated the requisition of land by the tenant farmers, the big Agrarian Campaign, characterised by cattle driving in 1907–8, various riots in Belfast, and, last of all, the outbreak of the Sinn Feiners in Dublin on Easter Monday, 1916. This latter threw a severe strain on the R.I.C. as a whole, being under strength at the time, owing to a number of men having joined the Army for the War. It speaks well for Sir Neville Chamberlain that the Police came out of the nasty business as well as they did, had there been any flaw in the machinery it would now assuredly have come to light.

I made many anxious enquiries at this time amongst people in the know, as to how things were going with the Police. I so feared Sir Neville might be made to bear blame that belonged to other shoulders ; and was thankful when the Force emerged from the ordeal with even a higher reputation for discipline, courage

and loyalty than it had deservedly enjoyed previously. This was proved in the report of Lord Hardinge's Commission which investigated the causes which led to the rebellion, and the action which was taken by those responsible in Ireland to deal with it.

A few months later Sir Neville retired from his onerous task, having served the State for forty-three years, and yet he does not look that age. Someone said the other day he looks "disgracefully young," which is very wonderful after having held the very slippery seat of an Irish official with all its work and anxieties for so many years. I am thankful he escaped without being pulled limb from limb. Amongst his many honours he possesses the coveted by all policemen "The King's Police Medal."

Not long ago when talking over old days and comparing notes, Sir Neville said, "Apart from all professional honours, what I have valued most has been the confidence and close personal friendship which Lord Roberts honoured me with, and I feel, very deeply, the fact that he selected me as one of his executors."

Sir Neville is now manager, director or some such thing in a big munition factory, I did not like to ask him any questions about it as in these days there are so many secrets people must not divulge.

There are still a number of people I should like to write about, but my publisher will be growing restive and I must restrain my inclinations, and be very brief about the few I cannot pass over. Amongst them General Cecil Park, the hero of Wagon Hill, where he commanded the Devons and did such splendid work, receiving the thanks of Sir George White and Sir Ian Hamilton.

It may be remembered the orders received by General Park were that the hill had to be cleared at all costs as from it the Boers were a perpetual menace to the Camp at Ladysmith. I think Colonel Park's own account of that day in a letter to his wife, which she has kindly lent to me, will explain the situation. From

GENERAL CECIL PARK

his childhood I knew Colonel Park and he had always been of a most retiring disposition and one of the most unboastful of men, but one can I think read between the lines of what he experienced at that time.

The letter to his wife runs :

"*January* 8, 1900.

"I have been through the most terrible experience of my life since I wrote last. Thank God for His great mercy that He has brought me through it. On Saturday, 6th, the Boers made a most determined attack on Cæsar's Camp and Wagon Hill, which is long and flat-topped, running East and West on the far side of the town [Ladysmith]. It is all one ridge, the East being called Cæsar's Camp and the other Wagon Hill. The Boers crept up at both ends before dawn ; arrived at the edge of the crest and held on all day, sometimes gaining and sometimes being pushed back, both sides firing heavily and with great loss.

"We had five companies out occupying various positions elsewhere, and I was left with three companions in Camp, the officers being Lafone, Field, Masterman and Walker (Somersets attached). At 4 p.m. I got orders to start for Wagon Hill *at once* with every available man to help Sir Ian Hamilton who was hard pressed. I had the men under arms, and we started within ten minutes ; and got there in about five, just as a most terrible thunder and hail storm burst over us, drenching us to the skin. I reported myself to Hamilton and asked what he wanted me to do, and he said, 'Well, Park, there are about fifty Boers holding a small ridge of rocks right in front of the line we are holding here, and only one hundred yards off, they have been there all day, are picked shots, and we cannot get them out. We have men almost on three sides of them but they are all under the cover of the rocks, and pick off our men if they even show their heads. They must be turned out, the only way

is to rush them with the bayonet, can you do it?' Of course I could only answer, 'We will try.' We settled details, and then I formed up the Companies in Column, close behind one another, as there was not room to form lines in the little hollow in which we were. We fixed bayonets and charged magazines. I explained to each Company exactly what we had to do, and when all was ready Colonel Hamilton said, 'Go on, and God bless you.' Away we went, the men cheering and shouting, the first few yards we were under cover, but when we reached the top of the crest line, we were met by the most *awful* storm of bullets. I never heard such a hot fire, and can only compare it to the crackling of a dry gorse branch when thrown into a fire. We saw then for the first time what we had to do. The little ridge of rocks held by the Boers was right up in front of us, between it and us 130 yards of open flat grass without shelter or cover of any kind.

"The men behaved most splendidly; every man went straight and hard as he could for the enemy's ridge; though, as I ran, I could see they were falling like ninepins on both sides of me: then at last to my intense relief, when we were in about fifteen yards of them, I saw the Boers suddenly jump up, turn tail and fly down the hill for their lives and the position was ours.

"After a minute or two, when we had settled down in the position and I had time to look round, I realised that not only had we lost heavily in the charge, but we were still exposed to a heavy cross fire from both flanks, from which we suffered severely. Just then Lafone remarked that he wished someone would tell the Imperial Light Horse fellows, who were holding a little ridge behind us, to fire at the Boers on our left front, without a word Masterman jumped up and ran back across the open through the hail of bullets to give the Imperial Light Horse the message, and though he was badly hit by at least three bullets in both

thighs, he managed to reach them and give the message before he collapsed. . . . Very soon after that I was watching Lafone, who had got a rifle and was sniping at the Boers, when I suddenly saw a hole come in his head just above his right ear and he just sank down as he sat. I crawled over and found him quite dead, poor old fellow. A little further on I found poor Field, also lying dead. Walker of the Somersets had been shot dead during the charge, and I was the only officer left. It was then about five forty-five and there was nothing for it but to hang on where we were until dark. The rain and hail continued to pour down the whole time and I had no coat of any sort, I lay behind a rock blue with cold and my teeth chattering so that I could hardly speak. It wasn't funk, though I own I was in a horrid funk just before we started out, but that all went directly we were off and never came back again. I felt as cool and steady as possible, it was sheer miserable cold. The men had their thick khaki serge greatcoats, so were better off. After a bit I spied a blanket lying rolled up a little way off, so crawled after it, and to my joy found there were two and a waterproof sheet. . . .

"Never was darkness more longed for, and when at last it came, the Boers gave us a final burst of firing for about a minute which did no harm and then bolted down the hill finally beaten. You will I expect have seen all about it in the papers. . . . I was thankful when dawn came and we could get our dead carried down."

Colonel Park then appears to have collected his companions and returned to Camp; where he says:

"Sir George [White] came round and called me up shaking hands with me, saying, 'I congratulate and thank you for the splendid work you and your men did yesterday. It was magnificently done. I am afraid you suffered very heavily, but you

must remember that such work as that cannot be done for the Empire without loss.' Those are as nearly as I can remember his exact words. I thanked him, and a lot of the Staff came round and said how splendid it was and how the honour of the day was ours and so on until I began to feel uncomfortable and escaped."

In another letter dated January 10th he says:

"This morning came a lovely message direct from the Queen to Sir George White sending congratulations and saying, 'Greatly admire conduct of Devonshire Regiment.' I feel so pleased and proud that she should single out the regiment by name."

Many letters followed, in all of them accounts of the eager watching from day to day for relief of Ladysmith and the daily disappointment. At last a letter dated February 28th. "Night.—We are relieved, thank God, I can't realise it in the least yet *but it is true.*"

In one letter I notice he says: "G. W. Steevens of *The Daily Mail* is dying, he has had typhoid, but was almost convalescent when two days ago he had a bad relapse and cannot now live forty-eight hours. He will be a terrible loss to *The Daily Mail* and the public."

The prices paid during the siege were fairly prohibitive: "1 lb. common tobacco £5 10s., 12 eggs £1 11s. 6d. I bought a pot of peach jam yesterday for 7s."

At Elandslaagte, Bill Park, for that is what we all called him, did well when commanding the 1st Devons with whom he had grown up. They marched across an absolutely open plain commanded by the enemies' position. His coolness was much commented on, while his battalion were subjected to a most severe rifle fire. Also at Lydenburg, where he captured a fort and took prisoners.

Rather an amusing thing happened when Colonel Park was seeing off some of the wives of those taken prisoners. Being at all times polite and chivalrous to ladies, he felt concerned for the comfort of the Boer General's wife, who was being sent by train "elsewhere"—a concentration camp really. He was civil enough to go and see her off by train and explained to her how sorry he was that being so short of rations he was unable to provide her with much food or comfort on her journey; she shut the window of the railway carriage up in his face, nothing daunted and still full of good purpose, he stood by the carriage door to salute her as she moved off. At the last moment as the train began to move, the window was lowered and the cork out of a champagne bottle let off with a pop in his face, while she shouted at him a word of affection amongst sailors, according to Dr. Johnson, but not usually heard in polite society. Colonel Park was immensely tickled and laughed whenever he pictured the scene over again to himself.

Many people have told me how brilliantly he handled his men during that sixteen-hour fight on Wagon Hill, Lord Kitchener, Sir Ian Hamilton, Sir George White spoke highly of him.

His active service was one of which any soldier might be proud. He served in the Afghan War 1879–80. D.A.A.G. and Staff Officer to General Sir R. Stewart in Burma. At the end of his service in South Africa obtained the Queen's medal with clasp, King's medal with two clasps. Besides all the other appointments he held at different times he was from 1900 to 1913 A.D.C. to His Majesty the King.

He was very musical and when a small boy played the organ in church, when his feet would not reach the pedals without balancing himself first on one side and then on the other. Music was born in him, he had no lessons and played without notes, some of his improvised harmonies were charming.

He started life well armed, for he was very religious, with an unswerving faith—a great sense of humour

and a self-contained happiness—able to be happy without depending on other people—and had no expensive tastes.

In 1884 Colonel Park married the daughter of Admiral Robert Coote. A son worthy of so gallant a father carries on the name, he also is in the Devons, and was badly wounded at Neuve Chapelle, December, 1914, and had to have his hand amputated.

General Park died in 1913 and is buried at Exeter, the family thinking that as he had passed all his life in the Devonshire Regiment, it was fitting he should rest near the headquarters of the regiment, where his name will go down to history with its records. He died from the privations he endured in South Africa, not being at any time very strong and he never entirely recovered from the enteric which invalided him home. His funeral was an impressive sight. The whole town of Exeter in mourning, shops shut, flags half-masted. The service in the Cathedral, the thousands of people that lined the roads, those who had known and loved him, others who had only known him from his work. At the time of the funeral a battalion of the Devons were in Jersey, they sent men to attend his funeral and the coffin was carried by the sergeants who had served under him; the last post being sounded by a bugler who was with him on Wagon Hill that memorable January 6th, 1900.

CHAPTER XXII

A MIXED BAG

The German Crown Prince in India—A German Duchess—At Ascot—Her Bonnet—General Bewicke-Copley Arrested as a Spy—Wears Lord Fitzwilliam's Clothes—At Oxford with Cecil Rhodes—Rhodes' Banking Account—Invites Author to Groote Schuur—His Gardens in Africa—Present to Parnell—Pursued by Russian *Intrigueante*—His Dress and Manners—Colonel Edward King-Harman—His Mad Spirits—Puts Peas in the Organ—Captures "the Tail of the Prophet's Shirt" in Mutiny—Puts Policeman in the Pond—Wrecks the Place—Puts a Waiter in the Big Drum—Goes to Prison—Lord Cardigan's Sympathy with a Subaltern—Sends His Seconds to the Governor of Malta—A Musical Evening with Lord Kinnoull and Lord Queensberry—A Pigeon Shoot at Sir Claude de Crespigny's—Sir Charles Dilke and the Trainer—The Prince of Wales Learns to Swim—Sir Charles Dilke on and in the River—Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane—Queen Victoria's Walking-stick.

MANY stories have been told of the rather remarkable escapades of the German Crown Prince during his memorable Indian tour, which came to such an abrupt conclusion. I do not think, however, that the following has been told before, and it is worth telling as it was the cause of his sudden departure from India on a liner instead of a cruiser as had originally been arranged.

At a ball given in a certain Indian city, the Crown Prince's roving eye alighted on a very beautiful lady of high degree, who had been allowed to view the proceedings from a discreet vantage-point above the floor. The Crown Prince expressed an ardent desire to make this lady's acquaintance; this was managed and during the rest of the time he was in that particular city, he was her constant and devoted slave.

However the programme of a Crown Prince's progress is an inexorable thing, and at last with many regrets he and his suite had to leave and become the

guests of a very high English Official at a considerable distance from the home of his delight.

A reception of the most stately description had been arranged at which many people were to be presented to the Crown Prince. When it was time for him to appear at the reception a message was sent to his apartment to acquaint him of the fact.

The messenger was informed by members of the Crown Prince's suite that his Royal Highness was indisposed and not able to appear. The truth was he had hied him off back to the lady in the city he had just left, having hired a motor to take him there and bring him back in due course.

Horrified at the news of the Crown Prince's illness, the High Official sent his own physician to see the sufferer. Of course he was told the Crown Prince could not be seen. The High Official being a shrewd man began to make enquiries, and the police were sent to make investigations amongst motor-car proprietors in the neighbourhood and also in the city where dwelt the Crown Prince's delight. The driver of the car, hearing of the hue and cry, became seriously alarmed fearing he would get into trouble over the affair and did what was perhaps wisest under the circumstances—disappeared into the blue horizon with his car, leaving the Crown Prince high and dry in a city he was not supposed to be even near !

The night felt chilly and a rather disconsolate young man with a long nose and in civilian's clothes made a modest appearance at the railway station and entered a sleeping-compartment. In it a couple of snoring subalterns on leave lay rolled up in rugs in the only two comfortable berths.

The young man with the long nose sat disconsolately upright and shivering until he could bear it no longer. He then began to pull the rug from off one of the sleepers, who promptly awoke and for a moment stared in speechless astonishment at the individual who had dared to try and rob him of his wraps. The silence, however, was only momentary,

then followed language that had never been addressed to him before in all his life unless it was by his father.

"Do you know who I am?" demanded the young man haughtily, as soon as he could make himself heard.

The infuriated subaltern described very lucidly how little he cared who or what the intruder was. This was too much to be tolerated, so drawing himself up to his full height the shivering young man replied:

"Well, I am——" and then remembered the last thing he must do was to disclose his identity as he was not supposed to be there at all. So he returned to his cold and lonely perch, followed by parting insults from the subaltern, who then curled up again and went to sleep for the rest of the night.

In due course the chastened youth returned to the official residence where he was a guest and went to bed, becoming the Crown Prince again during the process. Later in the morning came a message from his host to say that a train was being prepared to convey His Royal Highness to Calcutta.

"Calcutta," quoth the Crown Prince amazed, "I am not due there for a long time yet. What are you talking about?"

What passed between host and guest is best known to themselves, but rumour stated that it was pointed out to the Crown Prince that when a guest behaved in such a manner in a house of the entertainer, the responsibility became more than he cared to undertake and that the train was now quite ready to start.

A cable had been sent to Berlin indicating that the Prince's ways were oppressive, and Papa had at once replied, "Send him home at once." So that is why he hastened away in a lowly liner instead of a cruiser.

The mental perspective of the German people seems to be entirely different from our own.

When a certain German was over here in 1885, or thereabouts, she went to someone I know who had been bitten with the then fashion for going into business. The lady in question kept a very smart

bonnet shop, and a letter was received saying the Duchess would call on a certain date to choose some things for Ascot.

She duly arrived and was very charming, ordered a few things, parasols, bonnets, etc. All were sent to the Duchess at —— House. The lady who kept the bonnet shop heard how well the bonnet and other things suited the Duchess when she appeared in them in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, therefore was rather surprised a few days later to receive back the bonnet and parasol that had been worn on Cup day, with a message that they were not approved of and could not be worn.

My friend was very firm and said foreign royalties or no, she was not going to take back things when they had been worn, and sent off one of her porters with the things again. In a day or two they were once more left at the bonnet shop and were again returned to the Duchess. That was the last seen of them. I remember the Duchess well, she was very fair and bonny, with the tiniest waist I ever saw; I wondered how she lived and breathed, it was almost painful to see.

My bonnet-shop friend told me of several amusing things that happened while she elected to remain in business. One lady-in-waiting with a large family of daughters and a not long purse ordered all sorts of things; the bill ran on and nothing was paid. My friend did not like to press for it as she feared perhaps Royalty, who had been very kind to her and ordered lots of things, might possibly be put off by the lady-in-waiting if she was annoyed. At last a diplomatic letter was sent and the reply came in person next day as the lady-in-waiting walked in and asked what was meant, as she considered it a favour to wear the things, being such a good advertisement for the shop! Again my friend had to be firm.

On another occasion an English girl who had married a German Prince ordered some things and paid for them with a cheque of her husband's that was returned

from the bank with " refer to drawer " written across it. This was done and the Princess was most apologetic and appeared so upset that my friend felt sorry for her. It was explained that certain money expected from Germany had not arrived but would very shortly, would madam keep the cheque and present it again a little later? This was done and the money received, also a polite note from the Princess, so all was well.

General Bewicke-Copley, who served for many years in the 60th Rifles, has seen a good deal of service; like all good soldiers he considers his regiment the finest in the service. The 60th have an intense love for their regiment, which has been and is a gallant corps. Originally they were red-coated, long before the Rifle Brigade were thought of: not until after Waterloo did they become Riflemen. I believe they still march to the tune of

" I'm ninety-five, I'm ninety-five,
And to keep single I'll contrive ! "

There has been some falling off amongst them from this boastful theory.

In 1887 the General was arrested at Brienne-le-Château as a Russian spy and put into prison. It was really very trying, for he was in France for the perfecting of his French, and in the afternoons went various walks and fishing expeditions in the vicinity. One day when peacefully fishing, some gendarmes marched up and arrested him, handing him over to the mayor, who, by way of showing his thorough knowledge of the English language, agreed that it was " incontestish " that he was an Englishman, nevertheless he must go to prison; so to prison he went and spent the night there.

The following morning he was released, receiving an apology through the mayor on behalf of the French Republic, expressing himself as *desolé* that such a mistake should have been made. The part that struck me as tragic was that in spite of the General's beautiful French accent, on which he rather prided himself, he was mistaken for a Russian.

He had aroused suspicion by having taken the opportunity to study the battlefields of the 1814 Campaign, and his prowlings were not looked upon with favour ; especially as at the time of his arrest he was fishing in a stream where it was crossed by one of the new strategic railway lines. It was declared that his fishing-rod was really meant for measuring purposes.

Another experience the reverse of pleasant befell General Bewicke-Copley when one of a large party staying with the Bowers at Welham near Malton. They had been to a ball at Lord Middleton's and on their return thought they saw a stack on fire. Nearing their destination it proved to be their host's house. They all set to work on the pumps and stood in water up to their knees in their best Sunday-go-to-meeting evening clothes ; but all their possessions were burnt, nothing of my brother's was left but the exceedingly wet garments he stood in. The guests and indeed the household had to find quarters elsewhere. The General went to Lord Fitzwilliam—grandfather of the present Earl, and masqueraded in his clothes until some arrived from home.

I saw the General do a plucky thing once when a boy, home from Rugby. A pair of spirited black Irish horses belonging to a relation ran away while the coachman was off the box doing something to the harness. Seeing the run-away horses coming towards him the General made a dash at their heads and, though swept off his feet and swished past shrubs and trees that slapped his face, succeeded in stopping them.

At Oxford while he was at Merton College, Mr. Cecil Rhodes was at Oriel; the latter had been up earlier and was ordered to South Africa for his health, but had come up a second time. The General tells me, " Mr. Rhodes was always regarded with a certain amount of curiosity at Oxford, in the days when we used to spend our shillings freely, as a man who had ' made some money.' He was a nice quiet fellow,

who used to wear very comfortable clothes—and even then used to wag his forefinger at me and say, ' I give you a thought.' "

In Cape Town just before the South African War Mr. Rhodes was using his private walk across the range where a company of 60th Rifles were at musketry; he was somewhat disconcerted by hearing the swish of bullets close to him, without having seen the danger flag hoisted. He walked up to the officer in charge of the shooting party, who was a master of six oriental languages, and gave him a taste of his own, showing a complete mastery of it, and taking the shine completely out of the vocabulary of the oriental language man.

Hard things have been said of Mr. Rhodes at one time and another, many quite undeserved, some people even having the impertinence to discuss and criticise the way he spent his money, saying it was made in Africa and spent elsewhere. As a matter of fact he spent a great deal of it in Africa, spending large sums on thoroughbred horses and starting a stud farm at Kimberley for the benefit of the country. He bought all the latest improvements in machinery for the benefit of the country, taught the farmers fruit growing, and packing; and to-day South Africa largely supplies the English market. He even went to the expense of bringing men from California to teach the art. I do not think it is generally known that notwithstanding the large fortune he made in the South African Mines, his banking account was frequently overdrawn owing to all he did for the benefit of the country combined with his many charities and philanthropic undertakings.

He loved flowers—big blazes of one colour. I have always wished I had been able to accept Mr. Rhodes' kind invitation to go and stay at Groote Schuur when Lady Sarah Wilson was out there. He gave such glowing accounts of his large garden of Blue Hydrangeas, about half an acre of them. It must have been glorious, and growing at Christmas! He was

very kind to the poor people, allowing them to walk about amongst his flowers and gather what they liked. As usual on such occasions people abused his kindness, spoiling plants, leaving picnic papers about and making general nuisances of themselves, but he would not have them stopped, saying why should the many suffer for the wrong-doing of the few.

It was characteristic of Mr. Rhodes that after building Groote Schuur and making it beautiful, he filled it with guests and slept in an old outhouse himself.

Not long before his death he rented Rannock Lodge and some of the shooting from Lady Menzies of Castle Menzies for a couple of months, paying £2000 for that period.

These Scotch Moor shoots are usually calculated at £1 per bird, and £30 per deer, whether killed or wounded. I am sorry to say he did not enjoy this shoot as he hoped to do, as he was suffering a good deal from his heart, and had to be very careful not to overexert himself. He therefore rode on a shooting cob instead of walking, which fretted him a good deal.

It may be remembered that he sent £10,000 to Mr. Parnell towards the Irish Home Rule movement.

One thing that struck me particularly about Mr. Rhodes was the way he felt what has come home to many of us at times; that it is not a question of only doing what we individually think right, but must consider the effect on other people of what we may do; how it may influence them for good or ill.

As a conversationalist Mr. Rhodes was charming, in his dress untidy, and very simple, wearing no jewellery as a rule, not even a tie-pin.

He suffered greatly from his heart for several years before he died in March, 1902, leaving a remarkable will—amongst other things clear instructions as to his own interment, expressing the wish to be buried "on the hill which I used to visit and which I called 'the view of the world,' in a square to be cut in the

rock on the top of the hill, covered with a plain brass plate, with these words thereon :

" Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes.
So much to do, so little done."

Preaching at his funeral service the Bishop of Capetown gave his text, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel ? "

My book would not be complete without a reference to my old friend Colonel Edward King-Harman of Rockingham ; but impossible to give a proper idea of the man in so small a space, I could write a whole fat book about him. A man of unflinching courage, great ability, consumed with animal spirits, generous and emotional. Known amongst his friends, who were many, as "The King." He simply loved a fight or row of any kind, and, being a very big powerful man, whichever side he joined felt the benefit of his weight.

At one time he was Under-Secretary to the Chief Secretary for Ireland (Mr. Balfour), a post of which he was the only occupant, as it was created for him and died with him. When at Eton it took him seven days' travelling to get from the West of Ireland to Windsor. He was as full of mad pranks as his old friend Lord William Beresford.

At Eton he began some of the astonishing enterprises for which he was noted all his life. Having a large quantity of peas and no pea-shooter, he conceived the idea of putting them down the pipes of the chapel organ, thinking that when it was requested to discourse sweet music it would act as a grouped pea-shooter, peppering everybody in chapel. He was disappointed, for nothing more happened than the organ being put out of action after a few throttled notes and querks.

After Eton he joined the 60th Rifles and went to India in time to be present in the siege of Delhi, where he was one of the first through the breach. A portion of the loot he secured was the Sacred Relic of the

Shirt of the Prophet, what he called "the tail of the Prophet's Shirt," and this he proceeded subsequently to carry with him in his bag as he marched back through India with his regiment. At various places as he went down country he was met by deputations of pious natives who begged to be allowed to worship the Prophet's shirt. Eventually he was persuaded to give up the relic, which for his own sake was just as well, for I am certain he would never have been allowed to leave India alive as long as he possessed it.

On his return to England he became adjutant of the Artists' Corps and, as he had very highly developed artistic tastes and a facile pen, he lived a Bohemian life for some years, painting and writing a little whilst living amongst artists. At this time of his life he was a magnificent specimen of a man, six feet four inches in his socks, beautifully proportioned, with golden hair and beard, and a grand head set upon broad shoulders, an ideal artists' model. Sir John Millais, who was a great friend of his, wished to paint his portrait, but could never persuade him to sit still long enough, therefore the beautiful picture of him painted by Millais was done after his death from photographs and from recollections.

He married early in life a daughter of Sir William Worsley of Hovingham, a relation of the Sir William Worsley who drove with us through the floods to Gilling.

He joined Isaac Butt's party in Ireland as a Home Ruler and stood for the County of Longford, but after a hotly contested election in which he thoroughly enjoyed himself, as there was quite as much fighting as speech-making, he was defeated. A huge blackthorn stick with which it is said he literally fought the Longford election is still at Rockingham; with this stick and twenty trusty followers the great fair-haired giant succeeded in holding a bridge across which about two hundred voters had to come if they were to register their votes for his opponent. Many sore heads were registered but no votes.

The complete change in the policy of the Irish Home Rule party from the ideal of Isaac Butt and his earlier followers, made it impossible for Colonel King-Harman any longer to act with the out-and-out section of the party, which became the dominant factor and drove men like King-Harman and subsequently Butt himself out of the party. He now severed his connection with the Home Rulers and became Conservative member in the late seventies for Dublin County.

One of the incidents in Colonel King-Harman's earlier days in London was frequently brought up against him by his political opponents. The Cremorne affair, when he and a number of his chosen friends, having dined well, set forth to wreck the Gardens, carrying out their intentions fairly thoroughly, finishing up by throwing the police into the pond, making hay generally and returning to his club triumphant.

The proprietor of the place, named E. T. Smith, overlooked the first row, but determined if there was any fresh disturbance to make an example of the misdemeanants. On Derby night someone dared Colonel King-Harman to repeat the experiment at Cremorne. This time only one or two friends accompanied him. First he turned all the lights out, followed of course by pandemonium; at the end of the row one waiter was missing and was found later shoved into the big drum belonging to the band.

The police being in force this time and on the look-out for eventualities, now, *pour encourager les autres*, took Colonel King-Harman prisoner after a fierce battle, the Colonel defending himself with tables and chairs. Then followed one month's imprisonment! There were a good many well-known people, young bloods and Queen's Equerries, who had a hand in the fray, but all escaped except King-Harman.

Later he settled down into a more serious life, becoming a keen politician and representative Irish landlord with a huge estate, a rent roll of £40,000 a year and a house or two as large as Windsor Palace. He was fighting the representative of Irish landlordism

in the stirring days of the land war in the early eighties, often carrying his life in his hands and he knew it. Many conspiracies were made to shoot him, but no actual attempt that I ever heard of was made on his life other than in many fights.

He was full of sympathy and love for Ireland, it was his misfortune to live in troublous times and to be branded as an enemy of his country.

Mr. Parnell hated him for renouncing the party when it became identified with rapine and outrage, and the Home Rule party vowed revenge.

Colonel King-Harman died in 1888 at the early age of fifty, and during most of those years thoroughly enjoyed his life ; the last sixteen he devoted to fighting in the lost cause of Irish landlordism and the defence of the Union. He had been in bad health for some time, perhaps the frivolities of his early youth had told upon him ; when during the Season in town he said there was no occasion to take any garments except dress clothes, as he went to bed about 8 a.m. and dressed again in time for dinner in the evening—after which he usually proceeded on the war-path.

Also there is no doubt the loss of his son, Lawrence, who died of enteric fever at Hythe in 1886 at the age of twenty-three, was a great grief, from which he never seemed able to rally. He died from heart failure while sitting up in bed talking to his family at Rockingham.

Colonel King-Harman was devoted to his children; many times I have seen him dance sword dances with his daughter Fay (afterwards Lady Stafford) when we went to children's parties. She was very pretty with masses of beautiful fair hair, while she danced daintily with the swords crossed in front of her. He danced opposite to her; it was wonderful the way that huge man tipped the ground with his toes, looking as if he hardly touched it, he then advanced towards his daughter, she advanced towards him, and he whirled her round the room, her long hair streaming out behind her.

At the time of Colonel King-Harman's death he was

Member for Thanet. Not an eloquent speaker in the usual acceptance of the term, but with a surprising list of fierce epithets not half of which he really meant.

Lord Cardigan of Balaclava fame was one of the friends of Colonel King-Harman's early years; both were headstrong impetuous men, but the latter did not have the fierce quarrels with people that his lordship did. Once when Lord Cardigan was staying at Badminton a fellow-guest touted for an order for wine. The fiery old Earl turned on him like a tiger: "Certainly not, sir, I've too much of your filthy stuff in my cellars at Deane." On some occasions he was more sympathetic. A subaltern once asked him for three days' leave, adding it was *most particular*—to which Lord Cardigan as Colonel said, "But, my boy, your troop's for musketry." On being pressed as to what was *most particular* he at first demurred to reply. Lord Cardigan to encourage him said, "Now between man and man tell me why do you want three days' leave?" "Oh! well, sir, if you put it like that, I want to bolt with another man's wife." "Most Hussar like," answered Lord Cardigan, "of course you can have the leave, why the —— didn't you say so before!"

The friend who told me this story added, "I think he thought it was part of the duty of his subalterns to make civilians jealous."

When he himself bolted with another man's wife, he notified the husband his willingness to give him satisfaction and received the following answer:

"Satisfaction, my dear sir, I look on you as my greatest friend, you have already given me the greatest possible satisfaction by taking off that blankety blank wife of mine. . . ."

When at Malta Lord Cardigan sent his seconds to call out the Governor for not returning *Lady Cardigan's* call, so His Excellency put the police on to him, and the gallant Cherubim (11th Hussars) had to get up full speed and clear out without delay.

People did not care to argue with Lord Cardigan,

he was so peppery, and being such an autocrat would naturally resent one of his retainers replying after an order was given.

At a shooting luncheon he pointed to a covert on a neighbouring hill, saying to his head keeper, "We will shoot that after lunch."

The result being disappointing he wheeled the keeper into line and read the Riot Act, demanding to know why the —— —— there was so little game. "Well, my lord, in the first place the covert is not yours, and Squire —— only shot it the day before yesterday. I did not think you would find much."

This story has been attributed to one or two others, but it is so characteristic of the Leicestershire Earl, that I think it has found its right home.

I have known a good many men who have climbed high in the professions who have had peppery tempers equal almost to Lord Cardigan's, and some who were very touchy, and easily offended.

That gallant soldier Sir H. Smith-Dorrien, whom I met as a young man in India, was inclined to take offence rather easily. I have heard him called strait-laced by the gayer spirits of those days, and I fancy some of the revue critics to-day will agree ; judging by what has appeared in the press lately.

Another man who had lately married a lady with rather fluffy hair found out one day that some of the disrespectful A.D.C.'s called him "Huffy" and his wife "Fluffy"; he was much upset and told the young men, "I have no objection to your calling me 'Huffy' if it pleases you, but I strongly object to your calling my wife 'Fluffy'!"

Admiral Lord Fisher, to whom I am distantly connected by marriage, is one of the peppery order, a close relative of his tells me they all fly when they see clouds on the horizon.

Not to know "Beautiful Bwab" is to write oneself unknown. I believe the family name was Higgins originally, now the family is represented by Bwab, so called, I think, from his inability to pronounce his

own name. R's do not come easily to him either by nature or habit. He originally served in the 16th Lancers. After that the Grenadier Guards. Much has been forgiven to Colonel Brabazon that would have excommunicated most people. When I knew him first he was very handsome and very spoilt, but amusing and pleasant. I never quite understood why so much side was tolerated by his brother officers or the community at large, probably because they knew it was all froth and a kind heart was to be found underneath it. I think *Vanity Fair's* description of him would be hard to beat. So "Bwab," bearded and faultlessly dressed, after a brief campaign in Canada, took his natural place as the leader of London Society; and when the paternal acres refused to keep him any longer on the surface, he—with the calmness he would have evinced in leading a forlorn hope or snubbing an impertinent Duchess—retired to a regiment of which he could never remember the number, and concerning which he knew only that "they wore yellow facings and got 'em from Waterloo." However, it is recorded that "the fellows" of the vaguely designated regiment did not like "Bwab" and he, remarking to the Colonel that he did not like "the fellows," left the Army and went off to do a little fighting on his own account as a volunteer in Ashantee. Here, he alone, in white kid gloves, took a village and was rewarded with a commission in the 10th Hussars.

I never thought the style of dress affected by Colonel Brabazon was either smart or telling, his trousers wide and flapping over his boots, his silly-looking collars and curious ties were all patterns of his own, but I did not think they added to the attractiveness of his appearance.

I cannot picture him campaigning, without scent for his handkerchiefs, pomatum for his hair and other toilet requisites. But he is a brave soldier and a great man amongst the ladies. His usual mode of address to menkind is "My dear Fellar."

My husband told me that once in South Africa,

when the general commanding his division was speaking to him about something that had not gone off quite all right, he began from force of habit "My dear Fellar . . ."

History relates nothing further.

Another man who affected a dress peculiar to himself was the late Lord Kinnoull, an old and valued friend of mine, nobody's enemy but his own, with almost as much assurance as Colonel Brabazon.

Once at a new club ball when I was talking to Colonel —— and he moved away for a moment to bring a man who wished to be introduced, Lord Kinnoull came up in his absence and said, "Can you tell me what relation I am to that man? I ran away with his wife." At the time this happened his Colonel seeing how conspicuous "young Hay" (as he was then) was making himself advised him to go away for a while on leave and break it off. Mr. Hay said he would go away if the Colonel would lend him £200, as he was very hard up. This was forthcoming and Mr. Hay went on leave and so did Mrs. ——.

Poor Fitzroy! one of the kindest and cheeriest of hearts, but unfortunate in his love affairs; never really happy until he married in 1903 Miss Darell, who was as musical as himself. She played the violin beautifully, Lord Kinnoull the organ, piano, harmonium; in common with the rest of his family he was full of music.

A musical evening with Lord Queensberry and Lord Kinnoull taking turns at the piano, apparently under Queensberry Rules, was not easily forgotten.

At Dupplin the volume of sound Fitzie (as his intimates called him) got out of the organ in the hall, originally fitted up as a chapel, was surprising.

He composed the music of the hymn for his second wedding with Miss Darell and the parson wrote the verses.

One curious thing about Lord Kinnoull, he said he had never tasted whisky; this for a kiltie is unusual; he always drank champagne, a bottle every day at

dinner. He was a temperate man, I have never seen him unduly elated. He was a good shot, and staying with the De Crespignys at Champion Lodge, when Sir Claude gave two silver cups for the best pigeon shots, it worked out as below :

Highlanders	Kinnoull Lochiel	Won
Guards	W. Payne Galway R. Champion de Crespigny	
Rifles	Sir T. Troubridge, Bt. Sir C. Champion de Crespigny, Bt.	

So the mugs went North.

Not long before Lord Kinnoull died he gave me an order for the Strangers' Gallery in the House of Lords for a special debate I was anxious to hear, and over which there was a good deal of feeling. My son and I were hooted at as we drove to the House, being taken possibly for some member to whom the crowd objected. When we arrived my son was taken to the Strangers' Gallery, but owing to Suffragettes having lately made a scene from it, orders had been issued no woman was to be allowed in it again, so I was taken to a corner close to the members on the floor of the House, where I saw and heard everything I wished to see and hear.

When it became time to turn homewards, I had to return by myself, having lost sight of my son. To my dismay I found the rather misty evening in which we had arrived had now developed into a dense fog. There was no chance of people getting their own cars, and someone standing near the door advised my jumping into the first thing that came up; it happened to be the Duke of Wellington's car, but his party hopped in before I got a chance; next came a hansom with an excited horse, into this I half jumped and was half pushed and away we went. I was by way of going to the Hotel Cecil, but first we ran into some railings, and then on to the pavement somewhere, and whenever the driver tried to pull up some-

body either ran into us behind and called us names or the horse reared and tried to turn round.

The trap-door on the top of the hansom was opened and I was informed the driver had no idea where he was and the horse was a beast, and he advised me to get out before we had an accident. This I politely but firmly declined to do, I had no wish to be left in the fog alone without any idea where I was. The cabman became piqued and said something about " taking the consequences " ; so we lurched about a little longer shouting to other vehicle drivers to ask where we were—nobody knew, wanted to know themselves badly.

At last a policeman with a flare light came to ask what we were doing and why we did it. We now found we were amongst the trees in the vicinity of the Bird Cage Walk. Towards morning the fog lifted a little and with the help of a policeman or two I arrived once more at my hotel, very cold, and the cabman requesting exorbitant payment after *keeping him all night!* My son had just arrived before me and was wondering what had happened and where to go and look for me.

There are still many old friends and acquaintances crowding my memory, amongst them Sir Charles Dilke, a great man on the river, where I first met him ; he was an enthusiastic oarsman. I believe he was coached by the ex-champion sculler W. G. East, now Barge Master to the King, as he was to King Edward. Mr. East also taught the present Prince of Wales to row and swim. Two or three days a week Mr. East used to go from his home at Richmond to Shepperton, where Sir Charles Dilke had a beautiful place called Dochetts Eddy, and here these two in the early morning went off regularly in a double sculler away up the river for a long pull. Sir Charles loved the exercise and, no matter how late the sitting had been in Parliament or elsewhere, he was never late for this morning recreation on the river. On their return to the landing-stage, each would slip off his flannels and,

diving side by side into the river, swim across and back, this acting as a shower bath after the morning's work.

The King's Barge Master, who, I believe, still lives at Richmond, has trained many winners for the Diamonds at Henley, including, I think, the present Lord Iveagh, at whose wedding Mr. East asked for and received permission to use the King's Watermen to line up outside the porch of the church with the royal oars to make the customary archway. When last I heard of Mr. East he owned a riverside hotel called "The Three Pigeons," the freehold of which was, I think, given to him by Lord Iveagh with £100 a year for life in remembrance of his training when in 1895 he won the Henley Diamonds, a victory he repeated the next year.

I never liked Sir Charles Dilke, he had a peculiar way of looking at one from under his lowered brows that was not pleasing; I did not like his manner with women, and I did not like his disloyalty, the way he used to allude both in print and out of it to the Royal Family; besides he was not at all exact in many of his statements, which was misleading. At one time he was an avowed Republican, yet from 1880 to 1882 he was Under-Secretary of State, and President of the Local Government Board from 1882 to 1885.

In 1885 came the famous divorce suit—Crawford versus Crawford and Dilke, owing to which he dropped out of social life, but continued to use his pen. King Edward VII liked him and was friendly towards him until the scandal. I remember there were some references in the case to Sir Charles being seen by a milkman climbing down from a balcony in the early dawn, which resulted in some absurd comic song, something about

> "Charlie Dilke he spilt the milk
> Coming home from Chelsea;
> The ladies say that Charlie's gay"—

and something else—I forget the rest, but it was amusing and I know he chuckled over it himself.

The house in Sloane Street with the little portico over the doorway with windows looking on the street which was mentioned at the case, remains, I believe, unlet. An agent in the street offered it to some friends of mine at a low rent because he said nobody would take it now. I wonder if the house hunters thought the place would contaminate them!

What a wonderfully young old man Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane was. Up to the time of his death he travelled up and down to town every week from Brympton in Somersetshire. Such a dear picturesque place with its ivy-clad chapel standing in the grounds close to the house. He was a delightful companion, full of anecdote, and took pleasure in his collections, of which he had a variety. He showed me with pride his wonderful collection of buckles of all ages and many histories. Also a large collection of spear-heads, I think they are called, belonging to the "Friendly Societies." Nothing pleased him better than to have one given to him that he did not already possess.

One of a large family with ancient traditions and *some* of them with courtly manners; Sir Spencer being one of the good-mannered ones. In 1857 he was appointed Comptroller and Gentleman Usher to the Royal Household, which post he held for many years. No one could compete with him in matters of precedent and royal etiquette.

He was apt to be impatient with people who differed from him, whose views were not in accordance with his own, and not a great favourite at Court in consequence. *Truth* went so far as to say Queen Victoria disliked him and that more than once only the tact and good humour of his cousin Sir Henry Ponsonby prevented serious trouble. I hardly think this is true, or why should the Queen have wished him to have her walking-stick as a remembrance of her? I have seen the stick at Brympton, it is a valued possession.

Since I have taken to writing books and for the papers and magazines I have found still more kind

friends amongst the editors and publishers, all ready to help me. Sir Willoughby Maycock, who wrote that interesting book *With Mr. Chamberlain in the United States*, has often been most helpful, as indeed have many others, Sir Claude de Crespigny, Mr. Meyrick, and relatives of those I have mentioned in this and other books, as in several instances I was not sure of my dates until they kindly verified my remembrances.

Mr. Burton Balding, late editor of *Fry's Magazine*, always held out a hand to me, and before the War wanted me to start a Women's Sports Magazine and edit it in conjunction with him. He is now of course a soldier. I hope he still finds time to write little lyrics.

I lay down my pen with regret. I have enjoyed my chats with my old friends, whom I have not half exhausted. I hope to introduce some of them in another form, and under a different heading by and by.

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